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A memoir of Mrs. Margaret
Wilson, of the Scottish

Mary Ann Wilson

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A

MEMOIR

OF

MRS MARGARET WILSON,

OF THE SCOTTISH MISSION, BOMBAY;

INCLUDING

Extracts from her Letters and Journals.

BY

JOHN WILSON, D.D., M.R.A.S.,

HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, AND MISSIONARY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, BOMBAY.

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TO THE

REV. ALEX. BRUNTON, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c., &c.,

ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF THE TRON CHURCH, EDINBURGH;

PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

AND CONVENER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S COMMITTEE FOR

THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

Rev. and dear Sir,

You have been called by the Church of Scotland to the discharge of a high and sacred function —that of watching over its Christian enterprise in this Eastern empire; and the effective faithfulness which you have displayed, besides vindicating the trust reposed in you by the Church at home, has secured, in a rare degree, the esteem and affection of its agents abroad.

Gratitude for your invaluable services to the Bombay Mission, naturally suggests to me the propriety of dedi-

cating to you the memorial of one, whose gifts and graces, joys and sufferings, were most intimately connected with its establishment and progress.

A very tender consideration, I may be permitted to add, hallows the offering. The exercises of your own soul, on the loss of a partner, most eminent for her talents and worth, enable you to sympathize with those emotions which I have experienced in preparing this volume, but which I dare not attempt to describe. They are known and pitied by Him who alone can supply adequate consolation under them.

In regard to my task as biographer, the main difficulty which I have had to encounter has consisted in determining what I should select out of ample materials—how much could be omitted without relinquishing some interest—how much presented without hazarding tedious repetition. I have erred, it may be, in both particulars.

Such as the work is, I am emboldened to publish it, by the hope of its encouraging the hearts, strengthening the hands, and directing the efforts of those who, themselves enjoying the blessings of salvation, feel constrained, by a sense of the love of Christ, to extend the knowledge of his Name throughout the world. I commit it to the Great Head of the Church, fervently praying that it may serve to deepen a compassion, and stimulate a zeal, which, though in some degree awakened, bear no

proportion to the spiritual exigencies of the millions in India, who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

I am,

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Yours most respectfully and gratefully,

JOHN WILSON.

BOMBAY, 14*th July* 1837.

P.S.—In common with all the Missionaries formerly connected with our Establishment, I have judged it to be my solemn duty to give in my adherence to the Free Church of Scotland; and the official tie which bound us together in the missionary enterprise has consequently been dissolved. Notwithstanding this circumcumstance, I am still anxious that this inscription should continue to be the memorial of my respect for yourself personally, and of my sincere gratitude for your uniform kindness.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1844.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE—BIRTH—EARLY DISPOSITION AND EDUCATION—PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES—RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS—ENTERS A BOARDING-SCHOOL AT KILMARNOCK—RETURNS TO GREENOCK—DEATH OF HER MOTHER—ADMISSION TO THE LORD'S SUPPER AND LOVE OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNION—ZEAL FOR THE WELFARE OF HER SISTERS AND BROTHERS—RESIDENCE IN ABERDEEN—MATURE STUDIES AND ATTAINMENTS.

MARGARET BAYNE, the subject of this Memoir, enjoyed, from her earliest years, the highest spiritual and intellectual advantages.

Her father, the Rev. Kenneth Bayne, A.M., of the Gaelic Chapel, now the South Parish Church, of Greenock, was a person of great piety and worth, and a Christian minister of no mean order. "He naturally possessed," says the late Rev. Dr Love of Anderston, one of his most intimate friends, "great strength of understanding, with a penetrating sagacity, and correctness of judgment. These were early turned into the right channel, invigorated and sanctified by the illumination of grace. He was known and remembered at Aberdeen as a diligent, discerning, inquisitive, and serious student."* "He had," says another of his acquaintances, "strong natural talents and eminent gifts, highly cultivated; an extensive and correct knowledge of all human learning, taught at our schools and colleges; but divinity was his chief study and delight: to it he made all his other knowledge subservient. He made great progress by the teaching of the Lord in these three great books,—the works of God, creation, and providence,—the word of God,—

* Dr Love's Funeral Sermon, p. 29.

and his own heart." As a preacher of the Word, he greatly excelled. "He was rich in good matter, clear, scriptural, and often striking in his illustrations: generally favoured with uncommon fulness and freedom, both as to the frame of his soul and language in delivery, accompanied with a sweet savour and holy unction." "In his application he used to be uncommonly animated; most searching and close in his appeals to the conscience; very rousing and awful when addressing unconverted sinners, formalists, and hypocrites. But he never finished his appeal to these characters without opening ministerially the door of mercy, and pressing and directing them most earnestly to the Saviour. He was most tender, affectionate, and consoling, in addressing weak believers, wounded consciences, and tempted and doubting souls."* "When he thought himself speaking to a number of truly spiritual persons, his illustrations of the precious truths and mysteries of salvation were remarkably clear, copious, comprehensive, attractive, and refreshing."† He thus shunned not to declare the "whole counsel of God," to give to each of his hearers "a portion of meat in due season." In his public labours, his diligence was most exemplary, because proceeding from the purest principles, and sustained by the highest motives. "I need not particularize," says Dr Love, "his zeal and activity in the work of his immediate charge, which gave him, through the blessing of God, a great and salutary command and influence over people from the Highlands in this place, (Greenock), in the lower classes of society; and which extended itself to serious people in general, and in some remarkable instances, to persons in the higher situations of society. His zeal and benevolence, however, were of a very expansive character. They led him to take deep interest in the work of God in other neighbouring places. This was remarkably manifest for a series of years, respecting the great awakening which appeared in the Island of Arran, under the late excellent Mr Neil M'Bride, minister of Kilmorie parish; for some

* Funeral Sermon by the Rev. Mr M'Kenzie of Gorbals, translated from the Gaelic.

† Dr Love's Funeral Sermon, p. 30.

years in a more silent form, afterwards with very striking and solemn circumstances; and the fruits of which are still clearly to be traced, though under great and various disadvantages.* He was, from the beginning, a warm friend of the London Missionary Society; and was uniformly ready to promote every probable method of diffusing truth and pure religion throughout the world."† His private life corresponded with his public exertions. He was a most loving and dutiful husband, and a most affectionate, prudent, and faithful parent. He was warm and constant as a friend, and beloved as a neighbour. "He was given to hospitality. His conversation was at once habitually serious, and brightened by intelligence, inquisitiveness, and temperate pleasantry. His candour and good sense commended his society to some of those who differed from him in matters of church order, and even in articles still more momentous. To him belonged a modesty and diffidence, which some would account far beneath *their* dignity and sufficiency; while he was prepared, in cases where the voice of conscience is clear and strong, to manifest firmness, boldness, and consistency, worthy of a veteran in the Christian cause."‡

* "In the spring of 1813," says Mr M'Millan, the excellent successor of Mr M'Bride, "this awakening began to decline, and ceased very soon after; but those who were truly Christians, continued to enjoy, both in secret duties and in public ordinances, renewed and manifest tokens of the divine presence and favour. This was especially the case on sacramental occasions; at which they were favoured with the assistance of some of the most pious ministers of the day. . . . . The late Rev. Messrs Bayne of Greenock, and Robertson of Kingussie, formerly of the Chapel of Rothsay, assisted here constantly for many years. The late Rev. Dr Love of Anderston assisted here occasionally; and the late Rev. Mr Mackenzie of Gorbals, formerly of the Gaelic Chapel, Duke Street, Glasgow, assisted here occasionally, but chiefly before the commencement of this work. These, along with the late Mr M'Bride himself, were considered, and I believe justly, among the most pious ministers of the day: but they have ceased from their labours, and their works do follow them. The more regular or occasional labours of these men were often blessed with seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."—*History of Revivals of Religion in the British Isles.*

† Sermon, pp. 30, 31.

‡ Sermon, p. 30.

Margaret Hay, the partner of his life, was in every respect a "help meet" for this faithful servant of the Redeemer. Her father, the Rev. James Hay, D.D., belonged to one of the most ancient and respectable families of Scotland; and it was a portion of that spirit, which led some of its members to espouse the cause of Christ, when exposed both to scorn and persecution, which induced him to decline the honours of the world for the service of the church. "The memory of that worthy and eminent individual," it is said in the Missionary Magazine,* "will be long revered and esteemed by the godly in this north country, where he was successively minister of three different charges, Inverury, Dyce, and Elgin. In these he laboured with much diligence and faithfulness, and not without success. He was a very zealous affectionate preacher, and remarkably spiritually minded. Much attention was paid by him to the religious education of his family, and the Lord abundantly repaid his labours, by vouchsafing his blessing upon them." The daughter, to whom we particularly refer, had great natural endowments, and, previously to her marriage in 1793, had made no ordinary attainments in Christian experience, as appears from such of her letters as have been preserved. Throughout the whole subsequent course of her life, she was distinguished for the intimacy of her walk with God, and great sweetness of temper, remarkable prudence, and affectionate devotedness to her husband and large and interesting family. Of her character and conduct, the highest eulogies, by those who intimately knew her, are now before me.

Instead of inserting them, I give place to the following anecdote:—"It is strikingly illustrative," says the friend who communicates it to me,† "of the elevated and habitual spirituality of Mrs Bayne, and also of the edifying manner in which she, and her distinguished husband, maintained Christian intercourse with those who sojourned under their roof. It was related to us by an excellent clergyman, who is still living, and labouring in the church of God. 'I shall never forget,' said he, 'the last visit which I made to Mr Bayne during Mrs

* May 1801. † Mr A. Simpson of Port-Glasgow.

Bayne's lifetime. It was only two weeks before her death, and she was in her ordinary health. My intercourse with her, on former occasions, had impressed me with a high idea of the superior nature of her mental endowments, and of the depth of her religious experience; but, during the visit to which I now allude, there appeared such a heavenliness and spirituality pervading her whole conversation, that more than once I felt the thought borne in upon my mind, that she was ripe for glory. On the last evening of my visit, after the other members of the family had retired to rest, Mrs Bayne, her husband, and myself, sat around the parlour fire. After some interesting conversation,—during which a glow of Christian feeling seemed to pervade every breast,—she suggested that a passage of Scripture might be proposed, upon which her husband and myself should state our opinions. I requested, that if such was to be the case, she herself should propose the passage. After a little hesitation, she proposed these words, *We walk by faith, not by sight.* After her husband and I had made some remarks on the passage, I requested that she should do the same in turn. This she declined; but on my insisting that she must have had some reason for proposing the passage, she took the Bible, and stated her view with a clearness and precision which quite astonished me. Never shall I forget the manner in which she concluded her remarks. 'One thing too generally overlooked, but inseparably connected with living by faith, is a habitual realizing of the glorious *object* of faith; and this is not merely when engaged in his more immediate service, but when conducting the ordinary affairs of life.' 'For myself,' she continued, 'and I desire to ascribe it to the praise of unmerited grace, I have not, for the last three years of my life, known what it is to engage in the most trivial matter, without realizing his presence, and having some way or other fellowship with him.' Having said this, she was unable to control her feelings, and burst into tears. The effect upon us may be conceived. I left her happy dwelling the following day, and the next intelligence I received was, that her walk by faith had terminated, and that that grace, of which she was such a distinguished monument,

had issued in her introduction to the beatific vision of God and the Lamb."

Of the honoured servants of the Lord, to whose character we have thus briefly alluded, Margaret, the subject of this Memoir, was the second daughter and child. She was born at Greenock on the 5th November 1795. The prayers which were offered up on her behalf, from the first moments of her existence, seem to have been graciously heard; and the unremitting endeavours which parental affection, and the deepest sense of sacred duty, called forth and sustained, were abundantly blessed. Of her early years, I am able, through the kindness of friends, to give some interesting notices.

"From the first, Margaret was remarkable for sprightliness and vivacity, tempered by uncommon sweetness of disposition. Even as an infant, there was something peculiarly interesting in her appearance. I distinctly recollect her spoken of as a very lovely and engaging child. Her open and ingenuous disposition was early manifested; and her rare disinterestedness and generosity were often held up, not merely for our admiration, but for our imitation. I never knew one so young more entirely devoid of every kind and degree of selfishness. She could literally have bereft herself of all she possessed, to benefit, or gratify, a friend or fellow-creature, thus seeming intuitively to feel, and to act upon the principle, that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' On the delicacy and acuteness of her sensibility, the tenderness of her sympathy, the warmth and glow of her affection and benevolence, I need not expatiate. Add to these qualities, great frankness and cordiality of manner, and none will wonder, that one so gifted and endowed by nature, apart from what she afterwards became through human culture and divine grace, was a special favourite with persons of almost every description;—with all, in short, who had the slightest perception of what is lovely and attractive in character, or amiable and engaging in manners.

"When four or five years old, she was sent to school. The teacher, Mrs M., an intelligent and pious lady, was deemed eminently qualified for the office. Her method of teaching

was, at that period, considered very superior. Faithful and affectionate in the discharge of her important duties, she spared no pains in the moral and religious training of her pupils, and watched for their souls, as one who must give an account, taking every opportunity of explaining and enforcing, with the utmost fidelity and tenderness, the principles of the word of life. This excellent teacher was consequently regarded by each individual scholar as her beloved friend, as well as revered instructress. Our exercises on the Saturdays resembled those of the Sabbath school. They consisted chiefly of a revision of the Psalms, Hymns, Catechism, and portions of Scripture, which we had committed to memory during the week. A suitable lesson was prescribed for the Sabbath; and on Mondays we occasionally recited the texts, and gave an account of the sermons we had heard, and the other exercises in which we had been engaged on the previous day. I have been thus minute, because the character of the teacher may have exerted an important influence in the formation of the character of one, who was no less distinguished for her many rare and admirable qualities, than for her zeal and devotedness in the missionary cause. Dearest Margaret remained at this school for several years, and afterwards she attended classes at a public seminary.

"I may here record one or two providential escapes which she experienced when very young. She was one day walking in a field where a cow was feeding, and with her usual fearlessness of danger, she ran directly to the animal, which, getting enraged, in a moment raised her on its horns, and threw her to a considerable distance. She was tossed directly across a deep well, and placed upon its very brink! Had she been thrown not quite so far, she must either have been precipitated into the water, or dashed against the stones which formed a sort of fence around it. On another occasion, with some companions, she had got into an open cart, when the horse took fright, and set off at full speed, its driver being unable to overtake it. Most providentially, a gentleman who was coming along the road, went boldly forward, and caught the reins just at the moment her head had gone through an open space in the bottom of the cart. A minute later, and the result might have been fatal.

Than the marked deliverances here adverted to, another of greater moment was early vouchsafed to Margaret Bayne. This was the unspeakably precious and important deliverance which the Saviour extends to all whom the Spirit inclines to take refuge in his grace. The following notice of it is by one of her most intimate and endeared friends:—

"The beginning of my intercourse with Margaret was at an early period of our existence,—at that bright season, when all looks fair and attractive, and life seems to promise a succession of enjoyments, which are without limit and without end. Bu ere she had time to learn from experience that such hopes are fallacious, God had graciously touched her heart, and enabled her, like Mary of old, to choose the better part. She chose it with all the warmth of young affection, for her heart was full of sensibility and tenderness. Her dispositions were a fine combination of warmth of affection and disinterestedness of feeling; her talents were of the first order; and her after acquirements were of such a description as brought them into full play, and formed a character at once lovely and attractive. But she brought all to the foot of the Cross, and for a time, with weeping and mourning, she was made to experience what it is to be in bitterness through manifold temptations. But in all this, the Almighty was only preparing the ground for the mighty harvest it was afterwards to yield, when she became as a well-watered garden, drinking in the dews of heaven, and deriving strength and spiritual vigour from the Sun of Righteousness.

"Her dear father spared no pains in training the minds of his children, but did not allow them to have many companions. Owing, however, to a long standing friendship between him and my mother, I was admitted to this privilege; and I can never forget the seasons of spiritual improvement then enjoyed:— How on the evenings of the Sabbath, when the labours of the day were ended, in the retirement of the domestic circle, his whole soul seemed to expand, and his conversation breathed forth those heavenly feelings and affections which overflowed his heart: And, on other occasions, with what holy earnestness, with what glowing affection, he warned and admonished us; and how he would intersperse his remarks and entreaties with

portions of his own past life and experience,—all making it clear to our young minds, that nothing was worth living for, except in so far as it was connected with our immortal interests and the concerns of eternity.

"Mr Bayne, who took us out to walk with him, frequently turned our attention to the beauties of the surrounding scenery. He taught us how to combine the admiration of the beauties of nature with the service and the love of nature's God. Many a lovely association, many a striking emblem, were then brought before our minds. I recollect, one evening in particular, his turning our attention to the sinking sun, and bringing forward some beautiful associations connected with the grand spectacle before us. After showing us a great variety of types and emblems, which this was calculated to suggest to the mind of a Christian, he paused, and asked us if *we* could not furnish *one* other type or emblem,—thus making us a party in his own sublime feelings and aspirations, and teaching us, in the way most likely to be beneficial, how a Christian connects all the objects around him with the glorious Being who made them, and finds the source and the centre of every thing in his God. These were blessed seasons,—seasons for which I shall one day have to give an account. I might say much of misimprovement. But as it is not of myself I am writing, I forbear. On the mind of my beloved friend, they made a deep, a powerful impression; and I have no doubt, were instrumental in laying the foundation of that rare superstructure, which afterwards developed itself in her character. She was, indeed, as a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf did not wither, and which brought forth fruit in due season."

How far the amiabilities, which early discovered themselves in Margaret Bayne, were connected with her distinguished natural endowments and affections, and how far they were the result of the gracious work of the Spirit of God within her, it is impossible to say. Her mind seemed impressed with religion from the first moment of its being capable of receiving instruction, and she could remember no period when the great Teacher was not striving to bring her under the holy influence of the Divine Word. How highly favoured was she in the enjoyment of this

sovereign goodness! Its effects in the prevention of the development of evil, and the formation of her lovely character, must have been great indeed. Some may suppose that it left no room for the deep and alarming convictions of sin, which she afterwards experienced; but those who look to the spirituality and extent of the law of God, and to the demands which he has on the love, and affection, and enjoyment, and service of his intelligent creatures, will readily perceive that no ordinary virtuous demeanour with reference to *man*, is perfectly compatible with great alienation of the heart from *God*. The peculiarity of her first religious emotions was, that there was more in them of *solemnity* than *comfort*. She had a more distinct view of her own demerit, than of the freeness and fulness of the Gospel offer. She was more deeply persuaded that there is salvation in Christ, than that, as united to Christ by faith, she herself participated in that salvation. She fell into the error, through which thousands fall short of well-grounded hope, of being more anxious, in the first instance, to trace the *effects* of faith, than to discover its *warrants*. The love of the Lord, however, rested upon her; and it was not removed. That grace which awakened the anxious inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" in the Lord's own good time gave the answer which brought with it both joy and peace, with the never failing accompaniment of love, manifesting itself in active and universal obedience. Her parents' instructions were the great means of unfolding to her the suitableness of the Saviour to her moral wants; and, at the time to which we here particularly allude, they appear to have been the principal instruments of her spiritual edification and intellectual growth.

When about the age of thirteen, she was removed, for a short time, from the immediate care of her father and mother. Their parental Christian anxiety, however, had made becoming provision for a due attention to her best interests during her absence. She went to a boarding school at Kilmarnock, where she remained upwards of a year. Her teacher, Mrs H., was the friend of her first instructress, Mrs M., and a person of real piety and worth. To the improvement of her pupils she was most attentive, and amongst these, Margaret Bayne was viewed as highly

distinguished, and as likely to rise to notice in the world. One of her fellow-scholars, and most beloved friends, Miss C., in 1820, thus brings to her recollection the privileges which she enjoyed when under the care of Mrs H. "I seem again to be transported to her room, along with others, and examined on a Sabbath evening as to the sermons which we had heard throughout the day, before we poured out our hearts at the footstool of the Most High. You cannot have forgotten these scenes, nor the marked approbation with which she commended the superior memories of yourself and ——, nor how she pressed home to you the parable of the *talents*."

Greater advantages than those now referred to, were enjoyed on Margaret's return to Greenock, and her parental abode, though these were, alas! speedily impaired by the removal of her inestimable mother.

The death of Mrs Bayne took place on the 13th January 1811. She was ready, as we have seen, for her great change; but her departure from this world formed an affliction of no ordinary magnitude to her husband and children, some of whom were in a state of infancy, or little removed from it. Margaret's mind, in particular, was deeply exercised with this dispensation. "A distinct recollection I have of *her*, after the removal of our blessed mamma," writes one of her sisters, "and it is a remembrance which is associated with all that is deep and sacred. . . . This affecting dispensation, no doubt, powerfully tended to influence the solemn workings of her spirit. Well do I remember her often secretly wondering what could be the charm and fascination to her naturally animated spirit, of the old and ofttimes forbidding-looking volumes, that she never ceased to pore over. So wholly absorbed was her mind in the contemplation of holy things, that prayer, secret and social prayer, meditation, and attendance on the public ordinances of God, might be said to have been her meat and her drink."

It was about the time at which we have now arrived, that Margaret Bayne was first admitted to the "table of the Lord." Of the general state of her mind and of the spiritual attainments at which she had arrived, when she first enjoyed the privilege of contemplating, through the simple and affecting symbols of the

"Supper," the broken body and shed blood of Christ, and of receiving the seal of God's faithfulness in his eternal covenant, we have an interesting account. "I recollect her speaking to me," writes Miss ——, "on the subject of our first admission to the Lord's table, (which, with both of us, was at an early period,) and asking me how I had felt. She then told me the state of her own mind, deploring its unworthiness, and breathing such desires for spirituality of mind, as could only originate in a heart which the Lord had prepared for himself. At this time, she had a conscience so tender, that she often trembled to meet with, or speak to worldly people, for fear of being made a partaker of their sins; and when it was possible, she always declined any invitation to spend an evening with her companions in the amusements to which young people usually betake themselves. But if there was to be a meeting of a religious nature, there was she always to be found. 'Be not conformed to the world,' was her constant maxim, and she carried the spirit of it into every thing. In getting any new piece of dress, she was always careful that it should be made without ornament; and *if*, in any of these things, she was fearful beyond what was required,—*if*, at this period of her life, she did, in any degree, go to an extreme, it furnished evidence of a spirit panting after conformity to the image of the blessed Saviour! Her uncommon advancement in Christian attainments made her the friend, not of the young but of the aged. I have often been struck with the love which many aged Christians manifested towards her. Many a prayer was offered on her account. Many a blessing was called down upon her head.

"Her father's ministerial friends were all deeply interested in her. She was an especial favourite with Dr Love. He often entered into conversation with her, and showed her many little kindnesses and attentions, which gave evidence of the high place she held in his esteem. Some of the individuals, who had been solemnly and permanently affected, during the events which took place in the Isle of Arran some time before, were in the habit of coming to Greenock on sacramental occasions. These persons were the subjects of deep feeling, often of powerful emotion. They spent much of their time in private exercises, and, except

in presence of a minister, or advanced Christian, were silent and reserved. But with Margaret, they were all love, openness, and affection. She seemed bound to their very hearts. I have seen their downcast depressed countenances beam with delight when she presented herself before them, and a word of mutual recognition would follow, and a look of affection would be exchanged, which only the heart of a Christian can understand or estimate. She was occasionally in the habit of accompanying her father when he went from home on sacramental occasions. She loved to be a comfort to him; and she seemed, at these seasons, to be moving in an element of sanctified enjoyment."

About two years after the death of Mrs Bayne, Margaret, under her father's directions, received for a time the peculiar charge of the other members of the family. "I well remember," says one of those who experienced her care, "how every day only increased my love and admiration of her, and how there were blended in us, with something like the veneration due to a parent, feelings at once joyous, happy, and unrestrained." "Her feelings in relation to the younger members of the family," writes Miss ——, "were at times almost overpowering; and many a prayer did she offer, many a tear did she shed, on their account. She often said, that, having been deprived of a mother's care and instructions, the responsibility of training them up for God lay upon the elder members. And, 'O, if they should fall short, from any neglect of ours, how awful the thought, how deep the responsibility.' On these occasions, I have known her retire with one after another of her younger sisters, that she might instruct, entreat, and pray with them. Was not this a portion of the same spirit, which, when expanded, enlightened, and sanctified, afterwards carried her across the mighty ocean, induced her to devote herself to the conversion of the heathen, and made her a blessing to many on the distant shores of India? It is interesting, it is profitable, to watch the steps by which a mind like her's was moulded and prepared for an undertaking so full of interest to herself, and so important to others."

Nor were her labours to promote the best interest of those so dear to her, "in vain in the Lord." To one of her brothers, who was early removed from this vale of tears, they were, in a parti-

cular manner, blessed. His last illness commenced when he was only four years old; but as it was of a lingering nature, he required great attention. "He had a nurse most assiduous in her regard to all his little wants," writes one of his sisters, "but Margaret devoted herself to him with the tenderness and love of a mother, anxious above all things for the completion of that work of grace which would render him fit for the high and holy employ of heaven. And I rejoice to say, that ere the emancipated spirit of this dear and most lovely child took its flight into the blessed regions of light and joy, precious evidence was given that the Spirit of love and of holiness had been tracing on him the lineaments of the Redeemer's image. One Sabbath, when he had been suffering much from his breathing and cough, Margaret, ever ready to minister to others, would not leave him, but allowed the nurse to go to church, and kept him reclining on her knee all day. I was at home in the afternoon, but a *sermon* was preached to me, which I trust I shall never forget. The scene was inexpressibly touching, and even my heart, so full as it was at the time of childish folly, could not resist altogether so impressive a scene. The lovely child, irradiated, I would almost say, with holy beauty, lay on her knee in mild and calm repose. His great suffering having for a time subsided, all was hushed into peace. Margaret's soul seemed prostrate at the footstool of the Most High, or wafted to the throne above, and each for a time seemed unconscious of the other's presence; but, on our again looking at our little sufferer, the soft but large tears were seen fast falling from his eyes, and bathing, in moistened loveliness, his hectic cheek. Margaret pressed him to her breast, and said, 'I fear you are suffering much, my darling child?' 'O! no,' said he, with a look and tone altogether indescribable. 'It is not my sufferings that cause my tears to flow; but it is the love of the blessed Jesus, in taking up little children in his arms and blessing them, which overpowers me.'" Other expressions, not less remarkable in a child of his tender years, were uttered by him before he was received up into the bosom of that Saviour whose grace had attracted his young affections.

Some time after this, the subject of this Memoir went to Aberdeen for the completion of her education. She was placed in

the house of one of the professors of King's College, an old and confidential friend of her father, to whose care he could with all security commit his child. "Here," says Miss ——, "I can trace a part of the mighty training which was more fully to prepare her for that extended sphere of usefulness she was afterwards to fill. The charms of science and literature completely fascinated her. Her talents were admired, her society was sought after, and she failed not to win the friendship and the affection of many, of whose acquaintance she might well be proud. She delighted in the study of mathematics and astronomy. She read much and deeply on almost every subject; and her conversation was at once brilliant and attractive."

Of this residence at Aberdeen, a near relative gives an account similar to that already quoted. "She became enamoured of study. Intellectual pursuits seemed to have filled her ardent mind with a kind of intoxicating rapture, and the deepest philosophical works became her evening and morning study. She turned her attention to several branches of natural philosophy, and studied mathematics; but in all the circle of the natural sciences, astronomy was what she most delighted in. The mechanism of the heavens, the glory of the sun, the moon, and the stars, were subjects on which she delighted to expatiate; and in contemplating these, she felt she might give play to that enthusiasm and poetical spirit which characterised her. Moral philosophy attracted her with a charm altogether new and peculiar; and with the works of the most distinguished ethical and metaphysical writers, both ancient and modern, she became minutely and familiarly acquainted. But her's was a mind not to be satisfied with reading merely; she thought, she reasoned, she reflected, and she wrote for herself. I think I never heard of one, in whose character the most opposite qualities so beautifully blended and harmonized together as in her; one reflecting a charm on the other, while, in the most beautiful keeping, all the feminine graces of tenderness were to be found in richest luxuriance."

Gratifying, however, as were the results of her enthusiastic application to study, in an intellectual, they were hurtful in a moral point of view. Her literary engagements, though intrin-

sically good, and ultimately overruled for the extension of her usefulness, were pursued with an application, which formed a strong temptation to the neglect, in some degree, of the means of grace, which she had previously used with great relish and diligence. Her delight in prayer, in the perusal of God's own word, and in the contemplation of the Divine Providence, became less intense than it had formerly been. Her intellect attempted the work of faith resting on the divine promises. Her spiritual vigour became weakened. Earth became possessed to her of new attractions, and her aspirations after heaven became less ardent. "For a season," says Miss ——, "she was left to drink of turbid waters, and to neglect the precious wells of salvation which had before nourished her. She had been for a little in the gay world, introduced to scenes different from the pious calm of her father's house; and she returned apparently a changed creature, so much were her Christian feelings chilled and paralyzed. Still, however, she was one of those, of whom it may be said in the words of inspiration, 'If they forsake his law, and walk not in his testimonies, if they break his statutes, and keep not his commandments, he will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes. But his loving kindness will he not take from them, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail.' And truly the good Shepherd forsook not this straying one. He sought her in the wilderness, and taught her by painful experience, that the soul which had once been nourished by the living waters of the well of Bethlehem, cannot long be satisfied with the deepest draughts of mere worldly enjoyments. Indeed, all was working together for the accomplishment of the great purposes which the Lord had in view for her, and He was leading her by a way which she understood not. He was preparing her to meet the learned and the accomplished on their own ground; and then he taught her the heart-affecting lesson, that she had 'erred from his way like a lost sheep.' This lesson was salutary, in proportion as it was humbling. She had been out on the ocean of life's temptations, but the bow of promise appeared in the cloud. Like Noah's dove, she reached the ark of safety. She cast her anchor within the veil, and planted her foot upon the rock of ages, with greater

security than ever. Like Hagar of old, the eyes of her faith were opened, and she saw the well of living water, which, though near, had been neglected and unperceived. Like Jacob, she was wandering in the wilderness, a stranger and an outcast from her Father's house. But there the Lord met her, imparted to her a realizing sense of his presence, and enabled her to make with him a covenant never to be forgotten."

This account of her temporary religious declension, is fraught with solemn and important instruction. It shows how even lawful and laudable pursuits become detrimental to the Christian mind, when they are immoderately engaged in, and when they are not directly and habitually connected with the exercises of devotion. It teaches the deceitfulness, both of the world, in its fairest promises, and apparently most innocent enjoyments, and of the human heart, though renewed by the Spirit of God, and partly sanctified. It inculcates the propriety of humility, circumspection, and watchfulness. Its language is, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Let him who has reason to believe that he has experienced the regeneration of the Spirit, and is a child of God, never for a day rest satisfied without that spiritual nourishment through which he can attain to mature growth, to the full stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

On her return home from Aberdeen, Margaret, desirous of turning her attainments to a profitable account, expressed a wish to superintend the education of her younger sisters, who were accordingly withdrawn from their public classes, and placed under her charge. She secured and retained their affections to a wonderful degree, communicated to each of them a large portion of her own zeal and enthusiasm in the acquisition of knowledge, smoothed the rugged path of science, and strewed it with roses, cheered them as they advanced, directed their minds to the contemplation of nature's God, and to the marks of his wisdom, power, faithfulness, and bounty, which all his works exhibit. Her scholastic engagements with them were profitable to her own mind. They gave greater precision and order to her ideas. They whetted her appetite for information. They formed a powerful motive to literary exertion.

Her own studies, to which she applied herself with ardour and delight, were not confined to the branches of knowledge already mentioned. She devoted much attention to the polite literature of Britain, and especially to its poetry, to which she was passionately attached, the beauties and sublimities of which she appreciated, and which awoke all the tenderest sympathies of her soul. Religious poetry, as worthy of the emotions which its loftiest inspiration excites, met with her greatest attention; and she was enriched with its treasures to a degree which I have never seen surpassed. With civil and ecclesiastical history, she had an intimate acquaintance; and on the wonderful providences therein unfolded and illustrated, she could descant in a strain at once philosophical and devout. The most profound theological works she read with avidity, though, as she afterwards regretted, she gave for some time the preference in her attention to those which are more distinguished for the independence of their speculations, and the subtleties and intricacies of their metaphysics, than for their faithful collection of the divine testimony scattered throughout the pages of revelation, their legitimate deductions from that testimony, and their powerful application of it for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness. In the ancient language of Rome, she had made considerable progress. Through the medium of their native tongues, she became familiar with the best authors of France and Italy. The German literature she studied as far as translations and a slight knowledge of the language could carry her. The romance of Indian mythology and philosophy, as unfolded by the incomparable Jones, the learned and imaginative Maurice, and the critical and philosophical Schlegel, who all, to a great extent, over-estimate its importance, had much of her consideration; and this study, on being corrected by her personal observation and research in Hindustan, ultimately proved available for the accomplishment of much good. Her knowledge, so extensive, was not merely deposited in her mind, but associated in every form with the exercise of her own thought and feeling. Her imagination and memory, her genius and judgment, were alike admired by all who enjoyed her acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF HER FATHER—SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION—LETTERS ADMINISTERING CHRISTIAN COMFORT—BENEVOLENT ENGAGEMENTS IN GREENOCK—ESTIMATE OF WORLDLY ENJOYMENTS—A PARENT'S FORM CONTEMPLATED—DEPARTURE FROM GREENOCK—RESIDENCE IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

We have mentioned the progress which Margaret Bayne had made in literary studies, and the effects which, in consequence of the manner in which they had been pursued, they produced, for a short time, on her moral feelings. We have now to view her as learning in a new school, that of salutary, because sanctified, affliction. Under the severe trials which we are about to notice, she could experimentally appropriate to herself the language of the poet:

> Talk of retirement? Academic shades,
> The student's chamber, and the midnight lamp,
> The storied hall, where learning holds her seat?
> There is a place which teaches better far,
> Where some have learn'd who never learn'd before;
> And all, who in that solemn sanctuary
> Read, and read rightly the deep book unveil'd,
> Bear wisdom high and sanctified away:
> It is, THE SILENT CHAMBER OF THE DEAD!
> There have I now been taught how painfully!
> But grant me, gracious Spirit, by whose aid
> Alone all teaching blesses, that the shaft,
> Shot through the heart, may bring diviner health!
>
> EDMESTONE.

"I now come," says Miss ———, to whose notes we have been already much indebted, "to that affecting period when her dear father's services in the lower sanctuary being concluded, his Divine Master suddenly issued the invitation, 'Come up hither.' The last Sabbath of his life, he assisted at the dispensation of the

Lord's Supper at Glasgow. He took a part in almost every service, and was unusually earnest and affectionate. At this time he was accompanied by dear Margaret. She afterwards told me, that early in the morning of the Communion Sabbath, he tapped at her room door, and coming in, he began to converse with her on the subject of that day's approaching solemnity. He spoke of the duty of self-examination and of prayer. He said, that unless these were performed, not as a task, but in the Spirit, no one could be prepared to sit down at that table, and partake of the symbols of a Saviour's broken body and shed blood. He then spoke of the ordinance as a sweet foretaste of heavenly enjoyments; and he seemed to experience the highest anticipations of that state of blessedness on which he was so soon to enter. He then, with great solemnity, gave Margaret a token of admission to the Lord's table, and said, he trusted she would there meet Him who was especially set forth in that ordinance. He kneeled down and prayed with such fervour, that Margaret told me that when he rose to depart, she felt such a tumult of overpowering emotion, that she could only say, with a burst of tears, 'Dear papa, pray for me.'

"It was agreed, that on the following Thursday I was to accompany him and Margaret to Greenock. On the afternoon of Wednesday, he told Margaret that he felt unwell, and proposed returning home immediately, and that we should follow next day, when he hoped to meet us on the quay. But, alas! what was the scene that awaited us? He was stretched upon the bed of death, though at the time we knew not that it was such. His sufferings were intense: but his mind was at peace. I have no doubt he knew that he had entered the Jordan, and that the ark of the blessed covenant was full in his view. The few words he was able to speak, were full of submission, of confidence, of that hope which maketh not ashamed. On that sad night, most of us went to bed, little thinking what was at hand. In the morning of Friday the 13th April 1821, we were awakened by the first sounds of lamentation and grief. He had departed,—the chariot of Israel had conveyed away his spirit, and all that was left to us was the precious dust of one we so much loved. This was a scene never to be described. To *us*, it was enveloped in thick

darkness. To *him* it was the bright and glorious morning of an everlasting day. It is impossible to speak of the state of any mind under a stroke so sudden, so appalling. But two letters received when my dear friend became capable of exercising her mind, will show that this affliction, though for the present not joyous, but grievous, did afterwards work in her subdued heart the peaceable fruits of righteousness." These letters are the following:

"GREENOCK, 24*th May* 1821.

"I promised to write to you, my beloved friend, but the agitated state of my feelings rendered me incapable till now of even this slight degree of exertion. You, my dear friend, were with us on that morning which is associated in our minds with such bitter and agonising recollections. You witnessed the first paroxysms of our sorrow, and you can picture, in idea, our subsequent feelings, when the thought of its yet being an illusive dream had completely gone off. I shall not describe our feelings at that period. There is a state of mental suffering which not only paralyses the energies of thought, but which seems even to give a temporary suspension to its operations. Such was the state of our minds after we parted with you, and at the time we received your affectionate and consolatory letter.

"You do not say with many around us, Weep not! This is like the mockery of woe; but you are acquainted with the inward sources of sorrow, and know that it results from the unalterable constitution of our minds. You have known the tender and endearing relation which subsists between a beloved parent and child, and can form some idea of the piercing pangs which must attend the separation. Our loss is irreparable! It is unspeakably great. We have not only lost a father tenderly alive to the feelings of parental affection, but we have lost our instructor and guide, the dearest of our earthly relatives! Oh! is it indeed possible that my beloved father is no longer an inhabitant of this world; that the hours of delightful enjoyment, when we conversed familiarly with him, are gone for ever; and that we must tread the thorny path of life without his instructions and without his prayers! My heart bleeds—it rends;

and were there no hopes beyond this transitory existence, I feel as if I could take refuge in the grave, and for ever close my eyes on the scenes of this world. But why do I distress you, my dearest friend? You suffered with us, and let us together pause for a moment to consider that there is a God who ruleth in the earth, that the events of Providence are appointed and fixed in his eternal councils, and that they result from his infinite and unerring wisdom. This consideration ought of itself to reconcile us, in some measure, to the vicissitudes and changes of our earthly life; but we have also a theme of delightful contemplation, in the certainty that the object of our warmest affections is now enjoying perfect and uninterrupted felicity; that he is in the possession of happiness, compared to which, earthly joys fade into insignificance, or appear only as a modification of that woe which has given its signature and stamp to our physical and moral condition. It is true, indeed, that our limited conception can no more form an adequate notion of unlimited enjoyment, than our finite understanding can comprehend Him who is infinite. The language employed to give us a representation of this happiness, is, for the most part, metaphorical; but it combines every object of possession and desire, which enters into our idea of perfect good. And who can think for a moment of that throne which is in the midst of Paradise; of the river, pure as crystal, which issues from it; or of the tree of life, which is beautifully descriptive of the boundless diversities of knowledge that shall be laid open to us, without feeling emotions of delight and awe? But, above all, who can pass from these objects to the contemplation of Him who is the source of all their perfection, and who, in uncreated glory and beauty, presides over them, without being lost in admiration and speechless joy? O, then, let us not gaze on the dark side of the cloud, when a scene of such bright and unclouded majesty opens beyond it! Let us not fix our thoughts on the fleeting objects of time, when they are already receding from our view, and when eternity, in its endlessness of duration, is every succeeding moment coming nearer to us. Let us not look to the grave as if it were the termination and boundary of

our hopes, when we know that the immortal spirit of him who was so dear to us, is already in the regions of pure and consummate joy.

"I feel that I am yet far off from God; but there are moments when I can look upward to heaven and rejoice in the happiness of one so deservedly dear to me, though I myself should be for ever shut out. May I request you to pray for me, my dear friend! I feel myself to be indeed the chief of sinners. Sin has darkened my understanding; it has deadened my moral feelings; it has estranged me from purity, from happiness, from God. It is in the hours of darkness that we are made to feel the efficacy and value of that atonement which Christ Jesus made for his people. O that we could indeed feel it aright, and that we were sincerely and truly brought to receive him on the terms which he has himself proposed to us! 'The covenant,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'which Christ made with his people, was a covenant of sufferings; his very promises are sufferings; and the inheritance which he procured for them was purchased by his sufferings.' What a striking picture of the Christian's hope; what a glorious representation of his inheritance!

"You promised to come down, my dear friend. I need not specify any particular time, as that which suits you will be perfectly convenient for us. If you think it would be too much for your feelings yet to venture down, let me request to hear from you. Write about my beloved father, and do not think any thing you can say will agitate me. I have but one feeling, and I know that it will accompany me to the grave—it is that of respect for his memory, and the desire of cherishing his image. O what a loss is ours! Others saw him in public, but we enjoyed in private his conversation and prayers. It is, indeed, in the scenes of domestic retirement, that a character such as my father's appears to the greatest advantage. There, alone, you could contemplate the powers of his comprehensive mind, and see that when the attainments of science and literature were within his grasp, he renounced them all for the more glorious employment of being an ambassador for Christ in turning souls to righteousness. But it was not only the extensiveness

and acuteness of his intellectual faculties that must have struck an attentive observer; the variety and accuracy of his knowledge were equally striking. I have often, when conversing with him alone, on literary subjects, been quite astonished with the ingenuity which he displayed. . . . The *world* did not know him; but though its fascinating allurements had been spread around him, he would have spurned them away, for his inheritance was in heaven, and he wished also to have his thoughts there. Of late, in particular, I think he enjoyed more communion with God, and had brighter anticipations of his heavenly inheritance; but I fear I have already exhausted you.* I do not know what I have written, and I cannot read it over.—Yours, &c., M. B."

"GREENOCK, 22*d November* 1821.

"I was much gratified, my dear friend, by receiving your letters, and although I was so long in acknowledging them, they were to me a source of melancholy satisfaction and delight. I cannot, indeed, think of you without bringing to view that morning which is connected in our minds by so many indissoluble and painful remembrances. Time generally weakens the impressions of sorrow, but it brings also in its course occurrences and events which open anew its sources, and make the wounds which seemed healed, to bleed afresh. We cannot recur for a

* The regard in which this excellent minister was generally held by the people of the Lord, may be illustrated by the following extracts from the published journal of Mrs Simpson, one of his occasional auditors. "This day died at his house, that dear and precious servant of God, the Rev. Mr Bayne. . . . . He was an able minister of the New Testament, and one of the most singular preachers in this part of the country, for addressing all the diversified cases of saints and sinners. I have heard two very intelligent gentlemen observe, that under his ministry, they have felt as if he were going through their souls with a lighted candle. I have often felt myself, that for a long time after I have heard him preach from any passage of Scripture, it would appear like a lamp of light. . . . . O what a gloom his death has spread on every thing around! what a blank is there in the whole creation! what a loss this world has sustained! how much holiness and goodness are gone, never to be recalled! This neighbourhood could ill spare such a mighty wrestler with God, such an Israel as he was."

moment to past enjoyments, without finding that this is the case. Those occasional, or stated seasons, when we were wont to experience the largest share of domestic happiness, cannot return without reminding us that he from whom this happiness flowed, and with whom it was participated, can no longer mingle or unite with us on earth. The hours at which we were accustomed to assemble, in a family capacity, to pour out our hearts to the God of prayer, and to offer the incense of thanksgiving and praise to him who was so richly bestowing upon us his benefits, seldom come round, without bearing along with them the painful reflection, that he who stood nearest the altar, and was admitted most closely into the Divine presence, is no longer near to strengthen and support us. But above all, we cannot witness the return of that hallowed day when the voice which spoke to us in the accents of tender affection, spoke also as an ambassador of Christ, without feeling that while we are excluded from many religious privileges, he is made a partaker of perfect blessedness, and enjoying the festival of an eternal Sabbath above.

" While I now write to you, my dearest friend, my thoughts are irresistibly carried back to the period of our last meeting, and to the melancholy cause which separated us. At this moment, that morning, in all its agonizing reality, is present to my view. I behold the countenance of my beloved, and now angelic, parent. I listen to the confused and disturbed accents of sorrow. I feel that to us only it was a night of impenetrable darkness; to him it was the splendour of an unclouded day, the unveiled glory of immortality, the perfection and beatitude of joy! When separated from the objects we love, the heart stands in peculiar need of consolation. And where can this consolation be found but in that Gospel which proclaims a message of glad tidings, and which contains the overtures of reconciliation and peace? Resignation, though in itself a single principle, has justly been considered as resulting from the union of many. We must feel our allegiance to the God who presides over the allotments of Providence, and who ministers at will the blessings of his grace, ere we can submit to his disposal, and submissively acquiesce in his will. We must repose unlimited confidence in the goodness of the Divine Being, and in that attribute of wisdom which is

conjoined with, and necessarily accompanies it, before we can say, though our schemes of earthly happiness are frustrated, and the high hopes which animated us laid low, we know that we have in heaven an enduring inheritance. Beyond the boundary of our present vision, all is transporting and bright. Without the range of our sensible feelings, there are consolations which can inspire us with joy. Afflictions are sent to raise our affections above the world, to convince us of the uncertainty of human enjoyment, to show us that life, whether cheered by prosperity, or darkened by adversity, shall experience a termination, and soon come to a close. I know, my dear friend, the difficulty of attaining to this resignation. I feel that we enjoy little of that divine consolation which can support and comfort us in affliction; but I rejoice to believe that these consolations are open to all who receive them on the conditions of the Gospel. I bless God that they are thus in some measure placed within our reach; that they are open to the grasp of our comprehension; that the oracles in which they are deposited are committed to our trust, and that they are not unfrequently communicated through the medium of earthly means.—I am, &c. M. B."

These letters exhibit a mind in its general habitude, rightly exercised by affliction,—feeling its severity, but humbly acquiescing in that wisdom, and relying on that grace by which it is appointed; more anxious about a right improvement of it, than a speedy deliverance from it; quickened to a lively discernment of the suitableness and preciousness of the atonement of Christ, in virtue of which God remits the debt, and subdues the iniquity of the most unworthy; perceiving the utter vanity of every thing earthly as a source of happiness; looking from the darkness of the grave to the glory with which God's own throne is encircled; following the spirit of the departed into the imperishable splendours of its effulgency; and anticipating the time when fellowship with it would be restored, never more to be interrupted or impeded. The state in which it was, was not produced by simply allowing the torrent of grief to take its natural course, by engaging the mind in abstract meditation, or by favourably interpreting the ordinary workings of natural affection, and arraying them with a sanctity which they do not possess. It was the

result of faith rightly exercised, of grace vouchsafed by the Divine Spirit, and working by the appointed means. Before it existed, there were contrition, and confession, and prayer, and the humble and eager perusal of God's testimony. "The throne of grace," writes one of her sisters, in reference to the trial to which we advert, "was Margaret's continual resort. There only did she find that she could give full expression to the overflowing burstings of her oppressed spirit. She would go over, with a depth of meaning, a look and tone, never to be forgotten, all the penitential psalms; and often in the silence of night have her weeping accents been borne in upon my agonized and desolate spirit, crying to God to receive her graciously, to love her freely, to dwell, to rule, to reign supreme in her heart and affections. But I blush to say it, I did not then well understand the depth and nature of her spiritual sorrow. Her conflict, as was evident to all who saw her, was protracted and severe, and her deep sufferings were neither ordinary in their kind, nor evanescent in their nature. From this time forward, after having come out of great tribulation, she advanced in knowledge, in wisdom, and in grace; and by the sacred discipline of an all-wise and over-ruling Providence, she daily became more and more fit for the high and honourable work for which he had destined her, for the glory of His own name, and for the good of His chosen." Thus the Lord was with her in the furnace of affliction. A sense of the blessings which she derived from it, led her always to refer to it with gratitude. We thus see, that, "though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, it afterwards yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby."

One of the effects of suffering on the mind of Margaret Bayne, as far as others were concerned, we may here notice. She was remarkable, as we have seen, for the constitutional delicacy and strength of her affection; but the experience of afflictions greatly improved it. She was particularly felicitous as a comforter. She possessed the tongue of the learned, and could speak a word in season to them that are weary. She could adopt the language of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the

God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Her ministrations to her sisters, in particular, were greatly needed by them, and greatly blessed. And though for a season, under the pressure of their calamity, some of them said, "why is light given to him that is in misery; and why is life given to the bitter in soul," they were all like herself brought to acknowledge and feel that "in very faithfulness they were afflicted."

The following letter, addressed to an acquaintance, who had suffered a painful bereavement, may be introduced in connection with what has now been said.

"Glasgow, 31*st March* 1822.

"It is with feelings of affection, of sorrow, and of unfeigned sympathy, that I now write to you, my dearest Jane. Since I came here, there has not been an hour, and scarcely a moment, in which you have been entirely excluded from my thoughts. I often bring to my recollection our last meeting. I see you with varied indications of sorrow, and with the expressions of that perplexity which fills the mind with agitation, and, when not stopped in its progress, overwhelms it with despair. The separation which death makes between us and the object of our affection, must give rise to painful feelings in every circumstance of life, and amid every variety of fortune. It is a change from the glow and animation of hope, from the eagerness of desire, from the agitations and passions which ply around the heart, continually modifying its feelings, and diversifying the successive moments and hours of our existence, to the silence of death, and to the stillness of unconsciousness. But it is when death is commissioned to enter within the precincts of our own dwelling, that we especially feel his appalling terrors, and that we shrink with dismay from the contemplation of his irresistible and awful grasp. Then, indeed, there is a dissolution of hopes, a suspension of enjoyment, a feeling of intense agony, a solitude and desolation which make us feel that we are in his territory! We look around for those who were the associates of our maturer years, who witnessed all the changes of external condition, and even of internal feeling, to which, during the course of our changeful life, we have

been so often subjected, to whom our hearts clung with a devoted and ardent affection, and who were connected with our fears of suffering, as well as with our hopes of enjoyment,—we look around, and would ask, where are they? But there is a voice within us which puts an end to the inquiry. It tells us they have gone to the 'land of silence,' and to that place where all is buried in deep forgetfulness. Oh! we then think, is it indeed possible that those who were so dear to us are no longer inhabitants of that world in which we reside; that the hours of happiness which were enjoyed with them are now gone for ever; that the voice of parental tenderness can no longer soothe our hearts, while we journey onward in a path that is beset with difficulty; that the voice of parental reproof, which was despised, or not listened to, is now hushed by death?

"Amid such complicated emotions and feelings, it is difficult to suggest topics of consolation, and still more difficult is it to fix the mind exclusively on those which may be suggested, but we ought ever to remember that affliction cannot be considered aright, if viewed only in its present results, or in its immediate aspects. It is intended to convey many important lessons to the mind; it brings human life in its unexpected transitions, in its unsubstantial enjoyments, in the vicissitude of its sorrows, and in its precarious and transitory joys, strikingly into view. But it tends also to elevate our minds to the contemplation of objects that are pure in their origin and source, which cannot from their nature be liable to any vicissitude, which can be subject to no measurement, which can know no end. In affliction there are many considerations which cannot fail to excite in our minds the most painful and agonizing emotions; but it is intended also that it should call into action those high and holier principles which can control them; and it is not unfrequently the medium of communicating new delight, by compelling us to look above this world, where all is revolution and must terminate in death, and by enabling us to anticipate the time when we shall be put in the full possession of enjoyments which are beyond the influence of its uncertainties. We have, indeed, experienced the beneficial effects of affliction, if it has brought us to the source and fountain of all true happiness; if it has given to future and

invisible objects the predominating influence which, from their importance and magnitude, they ought to obtain over those that are visible; or if it has the effect of animating us in our Christian course, whether this be brightened by sunshine or darkened by the storm. Do not then, my dear friend, permit your thoughts to dwell so intensely on those painful and agonizing reflections which afflictions, so complicated as yours, must necessarily give rise to. Try to obtain those important lessons of instruction which it is intended to convey; and the exertion necessary to the attainment will lessen the tide of sorrow, or turn it into a new course. I would say something to comfort you, my dearest friend, but I know the overwhelming power of sorrow, the force which it exerts over the mind, and its influence in shutting all the avenues of the heart at the very time when it stands in need of consolation. I cannot expect that you will at once rise above the oppression and weight of sorrow, but I sincerely hope you will make those exertions which are necessary to obtain dominion over it, and I desire to believe that you will be brought more fully to adore the mysteries of that wisdom and goodness which can brighten, by their consolations, the darkest hours of adversity, and can even change sorrow into joy."

Greenock continued to be the residence of the family for five years after the death of its venerated parent. During that time, Margaret, in conjunction with one of her sisters, taught a Sabbath school, and displayed much Christian faithfulness to those who were placed under her care. Her rule was that of love and gentleness, tempered by firmness. Her instructions were admirably adapted to the capacities of those to whom they were addressed. As a visitor, in connection with a Female Benevolent Society, in which she took a great interest, she devoted much of her time and strength to the relief of suffering humanity. "She delighted," says a friend who knew her self-denial and exertions, "to visit, to instruct, to comfort, and to pray with the poor, and the afflicted, and the dying. She ministered, in every practicable way, to the temporal and spiritual necessities of all who came within her reach. I doubt not that many now before the throne, will eternally bless God that he put it into her heart to visit

them." Of the institutions for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, she was the warm friend and supporter; and in the conversion of the Jews, she manifested a particular interest. Her compassion for the souls of men perishing for lack of knowledge, and her endeavours to point out to them the way of salvation, seemed most exemplary. Subsequently, however, when she referred to the time of which we now write, she was conscious that her exertions had borne no just proportion, on the one hand, to the opportunities of usefulness which presented themselves to her, and, on the other, to her own obligations to Divine grace. I am persuaded that many pious females, in the enjoyment of leisure, who view themselves with considerable satisfaction when they consider their endeavours to promote the glory of God by active services, would have the feelings which she experienced, if they looked more to those women mentioned with commendation and affection by the Apostle Paul in the conclusion of the Epistle to the Romans, than to the examples which are afforded in their immediate neighbourhood.

Nothing worthy of particular notice, except a gradual improvement in her Christian character, took place during that part of the time of her residence in Greenock, to which we have now alluded. Her correspondence with her friends appears, from their communications, to have been pretty extensive, and to have been highly valued for the kindness and sympathy which it expressed, and the information and instruction which it conveyed. Only a few of her letters are before me. The following extracts refer principally to the estimate which she continued to form of the enjoyments of the world, as liable to be interrupted by the ravages of death, and as compared with those of a heavenly origin which eternity will reveal.

"My Dear Sisters, Greenock, *7th December* 1822.

"Though I parted with you at the quay, my thoughts did not leave you there, but accompanied you to Glasgow, and mingled in the feelings which the sight of new objects would suggest. . . . Mary and I went to make calls, and returned home without either amusement or benefit. In the evening we went to Mrs ——'s, and had a most splendid entertainment.

"I was happy in getting beside J. K. We had a variety of topics for discussion; but the one which chiefly interested us, was the Memoir of Alex. Leith Ross.* This was a subject quite suited to the state of my feelings, and not the less so, that it formed a powerful and striking contrast to the gaiety of the scene. The richness and variety of his attainments, his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and the extended fame which rose to his imagination and awakened joyful anticipations in the minds of his friends, disappeared at the touch of death, and are now buried with him in the tomb. What important reflections ought this to suggest! It is not only a lesson, but a striking and most powerful representation, of the vanity of ambition, of the precariousness of life. Had he possessed no other sources of enjoyment, the darkness which closed around him would have been indeed terrible, and death might have come to him with tidings of dismay; but it was far otherwise. When these sources failed him, and the enjoyments of earth had disappeared successively from his view, the principles of the Gospel were confirmed, its promises were realized, its hopes had become sure. They grew in suffering, they were strengthened by adversity, they became brighter as the period of enjoyment drew near, and, rising above this world, they soared higher and higher, till they attained their accomplishment, and their home in the Paradise which is above. . . . . May we live the life of the righteous, that our last end may be like his.—Yours, &c. M. B."

"To Miss L. R. GREENOCK, *January* 1825.

"How often do my thoughts, fatigued among other objects, turn to you, my dearest Louisa. That I should enjoy so little intercourse with one whose friendship is now rendered dear to me by the many recollections which it recalls, is to me a source of deep regret. Anna and I have been contrasting the gloom and wintry desolation of the scene around us with the glow and splendour of summer. This has forcibly recalled to our minds the time we

* The only son of the late Rev. Dr Ross of Aberdeen, whose talents, attainments, and graces, afforded the richest promise; but who was removed from this world in the preceding April, at the very time that they were about to become available for the service of the Church.

spent with you at P., and brought back those hours, when we watched together the illuminations of sunset, and then saw them fade into gloom. . . . You may think of my feelings, when I accidentally heard of Mr ——'s death. . . . Such visitations of Providence bring with them a solemn warning to us. There is something unspeakably affecting in beholding youth, fortune, all that enters into our ideas of happiness, yea, even of life itself, levelled by death. At such exemplifications of the precariousness of life, we pause to reflect upon our own uncertain existence; a feeling of insecurity takes possession of the soul; and the mind, in its silence, holds converse with death, and the realities of an unseen world. Now, those representations of Scripture, which compare life to a dream, the splendid imagery of which deludes us into a belief of its reality,—to a tale, the successive incidents of which awaken our hopes, fears, and trembling anxieties, but as soon as it is told, is forgotten and leaves no trace behind,—to a flower of the field, which springeth up in the morning, but whose beauty is so fading, that in the evening it withereth and dieth,—acquire in us a reality, not of poetry, but of truth. It is not the imagery that in these beautiful descriptions is intended to charm us, but it is the truth which they shadow forth that should find its way to our belief. But, though we do grant it a true and permanent place in our thoughts, how vague is the impression which it exercises over the mind; how little the practical influence which it assumes over the occurrences and every-day actions of our lives! The restless desires of our hearts go abroad in search of happiness; the same successions of feelings fill up those chambers of imagery, which darkness and the grave had enstamped with their character of nothingness; new hopes bring new promises; new motives animate to exertion; and the soul, which was deserted, as if some raging whirlwind had swept from it all the thoughts which constitute its enjoyment, becomes as eager in the pursuit of happiness, as if it were placed within its grasp. It would be well, then, if this truth were realized, not for the purpose of afflicting us with unnecessary sorrow, but for the nobler purpose of leading our thoughts away from that dream, whether it be of joy or of sorrow, and of fixing our views

on heaven, and its unseen brightness, and its yet to be discovered manifestations of bliss. . . . Yours, &c. M. B."

The following lines have no date; but, as they are in some degree in unison with the preceding extracts, we here give them a place.

A PARENT'S FORM CONTEMPLATED.

" A gleam of parting sunshine
Brightens the summits of the distant hills.
The dark-blue waters of the mighty deep
Sleep tranquilly, as if an angel's voice
Had whisper'd peace, and hushed them to repose.
No motion stirs the air, or earth, or heaven,
And from the farthest peak of Arroquhar
With towering heights, the glorious moon has risen,
And, in her bright and gorgeous canopy
Of clouds, doth travel through the azure sky.
How beautiful those blending tints of even !
The face of nature wears a twilight hue,
And all is shadow'd in a calm so deep,
That, while we gaze, and gaze, the pulse of thought
Throbs with a higher joy, and we do feel
The ethereal touch which earthly things can give
To that immortal mind, whose hopes and vast
Desires were form'd for immortality.
At such an hour, I can recall the past,
And, through the vista of long vanish'd years,
Survey the undying forms which mem'ry,
Within her prison-house, doth keep enthrall'd,
Till forth she leads her train, not sickly, pale,
And ghastly, like the things of death, but bright
With life, and wooing us to speak to them.

" One I do view apart from all the rest :
It is a Parent's form, beloved in life;
But dearer still in death. Upon his brow
Sit contemplation and intensest thought.
His eye, though dimm'd and moisten'd by the touch
Of grief, has yet a heavenly smile, like light
Upon a beauteous crystal fount. In heart,
And feeling, in intellectual strength,

And reason high, he stood alone; and from
The hidden depths of his expansive mind,
He brought forth treasures to the aid of truth.
Clad in the armour of celestial strength,
He fear'd not mortal foe, but, with a voice
Of thunder, told the threaten'd wrath of God;
That wrath exceeding all that mortal man
Can image to himself of woe and dread.
Of mercy oft he spoke, mercy in league
With truth, and bought by blood, the blood of Him
Who died on Calvary that we might live.
With pity's eye, he viewed the busy strife
Of earth! and, oh! he knew it to be vain.
A heavenly vision broke upon his soul,
And show'd the splendours of that glorious world
Where he did long to dwell. From Zion's heights
He view'd the city of the living God:
Its wondrous sights, its too transporting sounds
Did fill his soul with ecstacy sublime;
He long'd to pass its gates and enter in.
Death came, and, ere disease could mar the powers
Of his great intellect, it set him free.
'Twas morning's early hour; a ray of light
Fell on the features of his beauteous face;
Upwards he turn'd his eyes, and, with a smile
Of holy joy, he welcomed the splendours
Of immortal day, the peace of heaven.
O! who can tell the transport of that hour,
When, borne on seraph's wings, he saw the sights,
And heard the songs, of heaven's sacred courts?

"And other forms do rise from out the tomb,
The old, the young, the beautiful, the fair.
O death, I feel thy presence, and am sad!
Thou art the foe of life, and thou dost cast
Thy shadow over all that our fond hearts
Have lov'd; but thy domain shall quickly end,
And sin, thy parent curst, shall also die."

Several reasons, which it is unneeessary here to mention, induced the family to remove their household from Greenock to Dares Cottage, in Inverness-shire. It was not without hesitation that they determined to leave the place of their nativity,

which had become endeared by a thousand hallowed providences, friendships, and associations; and they were not long absent from it, when,—notwithstanding the kindness of their relatives and other friends in whose neighbourhood they lived,—the limitation of their comfort and their usefulness led them to regret the movement which they had made.

The following letters were written by Margaret during her residence in the north of Scotland. They are distinguished by liveliness, tenderness, and piety of feeling, and will be read with interest. The first is addressed to one of her sisters, who remained in Greenock for some time after the other members of the family had left it, and gives an account of the passage in a steamer by the Western Isles, and the Caledonian Canal, to the neighbourhood of Inverness.

"Dares Cottage, 30*th May* 1826.

"After the perils of a most adventurous journey, we have arrived in safety at our wished-for destination. A coldness seems to creep over my frame, when I think of the distance which separates us from you and the friends so dearly beloved by us. Is it indeed possible, that those whose presence lent enchantment to the passing hours, with whom we took sweet converse, and whose example was to us the noblest stimulus to exertion, are no longer to be our companions, or to brighten our path? We feel, indeed, like strangers in a strange land; but let us remember that this is a true emblem of our state upon earth. We are pilgrims and strangers, as were all our fathers; but we look for another country, even an heavenly. Earth, in its purest joys, is but a shadow of heaven, and the dawn of our real existence is in the world beyond the grave. Every thing that we love here, if it has not a nobler aim than the gratification of our earthly desires, is but a refined materialism.

"You heard of our embarkation at Greenock; it was rather an awkward one. . . . When we were safely on board the steamboat, we had time to recall those varied emotions which had passed through our minds on that eventful morning, before leaving home, and when walking along those solitary streets where so many objects of past and present interest presented themselves. It was

agony to be torn from them. We watched the town in the receding distance, till its last spire had faded from our view. The shadow which time casts upon objects, seemed at this moment to be drawn aside, for things lost to memory rose before us, bright and vivid as in our hours of early happiness; and these, disappearing as a dream, gave place to others which shall be remembered while memory has its place in the soul. At this moment, we shed tears of sorrow; but the blessed hopes of the Gospel, the assurance that those whom we loved upon earth have only laid down what is corruptible, to gain an incorruptible crown, dispelled, in some measure, the gloom which surrounded us, and inspired us with the hope of again beholding them in other and brighter 'spheres of existence.' Here their joys were clouded. They beheld God, indeed, but it was by occasional glimpses, and through that obscuring medium which darkened their prospects. Now, they behold him face to face; they gaze upon his brightness; they are absorbed in the contemplation of his love.

"Our fellow-passengers on board the steam-boat were not all of one description; and we might have had ample opportunity for studying character, had we been disposed to mingle with the crowd, or had our curiosity been as eager to know who they were, as theirs was to ascertain our names and the place of our destination. We kept close together, each in her turn making a feeble endeavour to amuse the rest, which was again succeeded by a fit of greater despondence, till the bell rung for breakfast. It was a dull one, as we were compelled to join a group eager in the pursuit of amusement, and whose happy countenances expressed no sympathy which could at all respond to ours. We entered into conversation with ——, and were quite charmed with his generosity, nobleness of spirit, and the variety of information which a residence in foreign countries, and an extensive observation of his own, had given him. With his wife and daughter we were also charmed. They were enthusiastic in science, being both botanists and mineralogists, had travelled a good deal on the Continent, and are rapt admirers of nature's works. They were much interested in dear Eliza. . . . . We got to Crenan the first night, and were fortunate in procuring beds as soon as we had

arrived. I had hoped, before leaving Greenock, that we should have called at Rothesay, and was prepared for an interview with our dearest B., when the unwelcome call, 'Don't stop at Rothesay,' reached my ear. . . . How many of our earthly hopes are thus blighted! Let us not trust in them, as the basis is insecure; but let us seek after those hopes which are both pure and unfading, which shall terminate in a glorious result, and which the sorrows of the world cannot deprive of their celestial character. The scenery from Rothesay to Crenan is beautiful beyond description. It was seen in that mild light which tempers the expressions of enthusiasm, while it augments our feelings of delight. It was the repose of nature; no sound broke upon her stillness; nothing seemed to disturb her solitudes. We felt as if in some land of enchantment, and in passing through the Straits of Bute, the prospect was so magnificent, that one of the English ladies, who had travelled several times through Switzerland, declared that she had never seen any thing equal to it. We came to Crenan before sunset; and from a hill immediately behind the inn, I beheld the orb of day rest in indescribable majesty. Craignish, with the beautiful castle of D., rising almost perpendicularly from the waters, lay opposite to us. Every rock was shadowed in the waters. The lower part of the wood was in shade, while some gleams of parting light yet lingered upon the upper branches. To the left, we beheld a beautiful succession of lower lands, while the towering peaks of the Arran mountains yet appeared in the distance. To the right lay Jura and Scarba, and stretching along in distant perspective were seen Mull and the dark mountains of Morven. Loch Craignish, with its islands, is beautiful. The sun set between Jura and Mull. It seemed to make for itself a pathway in the waters, so bright that you might have fancied it a spirit's path. We stood entranced, almost doubting if it were reality, and asking ourselves if a scene so fair was yet presented to us in that earth which for our sakes was cursed. . . . It has still some traces of its original beauty. I detached myself from the party, and sat on 'a solitary rock,' till the hues of sunset had long faded away, and given place to a long twilight. Every thing now spoke of a past day. All was in unison with my feelings, for my thoughts were of the past, and life seemed at this moment to have no fu-

turity. Alas! that we should ever feel thus. Our existence here is as nothing; it begins only when this life, with its vanities, has passed away.

"I have filled my paper, without giving you an account of the latter part of our journey, which was by far the most eventful. Between Crenan and Fort-William, we encountered a considerable gale of wind. On arriving at this place of mountains, the rain, as usual, began to descend in torrents. We thought it better to go on to the usual landing-place, as there is a tolerable inn there, with some sort of vehicle for the conveyance of passengers. . . . . We were kindly received here, and found the house better than we had expected. I shall tell you more of our journey afterwards.—Yours, &c. M. B."

"To A. K., Esq. Dares Cottage, 22*d June* 1826.

"Could I put on record the thought and anxieties which we have about you since coming into this place of exile, they would fill more volumes than have issued from the press for the last fifteen years,—a portentous number, you will allow, and boding evil rather than good to our national literature. I do not, however, mean to give them a place in writing; but shall allow them to go silently down the tide of oblivion, till the hand of some skilful antiquary shall arrest the current, and transcribe them for your use. . . . .

"Since coming here, we have suffered all the horrors of a most rigorous captivity;—our thoughts are daily turned towards home, for such I shall ever consider Greenock, and that dear mansion where you and my beloved sisters are. We could not, indeed, have known the ardour of our affection for you, nor how strong those ties are which bind us together, had we not been doomed to a separation, and made to feel that months, or perhaps years, may roll over our heads ere it may be our lot to meet again. As you may suppose, no inconsiderable part of our enjoyment depends on the arrival of tidings from Greenock. . . . Hitherto they have been few, so you may judge of our ecstacy when your packet, so undeserved on our part, was handed in to us. . . . But I must 'cease my funning,' and write like a rational being. . . . In truth, we live in a far different world from that of romance, but, though

different, the spell is still over our eyes; and if subjected to a rigid scrutiny, or brought within that temple of truth, whose proportions are so magnificent, and whose dimensions cannot be measured by mortal hands, our estimate of things might be proved no less wide of reality, and the result, as it affects our best interests, still more fatal. There are seasons, however, when this veil must be taken away. Such are those periods of agonizing sorrow, of bitter remorse, of approaching dissolution, which all must, in some shape or other, have experienced. We need not accumulate examples, for if we recur to our own history, the recollection of those oft-forgotten hours, when the world seemed to recede from our view, when its honours were forgotten, when its joys faded as a dream of the night, will arise to remind us of what was, of what must be again repeated. But do these remembrances affect us? In the season of stillness, it may be, they come back upon us, like voices from the tomb, telling us to survey the ruin, or to look into the graves where sleep the loved, the lost companion with whom we once took fellowship. Like an invisible hand, they beckon us to turn aside, that we may behold the things which are yet to come, that we may commune with the beings of another world. But inclination forbids the renouncement of an immediate enjoyment; habit opposes it; and fear, guarding the avenues of the soul, keeps watch as a sentinel, lest an armed man should enter to overturn its fortresses, or disturb its chambers of imagery. Thus secure, the soul cannot be acted upon by its own strength; the energy, if competent to dethrone its old affections and reinstate new ones, must be divine; the light which dispels its darkness, or draws aside that veil which conceals from it the glories of truth, must be light from heaven. It is not enough that this veil should have been once taken away, if we are again to see objects through its obscuring medium. The darkness will become more palpable, because of the true light which once shone around us, and our vision will be less fitted to behold the real proportion of things, having wilfully shut our eyes upon them. If affliction, or tribulation, or anguish, be necessary to keep our feet from falling, or our hearts alive to the truths of the Gospel, let us welcome it as our greatest good. My dearest friend has already known, in the intimacy of his own ex-

perience, what blessings the Lord can impart, even in this world, to the soul that loveth him. By admitting you, through his Holy Spirit, into intimate communion and fellowship with him, your chamber has become a Bethel. Your hours of torturing pain, or of worldly sorrow, have been transformed into seasons of joy; and an existence, which might have been deemed dark and troublous, had no light from the heavenly glory shone upon it, has been consecrated to God here, and will have his image more fully enstamped on it hereafter. This is the Lord's doing; his tabernacle is with men, and he dwells among them. The triumphs of the Cross are going forward; but though earth be the scene of their manifestation, it cannot be of their completion.—'Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' Our present condition shall not continue. The citadel which we inhabit has become a ruin, but before its last prop fall, it shall be burnt up, while we, according to God's promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Glorious things are spoken of Zion, the city of the living God. It is his unseen dwelling-place, the glorious residence of angels, a temple where joy for ever reigns. Let our thoughts, then, scorning their present ignoble destiny, aspire to a name and a place in this hidden temple. If we build our hopes beneath it, we assuredly build too low; but, while others are ambitious of earthly honours, be ours the nobler aim of serving God here, and of enjoying his beatific presence in heaven. I trust you are at present experiencing the supporting influence of faith. From behind the clouds which encircle you, a light has already shone. It is the prelude of a brighter morning,—the dawn of a day which shall have no cloud or shadow to darken it. Till this eternal day open upon you, I pray God to keep you, and to sanctify you by his grace. . . .—Yours, &c. M. B."

"To one of her Sisters. Alness, 12*th August* 1826.

"Your letter was truly gratifying to me, and I should have replied to it before leaving Dares, had I not set off for Alness the very day after receiving it. You seem to have been breathing the air of inspiration, if we may judge from your description of P. It has been the theme of much discussion, and of eulogy,

nearly as splendid as your own. Your organs of ideality and inventiveness, instead of suffering a depression, must have been unusually large while penning it. You know not how welcome your letters are, nor how joyfully they are hailed by us in our solitude. Besides being a record of your own transactions, they are like a journal of all that is going on in Greenock, and, as such, possess a double charm to us. A painful uncertainty about those we love is one of the many trials that we are doomed to experience in this world. It is one of the ills of separation, although, like every other event, it is intended to awaken our minds anew to confidence in the procedure of God. Though it gives occasion to the exercise of faith, and is in its nature designed to withdraw our minds from the objects which have but a limited and temporary existence, and to substitute in their place those which are eternal, we make it a source of bitterness, and turn it into a reason for repining and discontent. This uncertainty haunted my mind, and had turned all my thoughts into something of its own vague and gloomy texture, when your packet reached me. . . . Beloved Miss B.'s was a rich banquet to us. If she has not the pen of a ready writer, she has at least that of a most eloquent one. We were melted in tears while we perused her expressions of regard and tender interest, coming, as they assuredly did, direct from the heart. . . . The reflections contained in her letter, were strikingly adapted to the state of our feelings at the time. We were depressed at the thought of our many privations, and, finding so few objects of kindred interest to awaken our affections, or to call out our sympathies, we were ready to contrast our situation here and at Greenock, not so much with the view of making it a subject of humility, and of deriving from it lessons of improvement, as of making it an apology for the lethargy which is apt to steal over our minds when we feel that we have no direct or immediate stimulus to rouse us. . . .

"You heard of our being in Inverness at the sacrament. I came here on the Wednesday of that week, and intend to remain a few weeks longer. I greatly prefer Ross-shire to any part of the North that I have as yet seen. The country is beautiful; and, whether the feeling owes its existence to a greater resem-

blance in the scenery to that of home, or to the belief that it was the birth-place of a beloved parent, and that here his infant footsteps have trod, I know not; but I cannot help feeling as if I breathed in an atmosphere not altogether new to me, while every other place has the aspect of a strange and unknown land. I do not think I can ever like the North. All my affections hover around beloved Greenock. It is the pole-star to which my thoughts daily and hourly turn; but there are some remembrances that hallow this place, and I would try to gather them around me when that coldness creeps over my spirit, which seems to forbid the very entrance of happiness. . . .

"I have been at two sacraments since coming here. They have been to me like green spots amid the desert; and such spots, though surrounded by a sterile and dreary waste, shall be had in remembrance when the sunshine of other landscapes has long faded from the mind. It is common for artists to take the portraits of distinguished persons amid circumstances best fitted to represent the individual—of a warrior in the foremost ranks of his army; of a pilgrim reposing upon his staff; of a painter, or a poet, with his eye fixed on some glowing landscape, while his pen, or his pencil, is in readiness to embody the inspiration of his soul. If we would then describe an individual tired of the pursuits of this world—if we would take the portrait of one longing for happiness which this world cannot afford, where can he be represented on earth as so likely to obtain the rest which his soul pants after, as in the sanctuary, drinking with joy out of the wells of salvation, and finding an earnest of the bliss that is above. I went alone to Resolis the day after coming here, which happened to be the fast day. After crossing the ferry, with about sixty Highlanders carrying their Bibles in their hands, and alternately reading or conversing on religious subjects in the Gaelic language, I had about two miles to walk up hill, and along a tract of barren heath. There was scarcely a trace of any human habitation; and, to complete the gloom, a heavy rain came on. The church stands alone, amid this barren waste which surrounds it—a fit and significant emblem of its existence on earth. At a little distance an immense crowd had assembled at the tent. They were singing the Covenanter's tune, while

here and there a few stragglers were coming slowly along the descent, carrying in their hands a Bible and stool, or piece of wood for a seat. They were, for the most part, old men, with their grey hairs streaming from under the blue bonnet which partially covered their heads, or women, bent by years and infirmities, looking more like a link to connect us with death, than any part of the chain of the living. I felt wet, and was almost disposed to retrace my steps homeward, till this scene roused me. When I saw the old and the feeble seated on the wet heath, with the rain-drops falling upon them, and nothing for shelter but a few trees almost bereft of their foliage, I was shamed out of my fears about suffering any paltry inconvenience, and advanced towards the church. When I entered, the clergyman had a large cloak wrapped about him, and so pale and emaciated was he, that it was not till he gave out the psalm, that I discovered that it was Mr S. He had been recovering from an illness, and was obliged to observe the precaution of keeping on his cloak. I was delighted with the variety, the depth, and the holiness of the feelings which were breathed in his sermon; but more of this again. We are going on an excursion, and I am unexpectedly called away. Adieu. . . .—Yours, &c. M. B."

"To Miss S—. MANSE OF ALNESS, 16*th Aug.* 1826.

"MY DEAREST JANE,—It is impossible to express the anguish of my feelings, on receiving, a few hours ago, intelligence of your brother's death. To me, the shock was inexpressibly painful; but to you, my beloved friend, it must be an event so overwhelming, that I know not how to address you, or in what words to express my sympathy. I do, indeed, most deeply feel for you under a bereavement which had circumstances so dreadful to embitter it; and, while I partake of your sorrow, I would implore God to sustain you by his omnipotent arm, and to impart the consolation which will dispel the gloom of your soul, and cause hope to spring up amid the ills that threaten its extinction. Never did I feel the pangs of a separation from you so bitterly as I do at this moment. Willingly would I mingle my tears with yours; but when I think of you in all the anguish of sorrow, and of myself in a far distant abode, uncertainty grows

darker, and sorrow, joined to all the tortures of suspense, brings a thousand forebodings to my soul. Often have I wished to see you, to enjoy one brief interview with you, clouded as that interview might be; but Providence has severed us, and instead of lamenting the destiny that we cannot control, let me submit to it, and look upwards to heaven, praying earnestly that God may sustain you, and make your earthly sorrows, which have been many, the means of detaching your mind from sublunary pleasures, and fixing it with earnest desire on the promises of the Gospel, and on the hope of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. The dispensations of God's providence are ofttimes dark and mysterious. For purposes unknown to us, he hides himself amid clouds. His throne seems seated in an abyss of darkness; and when he looks down from its terrible majesty, it may seem in anger to us, who see only the awful symbols of his displeasure, and perceive not the hidden purposes of his glorious grace. But we must bear in remembrance, that he, who guides unseen the events of this world, is not only a Being of infinite power, but of long-suffering patience, and of most astonishing love. He bears with our infirmities, and the inflictions of his providence are but the chastenings of a father, who pities, while he loves, his weak but erring child. Our merciful Creator afflicts not willingly; and to be without chastisement is not the privilege of a child, but the curse of an alien who has lost the titles to his rightful inheritance, and has neither the name nor the character that would entitle him to a place in his father's house. It is not, therefore, to overturn the foundations of our happiness, to wither the prospects of our enjoyments, or to blight those hopes to which the mind, from its original constitution, must ever aspire after, that God sends us affliction. It is to withdraw us from the polluted springs which cannot impart a pure or immortal enjoyment, to fix our happiness on a stable foundation, and, by alluring us from a phantom, to substitute in its stead a reality which we may eagerly pursue.

"God has promised to sustain us amid affliction; and it is a privilege unspeakable, my dearest Jane, to repose upon his promise, to rely on his proffered might. We should submit with

patience to the discipline of his providence. He knows the end from the beginning; and we cannot arraign his providence, without calling in question his designs, and impiously substituting our own wills for the supreme will of Heaven. Look not, therefore, on the dark side of the picture, for, though clouds and darkness may now be around you, there is an eternity for the Almighty to reveal the purposes of his hidden wisdom. It is not for us to speculate on the supposed happiness or misery of a human being after he has terminated his earthly careeer.... God's power is omnipotent. Before the moment of death, he can work such a transformation on the soul as will change it from corruption into his own glorious likeness. The present only is ours. Let us seek to improve it by preparing for heaven; and, if afflictions the darkest, the most appalling to the heart, should be assigned us, let us remember that this is but our prison-house, and that ere long the gates shall be set open, and the prisoners let free. You, my beloved and afflicted friend, have witnessed scenes of the bitterest anguish. You have yourself drunk deep of the cup of sorrow; but, though bitter were its ingredients, it was mingled for you by One who knows your frame, who remembers that you are dust, and who, though now ascended on high, retains a feeling of our infirmities, and, remembering his own tears, and groans, and dying agonies, regards you from on high with tender solicitude. Oh, then, my beloved Jane, mourn not as if you were unpitied, disregarded, or overlooked by your Almighty Saviour. He is leader of the bright armies of heaven; but he regards us, and when we are bent down with earthly sorrow, he lends an ear to our feeble cries. To his care I would commit you, my early, my dearest friend. I tremble lest your mind should become a prey to overmuch sorrow. Stem, therefore, the tide, in case it should rise into a torrent, and overflow the boundaries which reason has placed to our sorrow. A terrible uncertainty rests upon all things human. 'The voice said, cry,' and the sentence which it proclaimed was, 'all flesh is grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the grass.' From the truth of this, as a general proposition, we withhold not our assent; but when it is brought home to us by some striking exemplification, when objects beloved by us are snatched away by

untimely fate, and our hopes withered like the flower when the blighting winds have passed over it, our souls feel as if desolate. They stand alone, and seem to us to resemble the ruined earth, when, after some dreadful shocks, its fragments lie scattered around us. This is our night of darkness; but oh, let us remember that the day-spring from on high will yet visit us, and that a morning is coming which will be without a cloud. . . . .— Yours, &c. M. B."

" To Miss S.— Dares Cottage, 26*th Nov.* 1826.

. . . . " Your removal from Greenock, though painful, would, I trust, have the effect of banishing from your mind those more agonized feelings, which a place so full of recollections could not fail to awaken. At first, even new objects, or events, may aggravate, instead of lessening our sorrow. The mind is thrown abroad upon a solitude which it peoples with its own dark shades and portentous colouring; contrast aids its musings, and prevents its selecting from the thousand objects that surround it, any one that might engage its energies, or on which it might concentrate its desires; but it is a law of our nature, and fitly adapted by its author to the constitution of our minds, that our feelings cannot always remain dissevered from every object naturally calculated to excite them; and, the farther removed these objects may be from those to which our remembrance clings, and to which our thoughts turn as the birth-place of their sorrow, the greater is the likelihood that the mind will regain its vigour, and return, though with diminished ardour, to its former pursuits. That you will have hours of dark and solitary remembrance, when hope seems almost annihilated, and when every motive to human exertion will appear but the suggestions of some evil spirit, doomed on torturing you by his unwonted interference, is what you must look forward to as a part of that destiny which Heaven has awarded to our rebellious race.

" We are apt to think of sorrows as exclusively our own; and, in one sense, they are so, as it is when disappointment or death, like a fell destroyer, meets us on our path, and arrests that career of enjoyment which it was ours to pursue, that we can realize the general facts which declare suffering to be our common ine-

vitable lot. But, while we feel our sorrows, and are called upon to witness the havoc and fatal inroads which death is making on a territory which had not been conceded to him but by reason of sin, we should also bear in mind, that the Supreme Ruler of this world is exerting his unseen agency, and that, amid a scene, whose outward events have in it so much that is dark and appalling, he is evincing the manifestations of his wisdom, and evolving those glorious designs of his mercy, which it is the object of his economy to establish and perpetuate upon earth. The assurance that these designs of mercy include in them the eternal well-being of all who do not exclude themselves, by their ingratitude and rebellion, from the hopes which they warrant us to cherish, and that they extend beyond the term of an existence, which is at best transitory, and limited to a few passing years, ought to silence, or, at least, to suppress our murmurings; and, by showing us how little we understand of the councils of the Eternal, and how dim our vision is when stretching itself to view the objects which belong to our faith, should make us retreat into our conscious ignorance, and repose on the veracity of Him who, by his unalterable testimony, declares that 'all things shall work together for good to them who love him.' The thought of our final destiny should then be uppermost in our minds. We cannot escape the winds, and rains, and darkening clouds that assail the traveller. The voyage we are bound upon is one of awful importance; but, though the clouds lower, and gathering tempests seem big, as if ready to expend upon us all their fury, we look forward to another clime, where the sun that will shine upon us shall be without clouds, and where the light will be but the emblem and assurance of an eternal day.

"You know these truths better than I can describe them; and if your daily prayer, and most strenuous effort, be to acquire a knowledge of their practical efficacy, you will sooner or later come to experience it. Neither love to God, nor a conformity to his will, can be attained without a growing conviction of his presence, and of the utter inefficacy of all human things to impart even a momentary happiness. And wherever we go, and whatever springs of enjoyment may have been dried up to us, here is a fountain boundless, as it is inexhaustible. The Eternal

God himself offers to become our portion and sure defence: and, while the light of earthly happiness is fled, or gleams on our path, like meteors over a cold and desert waste, the beams of his favour will encircle us, growing brighter and brighter as time runs on its course. I long much to hear from you, my beloved Jane. Sincerely do I hope that your mind has been sustained under the bereavements of God's providence; and that, whatever may have been its feelings, when nature, exhausted, was tempted to believe that its hope was departed for ever, you will now be able to exclaim, 'all things work together for my good.'

"We would have thought this season one of almost unvaried dulness, had not the arrival of my sisters from Greenock broken in upon our monotony. For the last few days, we have been blocked up by the snow, and, except in the lurid gleams of light which sometimes illuminate the summits of a distant mountain, or fall in beautiful variety upon the nearer hills, the country presents a scene of entire desolation. The snow is so deep on the Highland roads, and among the valleys, some of which lead to isolated cottages on the hills, that no one can attempt passing or repassing. Many of the poor creatures had left their homes on Friday last, to be present at an annual fair in Inverness, the only place of rendezvous for these poor Highlanders. The morning was not so bad; but the snow having fallen in great quantities during the day, and the night becoming very dark, some of them lost their way, and were found dead next morning, their bodies being partially covered with snow. The details of this melancholy evening have excited great distress in our neighbourhood; and it was truly heart-rending to see here and there a funeral procession winding its way slowly among the hills, or on the roads. . . .—Yours, &c. M. B."

The author of these letters had, indeed, the "pen of a ready writer," and in the weight and worth of her communications, she excelled most of her correspondents. She does not notice in them any engagements for the direct promotion of the cause of the Saviour; and, except as connected with the attempt to diffuse a "savour of holiness" in a small society, and the cultivation of Christian fellowship, she had, at the time at which they were written, few such to employ her. This circumstance did not

arise from any diminution in her Christian zeal, but from her inability to communicate religious instruction to the interesting Gaelic population of her neighbourhood. The limitation of their usefulness in the Highlands was one of the principal reasons which induced her and her sisters to determine to remove to Edinburgh, when arrangements could be made for their taking up their abode in that city.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM INVERNESS-SHIRE—VISIT TO GREENOCK—VIEWS OF THE CONNECTION BETWEEN FAITH AND PEACE—LETTERS WRITTEN FROM EDINBURGH—DEATH OF MISS ELIZA BAYNE.

MARGARET, with one of her sisters, left Inverness-shire for Edinburgh in August 1827. On their way to the metropolis, they visited Greenock, from which was written the following letter, principally devoted to the notice of the cordial welcome which they received from their numerous and beloved friends.

"MY DEAREST A. GREENOCK, *August* 1827.

"I wrote C. a hurried letter last week, and as you are next in succession, I shall address my present lucubrations to you. I mean to write no sentiment, no profound disquisition, not even to amuse you with the vagaries of my own fancy, as the euphonious expression I have made use of may seem to intimate; but merely to give you a detail of facts, which can, I am persuaded, have no adornment equal to that which your own warm affections, and the glow of your fancy, can impart to them. Well, to resume the thread of my narrative:—I told you of our arrival at Greenock on Saturday morning, going to church, &c. &c. I felt for some days as if I were living and moving in a dream, so new and strange were the sensations of pleasure with which I gazed upon every object, and received the gratulations of friends, every one of whom seemed kinder than another. The kindness we have met with is actually overpowering; and, to heighten our enjoyment, the weather has been delightful, and the scenery looking more majestic than ever. We have had so many inquiries for you all, that to tell you the one half of them would fill volumes; and, even were I to write them, the words would but

feebly express the thousand feelings which were conveyed to us, by the tones of voice and looks of tenderness, which expressed or accompanied them. We were in doubt as to what church we should go to on the Sacrament Sabbath, but on talking to Miss B., and on revolving the subject in our own minds, thought it would be more consistent, and might be as profitable, to attend at Mr M.'s. We accordingly went. In particular, we were delighted with Mr B. on Monday. If we think of him as an ambassador of Christ, bearing upon his message the seal of heaven, having looked into the mighty, the surpassing glories of that economy by which salvation is secured to the repentant sinner, few indeed can compare with him. There is an earnestness of expostulation, a tenderness of feeling, a holy elevation of mind, which at once prove to you that his whole soul has been embued with the principles of the Gospel; that he has been on the mount with Jesus; and that from the views he has there obtained of heaven and its glories, rather than from the servile fear of punishment, are derived much of his earnestness, and the wonder with which he dwells upon the Saviour's love. His text was,—'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' His views of Christ's empire, and of the authority and rule which he exercises over his people, were enlarged and comprehensive, and had in them much of the essence and excellence of Scriptural truth.

"On the evening of Wednesday we went, accompanied by Miss B., to the K.'s. After tea, we went to A.'s room. He was lying on the sofa. His table was drawn in, and, as usual, strewed with books. A few beautiful flowers stood in a tumbler in the middle of the table. He had his Bible, with a few choice books, under his head; and his countenance was so exactly the same as formerly, that for some time I could not believe that so many months had passed over our heads since we had parted from him. The excitement of seeing us was perhaps too much for him, as once or twice he was almost overcome. He soon, however, recovered himself; for, after speaking of you all, and expressing, over and over again, his gratitude for what he is pleased to call your heaven-born sympathies, he entered upon the theme that is ever uppermost in his thoughts—Christ and him crucified. I could easily perceive from his conversation, that a great change has

passed upon him, and that, instead of the darkness, the perplexity, the ever-recurring doubts, that were wont to harass his mind, he is lost, as it were, in an unfathomable depth, when he thinks of 'the height and the depth, the length and the breadth,' of Christ's love to sinners. He can now, indeed, adopt the triumphant language of faith, and say, that the 'joy of the Lord' is his 'strength.' I felt impressed with his conversation. The world is nothing to him, eternity all. He seems to know what it is to enjoy God; and, knowing this, feeling its magnitude, having experienced the joy which it imparts, he looks down on all the pleasures of time. His conversation is a contrast to the worldliness of ours. Let us, my beloved sisters, seek to have the image of Christ impressed upon our souls, that we may come out from the world, and may imitate Christ in delighting to do our Father's will. . . . Yours, &c. M. B."

The connection between faith and peace, illustrated in the experience of the afflicted friend, whose circumstances are here alluded to, had begun to occupy more than an ordinary share of the consideration of the writer some time previous to her visit to Greenock. Her attention, it appears from her notes, had been particularly directed to it by a passage in one of Dr Chalmers's occasional sermons, which, as transcribed by her, I here insert: —"If faith be any where, it is in the mind, which is its proper habitation, its place of occupancy; and when we want to ascertain the reality of our faith, we go in quest of it through the secrecies of this dwelling-place. We look inwardly instead of outwardly. Instead of gazing abroad among the objects of revelation, and gathering from thence the radiance that might have streamed upon the soul, we seek for the reflection of these objects within the soul itself; and while so employed, the inverted eye shuts out all the illumination that is above it and around it. It is not by looking inwardly upon the eye's own retina, but by looking outwardly on the panorama of external nature, that we see the glories of the summer's landscape. It is not by casting a downward look upon the tablet of vision, but by casting an upward regard on the starry firmament, that the wonders of the midnight sky become manifest to the beholder; and it is not by a scrutiny among the metaphysics of the inner man,

that we admit the light of heaven into the soul. The peace and joy of a believer do not spring from any traces that he finds within him. They emanate from the truths which are suspended over him. He fetches his gladdening assurances, not from any light that has been struck out among the arcana of his own spirit, but from that great fountain of light, the Sun of Righteousness. If you invert this order, you suspend the exercise of faith, when you are trying to make sure of it. I would possess the heart of each of you with the assurance of God's proffered good-will to you—of his free and full pardon stretched out for your acceptance. Do not contemplate the Gospel at a distance, but in its pointed and personal application as addressed to you. You are not named in the Bible, but the term 'whosoever' points to you this communication. It has not been handed to you, like a letter of an acquaintance, with the address to your designation and dwelling-place inscribed upon it, but the term 'all' specializes the address to each."

With these striking and just remarks she was quite charmed, and they ministered greatly to her comfort, by directing her to seek it by simply looking to the finished work of Christ, and the free offer of salvation contained in his Gospel; and it was with delight that she found the consolation to which they refer, occupying, in no common degree, the attention of her friends.

As illustrative of her own views of faith, I quote the following sentences from one of her letters, written at this time:—

"Christ is our joy, as well as our righteousness. It is not an unholy confidence, it is not a presumptuous effort of mind, to appropriate blessings freely and gratuitously imparted to us. To reject them, is to renounce felicity, and to cast dishonour upon God. . . . It is impossible, and it would be dangerous, to attempt ascertaining how frequently, or to what degree, faith may be suspended, while its triumph and final victory will be secured; but we may affirm, *in general*, that a state of doubting is a state of unbelief, and that a dark and terrible uncertainty rests upon the fate of those who *continue* in such a state. . . . Relying upon the changeful frames of our own minds, is like staying our foot upon the shifting sands, which every successive wave may sweep away. Depending simply on Christ, is like resting on a rock, which

stands secure amid the tempest, and against which the waves and billows of the ocean may dash their fury in vain."

The truths which are here stated are most important. The substance of some of her expositions of them, as found in her correspondence with friends who cordially admitted them, may be thus accurately stated:—

It is the duty and privilege of the believer, to possess the joy and confidence which should spring from the reception of the testimony of God concerning his Son. It is greatly to be regretted, that this duty and privilege are lost sight of by many Christian professors, who introduce among the grounds of faith more than the message, that "God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself," the simple offer of pardon through Christ, and the invitation to receive and rest upon Christ; and who associate the very consequences of the imperfections of faith, such as doubts, misgivings, and fears, with its direct and legitimate results. Of faith, as well as of other mental operations, we have, to a certain extent, a natural consciousness. Peace, in some degree or other, is the first effect of faith; and it is followed by love and obedience. Nothing is wanting to secure peace in the terms of the Gospel, which run in the cheering strains, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life;" "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We are invited to repose with confidence on the Saviour, and these our warrants are a sufficient ground of comfort. If, by the gracious working of the Spirit, we make a simple appropriation to ourselves of God's promise, we may, without a moment's delay, rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." If assurance, and full assurance of faith, be the privilege of any one believer, it is certainly the duty of all to aspire after them, and the sin of all that they are not possessed. Our struggle with, and distress on account of indwelling sin, ought to enhance the Redeemer in our estimation, and not to detract from our grounds of confidence in him, which are nothing more nor less than God's testimony concerning his character and work, and his call upon us to rely upon his free, unmerited, but suitable grace. To judge of our

state by our changing feelings, is most dangerous, and derogatory to the loving-kindness of God. . . . An inquiry after the effects of faith, however, is right and proper—nay, absolutely, a duty incumbent upon all; but it must be borne in mind, that while the perception of the work of Christ *within* us, may contribute to *certify us of our actual faith*, our discovery must throw us back to the recognition of the work of Christ *without* us, on Calvary, and near the mercy-seat, as the *object of our faith*, the sole cause of our justification in the sight of God, the grand origin and support of all our spiritual comfort. While it may be proper for many to say, "I do not know that I am believing in Christ, for I do not feel the peace, and the love, and the holiness, which follow the exercise of this saving grace;" it is nothing but a self-righteous rejection of God's testimony for any to say, "I shall not receive Christ as my justification, till I have experienced his grace in my sanctification." God himself cannot sanctify till he justify; the branch must be united to the vine, before it can bring forth fruit, before it can imbibe a particle of spiritual nourishment. The act of adoption must precede the communication of the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. When, in the hour of temptation, or rightful conviction, we may doubt the existence, even in the smallest degree, of the blessings of adoption, and Satan, or our own consciences say to us, "You have not believed, else whence all your fears, and failings, and offences," we should reply, "I will *now* look to the Saviour, as he presents himself in his Word; I will now believe what he says to me, take refuge in his grace, and give my fears to the winds."

The strong assurance of the Saviour's love, with which the subject of this Memoir was blessed, and which was founded on the conviction that she humbly rested on the promises of the Gospel, was the source of her peculiarly cheerful and devoted obedience. "The joy of the Lord" was emphatically her "strength."

The letters which follow require no introductory remarks.

"To Miss R. EDINBURGH, 16*th Dec.* 1827.

"My dearest L.,—Owing to a mistake of my sisters, I did not hear of your letter to A., and consequently was ignorant of

its contents, till I rejoined my sisters in Edinburgh. I shall not add to your sorrow, by giving you a detail of my feelings on receiving the unlooked-for tidings which it contained. To you and to your dear mother, the shock must have been inexpressibly severe, as it broke a link in the chain which bound you together as one family. The mind, though sustained by principle, and fortified by those motives which best prepare it for the endurance of the varied calamities which beset our path while in this world, cannot meet such afflictions without feeling torn and agonized, as if its very powers were annihilated, and the foundations on which its earthly hopes rested swept away. We are not prohibited to mourn the loss of those who were dear to us in this world, and who were united to us by those relations which our heavenly Father has made the source of our purest earthly delight. Our sorrow is but the tribute we pay to their memory, and the expressions of this sorrow, if not carried beyond proper limits, are the simple effusions of our nature, which cannot be entirely prevented. In the character of our Divine Saviour himself, whose love and sympathy were blended with majesty and power, . . . we have an example of human tenderness. And, oh ! it is soothing, from amid the higher demonstrations of his power, when awaking to life those who had slept in silence, or when controlling the elements, 'he said, Peace, and there was a great calm,' to turn to that sublime, but simple, exhibition of feeling at the grave of Lazarus, when 'Jesus wept.' But you, my dear L., know as well as I do, how difficult it is to set boundaries to our sorrow; and there is perhaps nothing in nature more fitted to still the murmurings, or to check those sinful repinings which in so many ways insinuate themselves into our minds, than the consideration that God is the rightful disposer of events; and that under the darkest allotments of his providence, there exist those gracious and merciful designs which shall tend ultimately to our good. Now we see through a glass darkly. We descry but dimly the design of those events that are now taking place around us; but, instead of depressing our minds with an uncertainty that is merely relative, they ought rather to encourage us to look forward to that time when the

shadows shall pass away, and when, in the light of God, we shall see light clearly.

" The fitful agitations of this world will to us soon be over. We are embarked on a tempestuous ocean, where there are rocks and quicksands, and opposing currents. Every gale might drive us on them, when our bark might be foundered, were it not under the protection, and guided by the skill of Him who knows the perils of the voyage, and can guide us in safety to the haven of peace. The hope that the Gospel holds out to us, is a hope full of immortality; but, ere we can feel its blessedness, or look forward to the prospects which it unfolds to us beyond death, we must feel the world a wilderness, and its allurements incapable of yielding rest. Every tie broken, which bound us to the world, every loss of friends or of worldly comfort, should be viewed as a motive to fix our desires upon objects which cannot fail. If we lay the scene of our happiness here, we must be disappointed; but if we lay it in the scene that is future, living by faith, and regulating our hopes by the Gospel, how great soever may be our anticipations, they will come infinitely short of the reality, for ' eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man' what God hath laid up for his people. I would mingle my tears with yours, my dearest L., when I think of your sudden bereavements, and when I know that the sorrows of nature must be felt; but my earnest prayer shall be, that the stream of your affections may flow into that channel which can never be dried up; and that, while your interests in this world are lessening, your desires may be devoted to heaven, and your thoughts dwelling among its unseen glories. . . .

" I had lately one peep at Benlomond; it was under the influence of the morning sun, and the brightness of the atmosphere, with the countless dew-drops on the grass and trees which skirted its margin, made it look like some fairy scene. It had put off its cap of clouds, and would have been seen in its naked majesty, but for a veil of fleecy and light clouds, which partially revealed, and partially concealed, its beauty. I was alone, having wandered from A. at the silent morning hour, before the voice of

busy labour had broken upon the slumbers of other mortals. I thought of you, and the scene of our former pleasures. . . . You may probably have heard of Mr S.'s illness. He was obliged to go to England last spring, on account of his health, and has not been able to return. I saw some of his letters written when he was in great suffering; they breathed much humility, with a spirit of resignation to the will of God. His mind seemed elevated above the things of time, and, in looking back upon the events of his chequered existence, his sorrows were turned into joy, or were viewed like the fleeting shadows which an unclouded sun had dispersed.

"On visiting Edinburgh, I felt, as you must have done, a kind of solemnity and mysteriousness. In coming to a new place of residence, we begin, as it were, another existence. So many interests centre in it, and it is looked upon as the destined scene of so many trials, that fear, as well as hope, seem to hover around it; and, in the uncertainty of the future, our minds are perplexed.—Ever yours. M. B."

"To Miss S., G. EDINBURGH, *March* 2, 1828.

"You must marvel, my beloved Jane, at my long and seemingly unkind silence; but, did you know how much you are the object of my love, and how often my thoughts wing themselves to you as to one on whom centre the dearest affections of my heart, you would see that my unkindness has been more in appearance than in reality. One of the chief enjoyments I pictured to myself, in returning to Greenock, was the meeting with you; and I cannot express the disappointment which I felt, on our arriving there, when I was told that there was little likelihood of your coming home till the beginning of winter. We were happy in again finding ourselves in the midst of our numerous and very kind friends in Greenock. Perhaps our long banishment in the North tended to increase this pleasure; at any rate, our escape from Inverness-shire was to me like a release from imprisonment; and I felt somewhat as a traveller must do, who, having long sojourned in foreign climes, again breathes his native air, and looks upon the scenes of his youth. There was more, however, of the past than of the present in my feelings. The houses, at times, seemed to resemble monuments; and I felt as one passing through

the crowded graves of a churchyard, marking their different epitaphs, but remembering little of them, save the affecting and simple words, 'He died.' I was delighted in having dear Miss M'G. to converse with. How often we talked of you, she has in all probability told you. . . . Since I came to Edinburgh, we have had constant illness in the family, and the continued and gradually increasing weakness of our dear Eliza, is a source of perpetual anxiety to us." . . .

"We have been fortunate enough to get seats in Dr Gordon's church, which I esteem an immense privilege. Edinburgh is still ringing with the disputes of Anglicanus and the Christian Instructor; but you have read them, I suppose, for yourself, so I need not give you any account of them. . . . . The enemies of religion are triumphing in the disputes which thus rend asunder the Christian world, but their triumphs will be short-lived; for, whatever be the temporary interruptions to the advancement of Christianity, it is the work of that unseen and glorious Being whose honour will be promoted by its advancement.

"Eliza is, as usual, suffering with great patience, and seems resigned to the will of God. . . . There is no symptom in her complaints indicating any immediate danger; but the debility, and extreme exhaustion of her constitution, leave us little room to expect she will ever get very strong. We have at all times reason to remark how precarious life is, and how subject, at its best state, to the many ills which sin has inflicted. Every thing around us bears the stamp of that death which lays waste our fairest prospects, and turns to dust all that we are accustomed to admire or love; but there is another system going onward, which out of its ruins promises to erect a fabric capable of surviving created things. Of this system, Christ, the head, is also the builder. Every stone, therefore, which he has placed there to contribute to its stability and permanence, has been cut and polished by Him who is supreme in wisdom, as he is perfect in strength. If we could live more habitually by faith in unseen objects, our happiness would be greater, and we should be better prepared to serve God. There is a sort of religion, which many people possess, but, as the light which it yields is dim and uncertain, the motives which it holds out for their obedience are

wanting in efficacy. To be undecided in a matter of such deep and awful importance, may be fraught with eternal ruin; but to be the followers of Christ, and not ashamed of him or of his cross, brings with it a rich and everlasting reward.

"My sisters join me in united love to you and dear Mary.—Adieu. May every blessing attend you; and with much love, I ever am, your very attached friend, M. B."

"To A. K., Esq. 22, Comely Bank, *March* 13, 1828.

"My dearest Friend,—Though I feel, at present, utterly incapacitated for writing, the longing desire which we all feel, that you should be made a partaker of our joy, and be led with us to magnify the Lord for having raised up in the midst of us such striking and marvellous displays of the mighty power whereby he worketh in them who believe, has compelled me to make known to you some circumstances connected with the illness of our dearest Eliza. You have already heard, that for some time past her health has been gradually declining; but, though we witnessed the rapid decay of her strength, and saw that every new day seemed to make a change upon it, we had so often seen her reduced to a similar state of weakness, that none of us felt in the least alarmed about her. For the last fortnight, the change has been most perceptible, consumption making rapid inroads upon a constitution worn down by previous sufferings; and, though she is at times exempted from much of the severe suffering she formerly had, every indication of her complaint is such as announces a near and speedy dissolution. Amid this decay of bodily strength, her soul has become firmer, being fixed upon that rock of ages against which all the billows of time cannot prevail; and, from the cramped and feeble energies of a mind narrowed and confined by the influences of the world, it has grown into that expansiveness of holy desire and feeling which is an earnest of heaven, and shows us, as in a glass, darkly, the felicities of its blessed state. I feel a solemnity upon my spirit, and a joy which swallows up earthly sorrow, in being permitted to hear the words of one whose soul has so evidently become a temple for the Divine Spirit, and whose every expression of praise and thanksgiving is but the beginning of that eter-

nal song which she shall sing with unceasing rapture in heaven. For some time, she talked little to us about her own prospects, or the realizing views which she then had of the eternal world; but her thoughts were intensely fixed upon Christ, and, in the deep and almost constant study of the Scriptures, her soul was refreshed as from a living spring.

"A few nights ago, we had got her taken out of bed; the accents of her voice were so feeble when she attempted to speak, that it was with difficulty we understood her; and, when she looked around upon us all, she seemed much affected. She twice said, 'O that I could speak to you!' evidently breathing a prayer, part of which we distinctly heard. Her desire was soon granted, for, in a little after, she spoke to us of her unworthiness of the least mercy; but saying, that, through the atonement and righteousness of Christ, she humbly hoped to be admitted into heaven.—O amazing! that a great and eternal weight of glory should await such a worm as I am! Her voice again became weak, but she spoke much of Christ's sufferings; and turning to John, she said with deep earnestness, 'O value Christ more; you can never value him enough; you can never suffer enough for him!' Looking to us, she said, 'Profit by this affliction—this is my dying request! O value Christ! Tell every body that the world is unsatisfying; that nothing can support the soul but Christ!' At another time she said, 'I shall soon walk through the dark valley and shadow of death; but the way is short! The body will be laid in the grave; that too will be short! Every thing is short, short, but eternity! O come to Jesus; you cannot value the blessed Jesus enough; you cannot devote yourselves too early to God! O, the love of God, it passeth knowledge!' At another time, she said, fixing her eyes upon us. 'I am going where you cannot follow me now; but I hope you will soon follow me—perhaps sooner than you think! O that you were more like the children of light in this evil world! O that you did more to promote his kingdom and honour upon earth! Study the Bible more; I have found it the best book.' In reply to a remark of A., she said, with a solemn voice, and in the attitude of prayer, 'O that this whole house were a Bethel!' I sat up with her last night; and O my dear friend, let me never forget

the solemnities of the hour and of the scene, for truly God was in this place, though I knew it not. She spoke with inexpressible tenderness of my sisters, dwelling upon all the kindness which they had showed her, and speaking from time to time of her own unworthiness, that she might exalt him who is worthy to receive all honour, and glory, and dominion. She spoke much of the felicity of heaven, dwelling with delight upon the increased, and still increasing, number of its inhabitants. I said to her, 'While we are speaking, a redeemed and ransomed sinner, from among men, may be entering upon its blessedness.'—'O yes!' was her reply, 'with the palm of victory in his hand; there is no mourning, no sorrow, no sin there!' I added, 'It is because there is no sin, that the people of God love to contemplate it.' She looked at me with earnestness, and said, 'It is because Christ is there, and he fills it with his glory. Christ is glorious in his person—glorious in his work—glorious in the many——' Her words failed her here; and she seemed earnestly and fixedly engaged in prayer. Turning to me again, she said, 'Margaret, do you think it will be long?' I answered it was impossible to say, and asked her if she longed to depart and to be with Christ. She said, 'I have committed myself to God; I have no will but his.' She entreated me to do more for the honour of Christ; and, when I asked her if she wished me to pray for any thing in particular, she replied, 'When the last, the trying hour is come,—that I may be supported, and enabled to glorify Christ.' These, my dearest friend, are but a few of the many things she said to us. When I asked her, if she had any message for you, she said, 'Tell them that Christ is very precious to me, and say to A., that he cannot know Christ's glory till he see him as he is,—till he behold his reconciled face.' To-night she is weaker, and the expression of her countenance such as I never before witnessed. We have all been enabled to give her up to God, and have no desire for her, but that she may be made perfect in her Redeemer, and see him as he is. With much love, yours ever. M. B."

"To Miss R., Elgin. EDINBURGH, 11*th April* 1828.

"Your letter, my dearest Louisa, I did not receive till after the death of my beloved sister. From your mamma's letter, I find

that you were aware of Eliza's delicate state of health, and of the severe and protracted sufferings with which God, in the infinitude of his love and compassion, saw fit to chastise his beloved child. She was at first chosen in the furnace of affliction, and, during the subsequent periods of a short but suffering existence, she was never heard to breathe one repining thought, or to harbour, for one moment, the wish that it might be otherwise. She might be said to live alone in the world; for, though the touching simplicity of her character, her disinterested endeavours to promote the happiness of those around her, and the gentleness and childlike meekness which characterised all her actions, made her an object of tender solicitude to us, and of admiration to all who witnessed the display of these amiable qualities, she lived much in retirement, and her communion and fellowship were with the Father, and with his Son, Christ Jesus. She was uniformly cheerful; but hers was a cheerfulness tempered with such calmness, that you could not witness it without feeling that it arose from a mind regulated in all its actings by the principles of religion, and raised above the agitations of time by those elevated and glorious hopes which faith can unfold to all who serve God here, and who look forward with earnest desire to their final accomplishment in heaven. It has been a source of bitter but unavailing regret to me, that, while privileged to enjoy the saintlike conversation, and eager aspiring of a soul bent upon the enjoyments of heaven, I should have profited so little by it; and that, while I had it in my power, I should have done so little to draw out the character of one whose retiring and unostentatious habits rendered her in a great measure unknown to many who could have loved and appreciated her worth. These reflections, my dearest L., though the cause of bitter regret, and of much self-condemnation, should be lost sight of in the contemplation of that exalted happiness to which she is now raised, in the presence of God, her heavenly Father, and of Jesus, her elder Brother, amid the adoring throng of the redeemed. She stood not in need of any thing to augment her earthly happiness, while she possessed that peace of God which passeth all understanding. The holy transports which she felt in the immediate prospect of death distanced earthly joys, and stamped with an utter insignificance all the honours for which

we are accustomed to contend. And now, having put off her earthly garments, and having entered, arrayed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, into the heavenly Jerusalem, the dwelling-place of God himself, no more to feel the pang of disappointment, but to shine for ever with a light brighter than the stars; what will be to her all the remembrances of earth, but the thought of a dark prison-house, whence she has escaped—the phantoms of a dream which can no more terrify and affright!

"On our return from Greenock in the beginning of winter, we found her so much stronger than when we had parted from her in autumn, that our hopes of her recovery were much raised. She continued much in her usual state during the winter, but in spring she again grew worse; her strength began rapidly to decline, and many of the symptoms indicated consumption. We had often seen her reduced to a similar state of weakness; and, therefore, were not seriously alarmed till a few weeks before her death. Had we marked, as we might have done, the growing purity of her character, her rapid advances in knowledge, and the moral fitness of her nature for the exercises and enjoyments of heaven, we might have seen that she could not long be a habitant of earth. This my brother (to whom she talked frequently on religious subjects,) observed, and has since noticed to us. On being told the doctor's opinion of her case, she betrayed no agitation. With a tear in her eye, she said she always thought it would come to this, and told us of a presentiment she had that she could not survive the spring. She entreated us all to profit by this affliction, expressing her earnest wish that we might live more like the children of light than we had hitherto done. She entreated us to look to Jesus, saying, 'You can never value the blessed Jesus enough,—you cannot do enough to promote his glory,—you cannot devote yourselves too early to God. Oh! the love of God! it passeth knowledge.' This was before she heard Dr Abercrombie's opinion of her case, and could proceed from no unusual excitement of feeling. When her sisters requested her to pray for them, she said, 'Yes, I am praying for you all, that you all may become the followers of Christ. I cannot pray long, but Jesus is interceding on a throne of grace. Oh! pray for yourselves!' My youngest sister showed her some flowers

a lady had sent to her. She then took them in her hand, and, observing one of them faded, said, 'Look at that; it is fast decaying,—aye, and the rest will soon follow.' Admiring their exquisite tints, she said, as if rapt in admiration at the glories of their Creator, 'When could man form these?' Sitting up a little one afternoon, she said, 'I am thinking of the blessed company of the redeemed, when I am sitting so dull here.' . . .

"For a few days before her death she was extremely weak, and unable to speak. We had all committed her to God, in the joyful hope of meeting with her in heaven, but not expecting that we should ever again hear her voice upon earth. On Sabbath, the last day of her earthly existence, and the prelude of that eternal Sabbath of delight which shall never end, she did not speak at all, but had her eyes and her hands often lifted up to heaven in prayer. About eleven at night she became much weaker, and desired that we should all be called in. When we were gathered around her dying bed, she again entreated of us to seek the Lord while he might be found, to call upon him while he is near. Hearing her sisters sobbing aloud, she said with great tenderness, 'O be composed, when the peace of Jesus'——; but her words died away. We then thought death was about to release her from mortal bondage, and usher her into the Paradise of delights; but, a little after, her countenance became brighter than it had been for many days; an expression of ineffable joy beamed upon it; her eye seemed dazzled as if she had never again expected to look upon the scenes of time; and, after wandering over us all, it fixed upon Anna. She said, in a tone and with an expression which I shall never forget, 'Anna! Anna Bayne! my sister, am I come back to you all? I thought I was going to heaven.' Anna said, 'May the presence of God be with you.' She replied, in a manner awfully solemn, 'He *is* present with me,'—as if she had already seen things unutterable. Then, pursuing her own train of feeling, she said a little after, 'I am lost in astonishment; I cannot fathom it.' John repeating to her, 'Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' she finished the passage, and then exclaimed, 'He compasseth me about with songs of deliverance.' When my brother repeated another passage, descriptive of the Christian's

hope, she uttered with a loud voice, 'A hope so great, and so divine, may trials well endure.' She desired us all to kiss her, commending us to God, and pronouncing over us her dying blessing. Her countenance retained its expression of joy, and, without a struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus, about half-past six in the morning. I shall never forget the aspect of that morning, or the scene of desolation which her chamber presented, when the immortal spirit had taken its flight to heaven. To *her*, it was a morning without clouds. I have written you these things, my dearest L., in the earnest hope that you may profit by them. We are commanded to exhort one another, and so much the more that the day is approaching. Ever yours. M. B."

The triumph over death, the last enemy, which was granted to Eliza, and of which such an interesting account is given in the preceding letters, was most glorious; and the contemplation of it was greatly blessed to Margaret, who, like the other sisters, had been unremitting in attendance during the last scene. It excited in her the deepest sympathy, not only with the bodily sorrows and sufferings of the patient, who was deservedly so dear; but, what indicated the highest Christian affection, with her spiritual peace and joy, with her longings for deliverance from the body of sin and death, and a glorious introduction into the immediate presence of the Lord and Saviour. Her confidence in the Redeemer's love and faithfulness, her resignation to his sovereign dispensations, her gratitude, so difficult to exhibit in the hour of trial, for mercies received, and at present enjoyed, and her realization of the ineffable glories of heaven, were strikingly apparent to all who had in any degree the felicity of her society. They appeared to myself so remarkable, that their expression is even at this moment vividly before my mind; and, when I witnessed them, I thought the influence of divine grace not less remarkably manifested in the tenderly sympathizing sister than in the sufferer, who was about to be removed from her tearful eyes. The exhortations which were addressed to her, respecting a closer walk with God, and an increased devotedness to the Redeemer's cause, sank into her inmost soul; and she solemnly vowed, that, with aid from above, she would give them a practical attention, in a more unreserved consecration of her talents, acquirements, time, and influence, to the service of God.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGAGEMENT TO BE MARRIED—VIEWS AND FEELINGS IN THE PROSPECT OF PROCEEDING TO INDIA AS A MISSIONARY—EXTRACTS FROM HER CORRESPONDENCE—FAREWELL VISIT TO GREENOCK—LETTERS TO MR WILSON ON HIS ORDINATION TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, AND TO OTHER CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—MARRIAGE.

No long period had passed away, when circumstances, ordered by Him who regulates every event connected with human destiny appeared in a remarkable manner to harmonize with the aspirations and purposes of the subject of this Memoir. Her friendship with myself had ripened into that mutual regard and affection, which, viewed in connection with my future prospects, seemed to warrant and invite our entering into the most endeared relation known on earth. With the fullest confidence in her capacity to minister to my happiness, and, through God's assistance, to contribute in an eminent degree, by her rare endowments of nature and grace, to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in India,—to which, on the completion of my literary and theological studies, and with the appointment of the directors of the Scottish Missionary Society, I had for some time looked forward as the scene of my labours,—I invited her to be the sharer of my joys and sorrows, of my toil and its reward. She had humbly and faithfully prosecuted the work of self-examination, and asked counsel of the Lord in fervent and persevering prayer; and she considered it her duty cheerfully to acquiesce in my proposal. It is impossible for me to describe the joy which I felt in the happy prospects which, in that gracious Providence which I can never sufficiently adore, were thus opened up to me; and which, bright though they were, have been more than a hundredfold realized. Respecting the views and feelings connected with her decision, I can speak without reserve. She had a lively sense of the trials which she would be called to endure on leav-

ing Scotland, and those many relatives and friends who had long regarded her with the greatest fondness, in whose society, and Christian and literary sympathies, she had so much delighted, and who were on many accounts dear to her as her own soul. She formed a correct estimate, also, of the perils of a foreign pilgrimage, and the hardships of a determined warfare with the powers of darkness, and their votaries, in the "high places of the field." She looked, however, to that Saviour, who left the bosom of the Father, disrobing himself of his glory, and who assumed the lowly nature of man, and lived a life of unparalleled labour and suffering, and presented himself as a sacrifice on the altar of his Father's justice, that he might accomplish the redemption of his people; and she felt that the infinity of his love could meet with no return, even with no adequate expression of gratitude, in the costliest offering which she could make, and the most painful course of self-denial on which she could enter. She hailed with joy the opportunity presented to her of "redeeming the time," by commencing a system of personal exertion in the most glorious cause. Though conscious of utter insufficiency in herself for the discharge of the duties, and the endurance of the afflictions which awaited her, she knew that the grace of Christ was sufficient for her, and that the path of humble obedience was the most likely to invite spiritual blessings. The promises respecting the future glory and perpetuity of the kingdom of Christ, which are to be found in the Bible, were realized by her in all their fulness and certainty. Her feelings were those of zeal for the honour of God, and benevolence towards those who had long sat in the region of the shadow of death; and she anticipated the highest enjoyment from their gratification. She was ardently desirous to participate in the honourable work of building the temple of the Lord; but she felt that she would be in possession of a privilege, even though she should be permitted to do nothing more than to encourage one who might attempt to advance it. Time, and all the things of time, whether connected with enjoyment or suffering, were viewed by her in the light of eternity.

Her own letters, written in the prospect of leaving Scotland, manifest the exercises of her mind, in relation to the state into

which she was about to enter, and her dedication to the work of the Redeemer, as will appear from the following extracts.

" 22 Comely Bank, Edinburgh, *April* 24, 1828.

" . . . . . It is a subject most deeply important, whether we view it in connection with our individual prospects, or with the building up, and perfecting of Zion's glory, which is declared in Scripture to be a building of God, the dwelling-place of his majesty, and the brightest monument which his power and wisdom have reared upon the ruins of our fallen world. We have only to look into the mysteries of redeeming grace and mercy, to survey the trophies of the cross, or to widen our field of vision, by embracing within its range those prophetic intimations of glory and blessedness which gladdened, in distant prospect, the minds of prophets and holy men, to have our love to Christ strengthened, and to feel our sacred and unalterable obligations to render him our entire and undivided services. In surveying the bygone course of my existence, which seems to resemble a record of events once engraven in living characters, but now dimmed and faded by time, I have to mourn the largest portion of it spent in the service of the world. When I recall the more solemn seasons in which I vowed allegiance to God, and professed to offer him the homage of my heart, with the uncompromising obedience of my life, I can perceive much insincerity; and every subsequent act seems only to have been characterised by a deeper rebellion, and a greater tendency to resort to those unhallowed expedients by which the world allures its votaries, in their chase after happiness. I have been especially led to deplore my inactivity and want of zeal in the service of Christ. This inactivity has been, for many years, a source of much infelicity to me; and, I doubt not, it has proved one powerful mean of retarding my advancement in the divine life. It has led me to question whether love to Christ was, or ever could have been, the pervading principle of my obedience, seeing that neither the enactments of God's holy authority, nor the principles of divine compassion and love, brought into full display in the redemption of our world, nor the spectacle of this world itself,—shut out from happiness, and yet not complete in misery, for no other reason but that it is wrapped up in an impenetrable security,—had power to awaken me from my

lethargy. For the last six months, it has been my earnest, and almost constant prayer to Heaven, that a way might be opened up to me, whereby I might serve God with constancy, and greater devotedness of heart; but now, that, in the providence of God, a great door and effectual has been opened to me, whereby I may serve with you, in the fellowship of the Gospel, and in making known to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ, I feel appalled at the magnitude of the work, and at the view of my utter disqualifications for entering upon it. The latter consideration almost overwhelms me. Yet, why should I feel thus discouraged? Though weak in myself, I go forth under the banners of Him who is mighty as the King of his Church. Jesus is interested in her prosperity. It is his presence that gladdens the solitary waste, and that causes the desert to rejoice and blossom as doth the rose; and had I the intellect of the angels, and all those pure and lofty capacities of loving and serving God possessed by them, it might prove utterly inadequate to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds, without the agency and goings-forth of that mighty Conqueror, who, in the words of inspiration, is described as coming 'from Edom, with dyed garments, from Bozra, travelling in the greatness of his strength, speaking in righteousness, and mighty to save.' . . . . . In this and every other event of our life, may we endeavour to make the glory of God the supreme and paramount object. Time, with its events, is fast hastening away; every evolution in the scheme of Providence brings us nearer the consummation of all things; and while, in their turn, empires arise, and flourish, and decay, let us remember that the kingdom which we seek to establish is an everlasting kingdom, its dominion that which fadeth not away. My fervent prayers are for your happiness in the great work in which you are about to embark. May the arm of the Lord, which is mighty, conduct you in all your wanderings through the great and terrible wilderness by which he is to lead you to the Canaan of rest; and, when your toils and journeyings are ended, may you join the ransomed of the Lord, to unite in their eternal hallelujahs, and to serve God for ever in his holy temple!—Yours ever. M.B."

The following letter was addressed to me, on her hearing of my being licensed as a preacher of the Gospel by the Presbytery

of Lauder. It adverts to the information which she had received from me on that subject, and also to the services in which she had been engaged, or which she contemplated, in connection with the dispensation of the holy ordinance of the Supper:—

"22 Comely Bank, 10*th May* 1828.

"Your interesting letter I received last night, after coming out of church. You were present to my thoughts during the whole of Wednesday; and, yesterday, while engaged in the sacred employments of the sanctuary, I did not think it unbefitting to lift up my heart in supplication for you. Being commissioned to go forth with the message of Heaven, I doubt not that you will exhibit the zeal for your Divine Master which distinguishes his true ambassadors; and by looking into the mysteries of the cross, you will discover the principles which can sustain and animate your confidence amid all the trials which may await you. It is only by looking to it that we are enabled to perceive the imperishable nature of God's love to sinners, and to discern what is the central point of his divinely constructed economy. A moral influence proceeds from it, which must ever secure our obedience; and, when our love to the souls of men languishes through unbelief, or the intrusion of worldly feeling, we must come anew within the attractions of this glorious object, to have it enkindled or created anew. . . . . .

"I was glad to learn that every thing went on so agreeably at the Presbytery. I shall remember Dr C., &c., in gratitude, for the honour conferred upon me. We were delighted with the services of yesterday. In the evening, we went to hear Mr Fraser, Kirkhill. He preached on the 3d chapter of Hebrews, 'But Christ, as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.' He was fatigued, and did not appear animated; but there was the same deep and sustained argument, the same perspicuity of arrangement, with that accurate knowledge of the movements of mind, and the varied combination of its feelings, which always characterise his preaching. . . . . In his view of the confidence and rejoicing essential to the being, and still more to the perpetuity, of the house of which Christ himself is the builder, he had some striking ideas, and pointed out new but permanent relations

of truth. The doctrine of confidence, as stated by him, needed no fences set around it, as, in fact, it lays the foundation for humility; and that which is separated from it, though called by the name, is only pride, or one of the modifications of self-righteousness. O, it is a solemn thing to approach our Redeemer in an act that bespeaks so unequivocally our confidence in him, and our avowal of his sufferings and death, as that by which an atonement is made. Could we behold his glory, or conceive of that ineffable union which took place when the attributes of his Godhead were blended with the principles of humanity, how would it awe, and yet rejoice, our souls, to feel that we were brought into such near communion with him! Hypocrisy, in such circumstances, were base indeed; but is it not true, that our professions are often insincere, and that, coming down from the mount, where we may have been with Jesus, we carry with us but little of the impress of his character? Sin does, indeed, contaminate our best services. We feel it in the aspirations of our souls when they ascend heavenward, and even when fire from the altar enkindleth a flame in our hearts: for, though this movement cannot be suspended, nor the sacred fire quenched, both are retarded in their exercise and effect, by reason of its noxious indwelling. To think of a spot or region in creation where sin is excluded, and where moral perfection reigns entire as when it came from the finger of God, awakens in our hearts feelings akin to rapture. What then must heaven be, where, in addition to surpassing glories, it has the presence of him who is shrined in light, and whose throne has stood through the eternal ages? We are going up to the feast; and it is an emblem of the marriage supper, at which Jesus presides, and where those who love him shall all be assembled. May we, in the language of faith, say, 'We would see Jesus,' and receive what he has provided now, as the earnest and pledge of the blessed realities which await us in heaven. Your situation is one also of deep interest, as you are to proclaim, for the first time, the overtures of reconciliation and peace! I trust the Angel of the Covenant will stand by you; and that, from above the mercy-seat, you will behold such a glory as will stay and strengthen your mind. . . . . Remember me in much affection to all your friends, especially to your father and

mother. And wishing you every blessing now and hereafter, believe me, ever yours. M. B."

At the table of the Lord, in Dr Gordon's church, in which, with the greatest spiritual profit to herself, she usually worshipped in Edinburgh, her feelings, with the prospect, on the one hand, of her being soon called to leave the fellowship of the saints in Scotland, and, on the other, of engaging so directly in the advancement of the Redeemer's cause in the Eastern world, were those of unusual solemnity and interest. She was enabled to renew her vows in the presence of the Lord, and to solicit those blessings which her circumstances imperiously demanded; while she experienced much of that peace which arises from the contemplation of the Saviour's accepted sacrifice, and much of that strength and courage which communion with him never fails to impart. Her preparation for the trials which awaited her was thus advanced.

The first tearing asunder of the tender ties which bound her to her native country, took place in connection with a visit to Greenock—a place the most hallowed in her youthful remembrances and purest Christian affections. In the following letter, we have an account of her journey thither, and the meeting with her friends. It is distinguished both by its animation and tenderness.

"Greenock, *June* 10, 1828.

"My dearest Friend,—I was just in time for the coach, after parting with you. Our only male companion was an old gentleman. He was somewhat taciturn, and, except when he gave an oracular Yes, or No, to the interrogatories of the ladies, accompanied by a bow and corresponding shrug of his shoulders, he left us very much to our own meditations. We had time for reflection: but, like your friend, Mr I——, I am generally so much occupied with the materialism of events, that I lose the deeper and more hidden lessons which their outward form may convey. I coughed all the time, and felt a good deal fatigued on arriving in Glasgow; but we were anxious to pursue our journey, and, as there was a boat at six, we resolved on taking it. It was a splendid evening; and, as our enjoyments take much of their character, or at least of their intensity, from the

circumstances which precede them, our pleasure in viewing the scenery was greatly enhanced by the contrast which it presented to the uninteresting and barren tract of country through which we had passed in the earlier part of the day. The vessels and fishing-boats moving on the face of the waters, gave life and animation to the scene. The hills appeared, if possible, more majestic than usual, from the clearness of the atmosphere, which showed distinctly their outline, with all the inequalities on their surface; and the sun, retreating in majesty behind them, from amid double pillars of golden and fleecy clouds, presented a scene unequalled by any thing that I have witnessed since the last evening that I looked upon those very hills. It is astonishing that we can look on nature without seeing in it the actings of the Godhead. Every exhibition of material loveliness shadows forth the unseen glories of our Creator. The changes of nature are but the expressions of his will;—its laws the decrees by which he renders its order perpetual. In every thing around us, we may discover the footprints of his majesty, and no necessity does, or can exist, but the Divine will. It is one of the melancholy effects of the fall, that we have lost sight of that relationship in which our Holy Creator stands to the objects around us; and the restoration of this, though not the primary object in our redemption, must, in some degree, be felt by every renewed mind. We are now banished outcasts from Eden, and we cannot conceive, still less feel, the joy and happiness which the sight of this goodly world could originally impart to the soul; but, by a new and holier order of things, if we are indeed the children of God, we stand in a higher relationship to him who is our living head, and to all the worlds which he has created, than even Adam can be conceived to have stood in. Oh for faith to perceive the true value of this relationship, and to cherish that habitual and child-like dependence which it involves! The Christian cannot exist separately from God. It is a beam from the fountain of his eternal love that gladdens him—it is on omnipotence that he relies—it is the discovery of his glory and majesty that enkindles rapture in his heart. It is by feeling our relationship to God that we can know aright the true relation in which we stand to our fellow-creatures, and to the general order of things around us, or have

a proper sense of our obligations to serve God, and promote, by a course of strenuous and devoted obedience, the well-being of mankind.

"We felt much on landing here. I can think of Greenock only as a place of recollections; and, in walking along its crowded streets, every thing seemed like a memorial of the dead. I had much comfort in endeavouring to raise my thoughts above the fleeting and transitory objects of time. Heaven seemed dearer to me, because it is the habitation of holiness, as well as the place whence sorrow and change are for ever excluded. I felt that we are exiles; and, as it is more noble for the captive to pant for liberty, and to sigh after the blessings of promised deliverance, than to rest satisfied in his inglorious state, so did I long for that liberty with which sinners are made free. You, my dearest friend, have been much in my thoughts since I came here, and it is truly gladdening to my heart to witness the deep and unfeigned interest which your future prospects in the world have awakened in many minds. We found our beloved friends more composed than I had even dared to anticipate. A—— looks wan and emaciated, and disease has made ravages on his tender frame since I last saw him; but his mind is stronger than ever: its frame-work is indeed of no ordinary kind; but what were those noble powers which God has implanted in him, if they were not directed to him as their source, and the foundation of their happiness! The desires which God has infused into his soul, bespeak their origin from above, and never, till they return to their source, will they find the happiness to which they point. He was much affected at seeing me, and said that he had but that evening breathed the desire in prayer to his father in heaven, that he might be permitted to see me again. It is a privilege to be with him, and to breathe in the spiritual atmosphere of his thoughts. . . . . I have risen from this letter about thirty times. What strange patch-work it must be! I have not time to read it over, so you must excuse all its blunders, which I am sure are many. Tell me every thing about yourself, and your friends.—Yours, &c. M. B."

On her return to Edinburgh, she thus wrote to one of the dearest of her many friends, whom she had seen during this visit

to the place of her nativity:—"When I was pressed for the last time to your heart, one of those cold and chilling blasts of misery came over my soul which would, were we not sustained by omnipotence, extinguish our very life. I took comfort from the remembrance of your prayer, assured that the Spirit of God was with you in no ordinary degree, and that he had made it the means of rejoicing to my soul. I endeavoured to raise my thoughts in supplication for you and your beloved sisters; and I had such discoveries of heaven, such an assured hope that we should walk together in white raiment, and that you would, ere long, be a pillar in the New Jerusalem, ... that it calmed my mind for the remainder of the day. The scenery all the way up [the Clyde] looked more beautiful than I had ever before seen it; and as the hills, which I had looked upon from my childhood, receded from view, a bright gleam of sunshine illuminated the summits, like those glimpses of heavenly light which God has been pleased to vouchsafe to his people when their journey is nearly terminated, and they stand upon the very verge of heaven. Six years afterwards, she thus notices the same memorable impressions:—"It was a bright summer's day; and my beloved, and now angelic, sister Mary was with me. We had just returned from visiting the grave of our beloved parents; and, as I had the near prospect of quitting, probably for ever, the land of my birth, my thoughts and reflections were of a very solemn kind. I had been much edified and refreshed by my visit to A., and his last prayers and benedictions left the most pleasing impression on my mind. I felt a joy which I cannot describe even in parting with him. It was like a foretaste of the communion of heaven; and, as we were silently, but rapidly, carried along the smooth stream, I looked back on the beautiful mountains receding from our view with scarcely a feeling of regret. My mind was filled with thoughts of the New Jerusalem, and of the glorious meeting which I expected to enjoy with all the faithful in Christ Jesus, and with the prophets, apostles, and martyrs, who had sealed their testimony with their blood." What a fulfilment, in this happy anticipation, was there of the promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be!"

My own solemn ordination, as a minister of the Church of

Scotland, by the Presbytery of Lauder, took place on the 24th June 1828. A most interesting address was on that occasion delivered to me by my friend Mr Cupples, then of Legerwood, but now of the Free Church at Kilmadock, who acted as moderator. She, who was to be my fellow-worker in my ministry among the Gentiles, was not able to be present with me. How much I enjoyed, however, her sympathy, and her fervent aspirations to the Great Head of the Church, and how much her soul was engaged in other heavenly exercises becoming the situation of us both, will appear from the first of the two following communications.

28th June 1828.

"I felt so deeply affected at parting with you, and had such a consciousness of my own weakness, that, had my thoughts not turned to the omnipotency of God, they would have resembled the dove, which came forth from the ark, when floating above the solitude of the waters, but could not find a place to rest her weary wing.

"I was cheered by the assurance that the throne of grace was open to my approach, and that the Great High Priest, now set over the house of God, is the sole and absolute proprietor of that rich treasury of spiritual blessings which he dispenses in varied proportions to his believing people. We narrow the subject of prayer, when we do not embrace every thing connected with our moral ideas, and the circumstances of others. It should have a specific object, which, more than any thing, tends to divest it of that indifference by which it is too often characterised. In addressing the throne of grace in my own behalf, even when my prayers refer to the bestowment of spiritual blessings, and to the moral transformation of my soul from sin to purity, my supplications are languid, and altogether disproportioned to the urgency of my wants; but, in pleading for you, I experience a fervency which sometimes astonishes me. I could not sleep on Monday night, and therefore did not go to bed. It was a beautiful night, and the morning was still more lovely. I sat watching the gradual unfoldings of the light, with the fine tints which ushered in the morning. In the first emanations of material light from its fountain, and in its progressive advancement till it unveils to us

more fully the glories of creation, we have a fit emblem of the dawn of righteousness, and of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, who shall shine until he hath illuminated all lands, and till the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains. I had much enjoyment in committing you to God, and in reflecting upon your future prospects. The presence of Jesus compassing you round about—his love filling your soul—all his high perfections enlisted for your support—and your happiness becoming purer by being assimilated to the joys of heaven, were brought to my mind with a certainty of belief, which made my unbelieving heart ashamed of its former doubting, and caused me to lift my feeble voice in thanksgiving to God. I could rejoice in his work as at present going on; and, still more, in the anticipation of that glorious time, when the mystery of God shall be accomplished in the complete triumphs of the Cross. Outward events seemed to pass away, and even this earth, which looked so fair and beautiful, lost its verdure when contrasted with the splendours of the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. You are invested with a high and sacred character. I shall, with you, pray that you may be enabled to make full proof of your ministry. The charge of souls is awfully important, and cannot sit lightly upon the consciences of those who have felt the terrors of the second death, or know the great price at which redemption was purchased. Christianity itself, and its administration by human means, have been properly distinguished. The means, however, are of divine appointment; and it must be your consolation to reflect, that, if a special agency accompanies them, they will and must prove efficacious. It is well for you that no apparatus of human wisdom requires to be brought into action: if it were so, its movements would be complicated, and its laws, if it had any, would be wanting in that harmony and simplicity by which great ends are effected. Every thing great in science is produced by an observation of the laws of nature, and by bringing them to bear upon particular results; and every thing of value in religion depends on the operation of principles laid down in simplicity, and brought to bear upon the mind, in all the variety of its movements, and in all the springs of its actings. The promise of supernatural agency is the pledge

of your success; and it must also be the ground of your confidence. Without it, what were preaching? Your remarks on prayer, I found especially applicable to myself, as they served to minister reproof. It is indeed strange that we limit our aspirations to times and places, when every time is to us a time of urgent necessity, and every place filled and pervaded by the presence of Him whom we should adore and love. Did we really perceive, that, in every manifested perfection of the Divine character, there is involved such a display of love and tender compassion as fills heaven with astonishment and wonder, we, the dwellers on the earth, could not be silent amid their hallelujahs, but would find frequent occasions to express our gratitude, and lift up our thoughts to His majestic throne. Prayer is not alone the breathing out of our wants, though this is an important part of it, but the fervent aspiration of the soul to God. It is an humbling of ourselves before the Sovereign Majesty, the lowly confession of our sins, and the supplicating of pardon through the atoning sacrifice; and, surely, there is not an hour of our strangely chequered existence, in which it might not, in one shape or other, ascend to heaven."

EDINBURGH, *July* 1, 1828.

"As Mr Hislop has kindly offered to be the bearer of my despatches, I cannot allow him to take his departure without a few lines. My motive in writing at present is entirely of a selfish kind, the hope of obtaining a letter in return. This candid avowal may take from the seeming generosity of the action, but should not lessen your obligations to discharge the debt you owe me. I believe that in the least of our actions, there is a combination and variety of motive which we are seldom aware of. Had we a moral prism to decompose and separate the motives which conduce to them, as we have for decomposing and separating the rays of material light, we should find that they possess a character and variety very different from that which their more general appearance exhibits. There is one way of ascertaining the reality of our motives, and also the moral worth that belongs to them —bringing them into contact with the word of God. His revealed will is the great foundation of moral truth. We may look abroad upon this fair creation, and, seeing the glories of earth and

sky, we may reason upon the goodness of their great Creator, and inquire if they were not designed for our happiness. We may even gather motives to obedience from the varied displays of his bounty scattered in such profusion around us; but, when they are brought to act upon the mind, they prove utterly feeble. We were not aware of the principle of resistance which opposes their influence. We require not only a moral capacity of perceiving truth, but moral energies to act in accordance with its dictates; and, while these are wanting, a thousand influences may emanate from the objects around us, delighting us by their sublimity, and lifting our thoughts to the God who adorns them with beauty, without feeling or perceiving one truth necessary to our happiness.

"Mr H. gave us an interesting account of your ordination, and of the numbers who were present at it. I hope you continue to enjoy much of the Divine presence, and to feel an entire and simple dependence upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit. I long for the time when you shall be honoured to preach the Gospel to the perishing heathen. I have a thousand things to write about, but am obliged reluctantly to conclude..... God bless you, and believe me, &c.—M. B."

In the letters which follow, she dwells more on her own feelings connected with the prospects which were before her, and the sources of the hope and comfort which animated her soul.

"To A. K., Esq., Greenock. EDINBURGH, *July* 7, 1828.

.... "Though it is the will of our heavenly Father, who is leading us by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, that we are now to be separated, never again to meet till our wanderings in the wilderness have terminated, we can both look forward to an inalienable and incorruptible inheritance purchased and secured to us in Christ our living head. The night of our separation cannot be long; and, though the winds may howl, and the rains beat upon us, it will be cheered by the star that guides us in our wanderings, and by the prospect of that morning which will be to us, and to all the family of the redeemed, a morning without clouds—the dawn of a perfect day. To this glorious period, all things have been tending since the creation of man until now. The time present is full of the ma-

nifestations of an order of things arising out of the past, and advancing onwards to perfection. The time that is to come puts on a prophetic aspect. It will develope more fully this great principle; but, even were outward events to stand still, as the sun did at the call of Joshua, we would feel it in the spirit's longings for happiness, and in the representations which she makes to herself, of ideal good. It seems a fact necessarily connected with time, that all things should be in motion. We cannot conceive of time without motion,—motion being to us the measurer of time; yet, when we think of this perpetual movement of all visible things, and of the grand connection between the frame of outward nature and the interior events of God's providence, we must be led to acknowledge that it is one body-ing-forth of the prophetic narrative, and one evincement of that eternal truth, contained in God's holy word, that 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, being in pain together,' until such time as it receiveth the redemption. I feel joy in going back upon the stream of prophetic history, and forward through its yet unaccomplished events, till my thoughts reach that period, whence commences the era of earth's redemption, and of the Church's glory. Now, we are called to look abroad upon her waste and desolate places, and to utter the prayer, 'Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon?' Ere long, this prayer will be accomplished, and it will give place to the song put forth in the morning of the Church's glory, 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.' But a more glorious era will commence when the voice heard shall proclaim her complete dominion, 'Arise, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord hath arisen upon thee.' Before, she was as a captive daughter shaking herself from the dust, and laying aside the symbols of her captivity. Then, she will assert her dominion—her glory being come; for she is described, as

lifting her eyes and beholding the sea converted unto her, and the forces of the Gentiles coming to her. Now, we hear but the song of her captivity; and the higher strains which should show forth her praises, have become low: but then, all from Sheba shall come unto her; they shall show forth the praises of the Lord. Her altars, now broken down and deserted, shall then be built up. 'All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on my altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.' Her gates now shut, so that the mighty cannot pass through them, shall then be open continually; they shall not be shut by night: and, whereas she has been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through her, she shall become an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations. God will appear in his glory, when he shall build up Zion.' We now 'take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof;' but all that we can perceive of her true beauty is as the base scaffolding, compared to the symmetry and proportion of the entire building; or like the rude materials which are wanting in beauty till the hand of the workman has formed and fashioned them for his use. If we are employed in gathering together the materials, let us not repine, though we should not be honoured in fashioning, or laying, one stone of the entire building. It is enough for us to know that our labours will be accepted; and O, when we think of the reward of our Redeemer's sufferings, and that in thus working we are laying ours at the shrine of his cross, how should it silence our unbelief, and make us willing to suffer, though it should be unto the death! If we are true missionaries, we shall go forth with our lives in our hands, ready to sacrifice them, or to devote them to the service of the heathen, as our heavenly Father may see meet. It is a delightful thought that there will be no interruption to his service. If life is prolonged, it will be for this purpose—if death comes, it will usher us into a world where we shall be furnished with new and higher capacities for its performance. We know not all the enjoyments of this higher state; but as love is the religion of earth, so it is the element of heaven. I feel the spirit of adoption enabling me to cry, Abba, Father; and, though I am cast down and dejected

at the thought of my rebellion, and utter vileness, I can yet say, Blessed Jesus! it is for thee that I am accounted worthy—it is in thy cross that I would glory—it is in thy prevailing intercession that I would rejoice. I need greater devotedness, and more ardent love for the souls of men: this can only be obtained by believing the love that God has to *us*, and by looking to that brightest manifestation of it—the death of his Son. Every thing around us is, indeed, a manifestation of this principle. Creation unfolded it ere man needed redemption; and, when sin, with a direful force, attempted to expel it from its dominion, it only perpetuated its force, by serving to bring in anew the reign of righteousness,—the kingdom of Christ, of which, it is expressly said, 'it shall have no end.' Love is holiness, for it implies a fit adoration of all the Divine perfections, an assurance of the Divine compassion,—a befitting awe of the Divine omnipotence, a joyful sense of the Divine omnipresence. This omnipresence, as dwelling in all, and filling all, can never be understood or relished by us, without a belief that God is love; and, with this belief, it can never be absent from the mind. It is because this love dwelleth not in the natural man, that he can live amid outward things, recognising their existence, and retaining the impressions which they make on him, without recognising the existence and presence of God, who is more intimately present than the objects which he made, they being but the emanations of his glory. It is this truth, believed and acted upon, that inspires the Christian with joy amid all the varieties of his outward condition: and, if we are called to endure sickness—to leave the comforts of social life, and become wanderers in a pathless desert—to renounce kindred and country, with all the allurements they hold out to us, this same truth will put all our fears and misgivings to flight. Henry Martyn said, the only heaven that he desired upon earth was to proclaim the Gospel to perishing sinners. This was a noble sentiment for a missionary. It should be our heaven; and it partakes of the joy and the blessedness of the upper sanctuary more nearly than we are aware of, for it is said of the angels, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' I would not give up the thought of going to India.

though I were assured that I was only going to let my ashes repose under its soil. Pray that God may send more labourers into his vineyard, and that the voice that reacheth us from the plains, and from the islands of the sea, may not be listened to in vain. The prospect of leaving those who are dear to me sometimes oppresses my soul with sadness. I can, at such times, see nothing before me but an interminable wilderness, where all is barrenness, and where death, in his most appalling aspects, seems ready to seize upon me. These thoughts, like the wind of the desert, have a wasting and desolating effect upon the soul. They blast its fairest hopes; but, blessed be God, they are not permitted to exert a constant influence over me. I have had such glimpses of the love of God as make persecution, and famine, and nakedness, and peril, and sword, appear as nothing, knowing that in these things we shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

"Mr Wilson is on a missionary tour, and has been preaching every day for the last ten days, else he would have written to you. My earnest prayers are for a blessing upon you! May your peace be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea! . . . . I need not say what joy it would give me to hear from you.—Yours, &c.—M. B."

"To Miss R——. EDINBURGH, *July* 29, 1828.

"Your letter, my dearest Louisa, would not have been so long unacknowledged by me, had I not been in uncertainty regarding many things that you will be anxious to know. You judge right in supposing that many contending emotions must harass and perplex my mind in the prospect of quitting for ever those who are dear to me, and entering upon a scene, which, humanly speaking, has many privations and difficulties connected with it. These privations must, and will, be felt by all who enter upon the missionary enterprise; but we should make a low, and assuredly a very mistaken estimate of happiness, did we not keep in remembrance, that it is often amid outward trials and difficulties the joys of the Christian do most abound. We have many bright examples of those who have devoted themselves to this enterprise. Their privations were greater than ours, and,

when they entered upon the scene of their labours, the prospects of their success seemed equally distant. We have only to look to them, now that time has hallowed their memories, and permitted us, their survivors, to look abroad upon the field of their labours, once a barren waste, now resembling in many places the garden which the Lord hath planted, to feel and acknowledge that they who sow the seed, not less than those who gather the harvest, are blessed. We do not feel aright the value of our spiritual privileges, or rejoice as we ought to do in the day-spring from on high, which hath visited our land, and cheered us by its refreshing beams, unless our hearts are moved with compassion for those who are yet in the darkness of heathenism. Love to Christ ought in all things to be the animating principle of our obedience; but, where this principle does exist, it must be manifested in our devotedness to Christ, and in our willingness to suffer for his sake. . . . .

"The scene of our future labours is in the Bombay Presidency. . . . . Whatever may be our destiny, I trust we shall feel happy in the consciousness of being engaged in one of the loftiest services befitting our finite natures here, or that can employ its immortality in the purer state which awaits us. I have already felt the pangs of separation from those I love, in the painful and constant anticipation of it. I feel that it will be for ever in this world. We may meet again, but my heart, with a painful and prophetic foreboding, assures me we shall not. It is when about to part with our beloved friends, that we feel how closely, and by what powerful ties, they are united to us. There are, however, others which time cannot dissolve; and, when all earthly enjoyments fail, we have, in the consideration of the unchangeable love of our heavenly Father, an unfailing and pure source to which we may betake ourselves. God bless you.—Yours ever. M. B."

In these letters, we have the expression of the feelings of the writer,—an expression made only in the fullest confidence of Christian friendship, and consequently entirely undisguised. No more evidence need be adduced to show that she was actuated by the purest and most hallowed motives, and sustained only by the testimony and promise of God, when she resolved to devote

herself to the work of Christ among the Gentiles in a distant land. Her zeal was fervent and aspiring; but it was the result of no mistaken and romantic view of the heathen world—of no panting for the empty honour and glory connected with a personal engagement in a missionary enterprise—and of no temporary excitement, which would have subsided at the first presentment of trials and difficulties, the termination of which would only be expected at the close of life itself. It was the same mind which, as we have seen, was most tenderly alive to the claims of kindred and of country, and which had suffered its powerful affections to enshroud the friends who had ministered to its intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, which sought to bring within the grasp of its philanthropy, and the play of its most efficient benevolence, the distant inhabitants of India. Their moral wretchedness and degradation had aroused its compassion, which urged to personal endeavours for their rescue from the curse of God's broken law, and the thraldom of sin and Satan. The command of God was viewed as applicable to the circumstances which existed, and demanded obedience. This obedience was most clearly seen to be connected with privilege, as well as duty. There was manifested a humility which, in the genuine character of that Christian grace, led, on the one hand, to the renouncement of all self-confidence, and, on the other, to a lively recognition of personal responsibility, and a readiness both to suffer and labour, in regard to time, place, and condition, agreeably to the appointment of Heaven. The result was seen to rest with God, while every effort which would be made was perceived to be a part of that agency which, in the course of Providence, is necessary to ultimate success.

It does not always happen to missionaries, that the judgment of their friends accords with their own resolves, to leave all for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. In regard to Margaret Bayne, however, the step which she determined to take had, as far as is known, the unanimous and strong approbation of those who esteemed and loved her. Their congratulations on the prospects before her equalled in sincerity and affection the regrets which they felt in losing the charm of her society, and the immediate influence of her friendship. From letters before me, I make a

few quotations, with the view of showing both the source of much eventual consolation, and the estimate which those who best knew her had formed of her qualifications for engaging in the missionary work.—"You go not a warfare on your own charges," writes an early correspondent, "you have chosen well, my dearest earthly friend. O it is a glorious enterprise! Who would not count the loss of all earthly things as gain in such a cause? To be instrumental, even in the most humble way, in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, is indeed a high destiny. How light seems every sacrifice, for *His* sake who offered his life a sacrifice for us; to be the instrument in his hand of turning one benighted soul from darkness unto life, and from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son. How exquisite the prospect! Before such a hope, every difficulty will vanish, every regret be swallowed up. It is God's own cause. He hath prospered it, and will prosper it, for all his promises are, in Christ, yea and amen. However arduous your duties, their performance will bring with them that peace which the world knows not of, and your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. . . . Could I have chosen a destiny for you, it would have been this, the most exalted to which a child of Adam can be called. I know no one so fitted for the fulfilment of all its duties as my earliest and best friend." . . . . "What shall I say," writes another, "to my dearest M. in her present deeply interesting circumstances. I am constrained to say merely, The finger of the Lord is here." "What a high calling," writes a third, "is yours; what an honour to be commissioned to speak of Jesus, to go abroad with the glad tidings of salvation, to proclaim the good news! Whenever I pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, I will think of your husband and you. . . . I feel that God has been preparing you for this important event of your life, by the clear views of the Gospel method of salvation, of a sinner's acceptance with God in Christ, which you have enjoyed in no common degree." "I bless God," says a fourth, "that he hath touched your heart with celestial fire, and animated it with that heavenly love, which has constrained you to leave all for his sake and the Gospel's." "You have the approbation," wrote another, "of all your and your father's friends." "It is just the path,"

said the excellent Mr Macgilvray, in speaking of her going to India, "in which I would like to see your father's daughter tread." "You are devoting yourself to a cause," wrote another, "for which you are, of all I ever knew, best qualified; and O may He who has given you the desire to serve Him, support you under every difficulty."

Our marriage was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th of August 1828. The late Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson officiated on the solemn occasion.

Our sojourn in Scotland thereafter was but short. It was attended, however, with the strongest agitation, both joyous and mournful. Never can I forget the sublime interest with which we gazed, as we believed, for the last time, on much of the grandest and most beautiful of its scenery, and the peculiar emotions with which we bade a long adieu to our dearest friends. Our circumstances awoke the strongest sympathy of all our acquaintances, including many of the supporters of the Missionary Society; and, I doubt not, we were aided by their prayers, while we felt cheered by their benedictions. Mrs Wilson was particularly gratified by the respect and kindness which we received in my own native district, from those whose acquaintance she had only lately made; and, by the deep Christian feeling which was excited, when, from the pulpit from which I had first heard the words of eternal life most faithfully proclaimed, I delivered my farewell discourse. At the valedictory address delivered to me in Edinburgh, on the part of the Missionary Society, by one of the Secretaries, and a long-tried and zealous friend of the propagation of the Gospel in every clime under heaven,* her intense feeling prevented her from being present. She was mightily supported, however, as the hour of her departure drew near, and rejoiced that those who regarded her with the most tender and constant affection, much as they might regret their personal loss, could commit her with confidence to the guidance and protection of Him, who hath declared, that "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it;" and whose blessed promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

* The late Rev. Dr David Dickson.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FOR LONDON—LETTERS—EMBARKATION AT PORTSMOUTH—VOYAGE TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—CAPE TOWN—GROENEKLOOF—PASSAGE OF THE CAPE—TRIALS ON BOARD SHIP—PRIVATE JOURNAL—COAST OF CEYLON, AND OF MALABAR—ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY.

On the morning of the 30th of August 1828, we embarked at Newhaven for London. We had been attended to the shore by the Secretaries of the Missionary Society, and a considerable number of other friends, whose presence was a pledge to us that intercessions would continue to be made in our behalf before that mercy-seat, which is not addressed in vain. Mrs Wilson's brother, one of her sisters, and another friend, were our companions to London. The following extracts of letters, written after our arrival in that city, reveal the Christian tenderness of feeling with which the subject of this Memoir quitted her native land.

"London, 3*d Sept.* 1828.

"It is impossible for me to describe my feelings in parting with you, my beloved, my dearest sisters, or that deathlike cessation of feeling which ensued, when my heart told me that I was severed from you, never perhaps to meet again in this world. But, instead of dwelling upon this, or of awakening in your minds pangs which, I trust, have, by this time, passed away, I would endeavour to call your minds to the glorious realities of that state where there is no more sorrow, and where God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.... Till we turn to the blessed Gospel, indeed, all is midnight darkness; but, O, how divine and transporting are those objects which it holds out to our view,—the scenes, surpassing fable, which it unfolds to us,—and the glorious hope which it warrants us to entertain. To these hopes our minds should ofttimes be directed; and as the character of God,

and the mysteries of redemption, are manifested, and strikingly illustrated in the realities which they bring to view, there is perhaps nothing more fitted to reconcile us to the changes of time, or to prepare us for the blessedness of heaven, than the frequent contemplation of them. It seems strange that merely temporal events should move us, professing, as we do, to be heirs of an eternal inheritance. Our home is in heaven; and till we realize this fact, and act from its abiding impression, we cannot exhibit in our conduct the character and principles of those who live as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, looking for another country, even a heavenly. How little of this spirit I, as an individual, possess, is daily revealed in the little willingness I have to take up my cross and follow Christ. With such demonstrations of the love of Christ before us,—with a knowledge of all that he did and suffered for sinners,—can we esteem any sacrifice we make for his service and kingdom too great? O, if we are united in Him, we shall meet, never again to know the pangs of separation! My beloved sisters, I cannot say what I feel when my thoughts turn towards you, and what I have written forms a strange contrast with the tumultuous feelings of my mind. To describe it, is impossible. The ocean in a storm,—the heavens red with lightning, or dark with lowering clouds, cannot represent it, but may give you some idea of its nature.

"The day on which we parted from you was dark, and a thick haze veiled from our view the objects upon which I felt I should have had a melancholy pleasure in gazing. That splendid city of Edinburgh, which has risen much in my estimation now that we have seen the huge and smoky city of London, quickly disappeared from our sight. Arthur's Seat became like a dark cloud upon the horizon, and the waste of waters before us, bounded by a desolate shore, was now all that reminded me of beloved Scotland. How often, during the melancholy Sabbath, did Comely Bank, with its beloved inmates, rise to my thoughts. There were here no traces of the holy solemnities which we had enjoyed; and several times, when I raised my head from the pillow, unconscious where I was, I expected to see you all around me. On Monday morning, we were able to appear on deck; and, though my heart still ached dreadfully, the newness and variety of the scene in-

terested me not a little. We were all delighted with the scenery on the Thames,—its beauty, richness, and novelty, pleased us; while the busy scenes, ever and anon presenting themselves to our view, when sailing along, gave a sort of impulse to the feelings, which, though not to be compared with the romance excited by our Scottish scenery, had certainly the effect of rousing the mind to some activity. . . . Yours, &c. M. W."

"London, *7th Sept.* 1828.

"This, our last day in London, is now over, and I would devote a few moments of the evening, consecrated as it should be, to sacred purposes, in writing to you, my dear and beloved sisters. We leave London at eight o'clock to-morrow morning for Portsmouth; and, on Tuesday morning, we shall in all probability embark for India. It were vain, even if it were possible, to give utterance to my thoughts at this moment. Much as I felt the pang of separation after parting with you, I did not fully realize its agony, till now that the time is approaching when we must bid adieu to the shores of Britain. O my sisters, you are all very dear to me! A thousand scenes that had passed away, rise anew to my remembrance; and, when I think of never again seeing you, never again listening to the accents of your voice, I would sink into despair, were I not strengthened by an unseen energy, and by the hope of a blessed reunion. O, my beloved sisters, live nearer to Christ than you have hitherto done; make the Eternal God your refuge, and give reality to your convictions by repairing to him amid every difficulty, and by reposing upon his Almighty strength. Do not live as if this earth were your dwelling-place, but remembering that your home is in heaven, act as becometh those who look forward to its glories.

"I feel utterly unable to write any more, so unwell and exhausted am I. We have gone a great deal about, viewing the wonders of this modern Babylon; and, though we were delighted and astonished with its numerous wonders, the very variety of impressions fatigues and enervates the mind. Then, how transitory are its glories, however great, and how do they demonstrate the weakness, as well as the power of man—in comparison with those of the kingdom to which we look forward, the splendour of which will eclipse all meaner things, while its foundation

standeth for ever sure. That we may all meet in heaven, and dwell in eternal harmony with God and his holy angels, is my hope, as it also is my most earnest prayer for you. Adieu, my beloved, my ever dear sisters. May the God of Jacob strengthen you, and be your portion for ever. Your fondly attached sister. —MARGARET."

On the 8th of September, we separated from the dear female friends who had accompanied us to London; and, along with our brother, reached Portsmouth on the evening of the same day. At this place, where we experienced much attention from Mr J. C—k, a most zealous supporter of the missionary cause, the two following letters to her sisters were written before we set sail for India.

"PORTSMOUTH, 10*th Sept.* 1828.

... "My feelings are confused, and very varied, so that I cannot express them. Sometimes I can pour them out in prayer to my Father who is in heaven; and, though I cannot do this at all times, still it is consoling to know that He heareth the groaning of the prisoner, and that the cry of the captive ascendeth to his throne. At this throne, our spirits will, I trust, ofttimes meet...

"John goes to London in the ten o'clock coach, and will give you an account of our journey hither, with all other details that may interest you..... Oh, how great and exceeding precious are those promises of Christ bequeathed to his disciples, and fitted to the condition and circumstances of those who need *peculiar* support! 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' We have good cause to sing of mercy, and in the language of faith to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Our hearts are slow to adopt this language; but it is because we view the procedure of God through another medium than his own testimony, and the designs which he has revealed concerning his people. The apostles, who left all and followed Christ, were not actuated by narrow and partial views of his kingdom and glory such as ours, when we are cast down and dejected at the thought of privations and difficulties. My heart clings with too much eagerness to time and its concerns. I sometimes feel as if it were only in appearance that I had renounced the world. O that a Saviour's love, and the redemption of that world

for whom he gave himself unto the death, would fill and occupy my soul!

"Our travelling companions in the coach were two ladies,—one of them an Englishwoman, with apparently few ideas, and no affections except such as she lavished on her lap-dog. She sometimes caressed, sometimes scolded it, and seemed to have no hesitation, in order to procure its comfort, to annoy and harass her companions. The other lady was a foreigner, extremely interesting in her appearance and manners. We soon discovered that she was to be our fellow-passenger at sea. She is wife to the Lutheran clergyman, who has been for some years at the Cape. They have been in Germany, and are now on their way back.... She seems disposed to be on good terms with us. She has travelled a great deal during the last eighteen months, and speaks English and French with the greatest fluency.

"We went on board yesterday, and were, upon the whole, pleased with the accommodation. The only person among the sailors who interested us was an Indo-Portuguese, who has made several voyages in vessels sailing from Bombay. He seems to have some ideas of the Christian religion, and his manner of expressing them, with the accompanying attitudes and gestures, is highly striking. He will probably be our *attendant*, so of poor Joseph you may yet hear from us.... I mention these things to amuse you..... I am compelled to finish this scrawl. My beloved, my dearest A., who has been the companion of my earliest joys, and who has so often soothed the sorrow of my heart, am I indeed separated from you? Is it possible that I shall never again see you, or only after long and painful years of absence shall have brought many changes in the circle that we love? I would hush these sorrows, not by overlooking them,—that is impossible,—but by looking forward with earnest longings to that blessed state where sorrow and separation are unknown. M. W."

"Spithead, 13*th Sept.* 1828.

"My Beloved Sisters,—Having received peremptory orders to be on board our ship early on Thursday morning, we obeyed; and here we are ever since, lying at anchor, and uncertain when propitious gales may enable us to set sail. The sea was extremely boisterous on our crossing from Portsmouth to the vessel; the

winds were howling, and every now and then tremendous waves dashing over our heads. Mr Wilson soon became sick, and left me to enjoy in silence the sublimity of the scene. Could I, at such a moment, have enjoyed one aspect of nature more than another, the war of the elements, and the terrible majesty of the clouds, as they hovered portentously over our heads or followed each other through the angry sky, would have had a kindling effect upon my feelings, or at any rate been more in unison with them than the beauties of a less boisterous scene. After being tossed about for some time, Mr Wilson's sickness becoming every moment greater, we at length reached our vessel..... We had every reason to mark the loving-kindness, as well as the power and majesty of that God who ruleth in the whirlwind and in the storm, preserving us amid the perils of the deep. May his mercy in this instance be a pledge of still greater blessings; and, whether we view him in the glories of his majesty, or in those silent but ceaseless movements of his power which are continually exhibited, may we bear in remembrance, that he is the same in his being and essence, worthy of our adoration, our gratitude, and our love. It is delightful to think, that in the empire of nature, of grace, and of providence, there is but one ruler, and that this ruler is our God. The foundations of his government, as well as of his character, are from everlasting. The events that are taking place around us do but fulfil his pleasure; the treasuries of the winds are his; he holds them in the hollow of his hand. When the waves roar, he stilleth them; and he it is who hath set to the sea its decree which it cannot pass.—'They who go down to the sea in ships do indeed see the wonders of the Lord.' The feeling of constant dependence that we should at all times cherish, ought to be brought into more lively exercise when placed in situations of peril and exposed to death.

"It consoles us to think that you, my beloved sisters, are pleading for us at the throne of grace, and that as often as you make known your sorrows at the footstool of the Divine Majesty, we, the wanderers on a stormy sea, are not forgotten. How much of our present comfort may be ascribed to the answer that God has given to your prayers, we know not; but it is assuredly a delightful and heart-cheering thought, that these prayers will in

time be answered, and that they are now a bond of common sympathy between us and Christ. The scene of our parting will *never, never* be forgotten by me. I wished to clasp you again and again to my embrace—but, oh how precious was it for me to know, that the arms of my Saviour are around you—that he leads you through the unseen difficulties of your path—and that though your way may be through an untrodden wilderness, his shield will be your protection, and his glory will pass before you to enlighten you upon your way.

"The scene around us has nothing that reminds me of *home;* yet Comely Bank, and its beloved inmates, are constantly and vividly present to my mind. I feel thankful for that power which can call you up, one by one, before me; and, as I picture to myself your various occupations, I find that it is space only which separates us, for in heart and affection we can never be divided. To John you are as dear as to me, and, at evening and morning, in our little cabin, he never fails to make mention of you in his prayers. How delightful these hours have been to us, since coming on board the vessel, it is impossible for me to express; nor can you ever know, till, severed from early and much loved friends, you find that there is no place where they can meet, but that throne where God is seated, and where he lends his ear to our common wants.

"Every attention is paid us by the men on board—but to none of them are we more indebted than to Joseph, whose services are truly valuable. His broken sentences made us laugh when almost nothing else could have done so. . . . . He is anxious to read English; and I have undertaken to be his teacher during the voyage.

"My sickness was of short continuance. Toward evening we were both better, and were able to talk with gratitude and comfort of the way in which our heavenly Father has led us, and of the glorious work to which we have devoted our lives. I feel every day new reason to bless him for my union with one so devoted in spirit and in affection to his Master's service, and so eminently fitted to promote my happiness and improvement. . . . . Our cabin is well aired and very commodious. We have got a handsome rosewood sofa, which folds down and makes a com-

fortable couch, two chairs, a small chest of drawers, and a water-stand, which answers the double purpose of washing and writing. From the roof there is suspended a glass lamp, in which we burn wax candles. Its motion, which indicates pretty accurately that of the vessel, and the unsteady flickering light which it throws downward upon us, have something quite romantic. With this light we read; and, except the ripple of the waters, or the sound of voices from above, we have had little in the evenings to disturb us. From the windows of our cabin we look out on the dark blue waters of the deep, and at night, the stars, gleaming from amid the clouds, shed their bright beams upon us. I mention these things, little as they appear, that my beloved sisters may form a correct idea of our situation, and be enabled to follow us in imagination through the great deep. . . . .

" Saturday was a better day than the two preceding. The sun shed his radiance upon the waters, and we had a beautiful view of the Isle of Wight with its woods and banks; while the number of vessels lying at anchor, and Portsmouth, with its crowded buildings, looked also very pleasing. We dined on deck, and were much pleased with the order, regularity, and attention to comfort. As the captain and several of the passengers had not yet come on board, the first mate was master of ceremonies, and did the honours of the table tolerably well. The second mate is a Dane, and interested us very much. He speaks English in broken sentences; but, if we may judge from his countenance, he is by no means destitute of feeling and intellect. Mr Kauffman, the Lutheran clergyman, is well informed; and, what is still better, seems to have more accurate ideas of Christianity than the Germans generally possess. He spoke of their systems of morality not being built upon the proper foundation of divine truth. . . .

" We spent most of this evening on deck. . . . . The sailors keep Saturday night as a sort of jubilee, and were singing songs about home, truly touching, rude as were the strains in which they were sung. We are extremely anxious to be useful during the voyage. O that the great God of heaven and of earth, who seeth the hearts of men, and with whom is the knowledge of their ways, would direct us to such means as he will effectually bless! We go on a glorious embassy, but we must not now be idle,

when opportunities are afforded us of declaring the wonders of the Cross.

"14*th September*.—This is the Sabbath-day, and even here there is much to hallow it. The glorious events which it commemorates should ever be uppermost in our minds; and, though there be no public sanctuary where we assemble in communion with the saints, our cabin and our hearts may become a sanctuary for the divine presence. All is confusion and bustle on board. We have already fired two guns, and have sailed about six miles from Spithead. The pilot is to take our letters on shore. My beloved, my ever dear sisters, I must now bid you adieu. . . . . May the eternal God be your portion, and under you may he stretch his everlasting arms.—Yours in much love, MARGARET."

In the circumstances now related, we left the shores of England. The first part of our voyage was such as seafaring persons would reckon on the whole pleasant. To us, however, it was not without its trials. We had not weighed anchor above two hours, when I fell into a state of indisposition under which I laboured more or less during the whole voyage. The sympathy, and kindness, and assistance of a partner were much needed by me; and they were extended with an affection and constancy, which I shall not attempt to characterise. I enjoyed them, not merely in reference to wants superinduced by my affliction, but in all my spiritual exercises, and engagements in study. Mrs Wilson, it may be mentioned, now commenced the study of Hebrew, in which she made rapid progress.

On the 14th October, we enjoyed the luxury of writing a few hurried lines to our friends, our affection for whom became more tender the farther we were removed. They may be here introduced. "A messenger," Mrs Wilson writes, "has been this moment sent to our cabin, to inform us that a vessel homeward-bound is within sight. My heart leaps with joy at the opportunity of addressing, from the boundless solitude of waters, those most dear to us; and yet, when I think of our situation, distant thousands of miles from the land of our nativity, and in profound ignorance of all that has taken or that may take place, ere this letter reaches you, my feelings become strangely chequered, and emotions hitherto unknown to me take their place in my mind.

The remembrance of scenes now gone for ever is associated with the deepest tenderness." "Margaret," was my addition, "requests me to begin at this place, as the vessel is close upon us. We are at present four degrees north of the line. You will, consequently, be aware that our passage hitherto has been prosperous. The fact is, that the winds have been generally favourable; and, with the exception of a few squalls, pleasant. Notwithstanding these circumstances, I have been very sick during most of our progress. My beloved partner, however, I have reason to thank God, has enjoyed good health on the whole, and has ministered much to my comfort. She is occasionally a good deal oppressed with the heat, which is said to be greater at present in these latitudes than in India. Many interesting objects have attracted our attention since we came on board, but these time does not permit us to describe. . . . . We enjoy important means of usefulness. I now preach regularly (when worship is permitted) —converse with the sailors—distribute tracts—lend books—teach the young officers. Margaret, too, is very useful. Her pupil Joseph is making much progress. Our shipmates are of different characters, some of them possessing more, some less, degrees of refinement. Some of them are intellectual and well informed, but of most, I fear it may be said, they know little of true godliness, and are by no means its friends." . . . The latter part of this observation was, alas! too soon verified in our painful experience.

"In our voyage," from this date, "to the Cape," wrote Mrs Wilson, "there were many circumstances which demand loudly our gratitude to God. One of these was the abatement of Mr W.'s sickness, and another, the opportunities of usefulness among the sailors and young officers. We felt the heat extremely on approaching the line; and the languor accompanying it was greater than I had anticipated. The smoothness, and beautiful colouring in the waters of the ocean, were very remarkable in these latitudes. We had one or two magnificent sunsets, but it is utterly impossible to give any idea of their brilliancy, or of the radiance and variety of the clouds: they rivalled, I may say far surpassed, Byron's description of the sun setting along Morea's height:

'Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.'*

The rarefaction of the atmosphere, which gave rise to a new and most beautiful aspect of the heavens; the declination of some of the northern constellations; with the appearance of the southern ones, constantly reminded us that we were in the Torrid Zone. . . . . We were once or twice alarmed by the appearance of piratical vessels. The captain ordered the large guns to be loaded, while muskets, swords, and pistols, were all in readiness for an attack. I doubt not that one of these vessels was what we took her for; but we looked so formidable, that she kept at a distance. In passing the line, on the 20th October, we observed as usual all the ceremonies of 'Neptune.' The god and goddess of the sea, fantastically attired, approached the captain, and with their suite, who were still more fancifully dressed, did him general obeisance. Some of the sailors in masks, with the word CONSTABLE, inscribed in tremendous letters on their breast-plates, then came forward to Mr W. They conducted him in silence to the monarch, who, having inquired his name and destination, dismissed him in great pomp, after conferring upon him 'the liberty of the seas.' The poor cadets shared a much harder fate, for, after being introduced in a similar manner to the king of the waters, they were shaved most rudely with tar, and then plunged into water till they were almost drowned.†

* In my journal, of date the 30th October, there is the following entry:—The only objects at sea which, in their appearance, present a variety, which is very agreeable, are the *clouds*. This evening, as the sun was setting, they were truly glorious. I cannot well describe the impression which they produced on my mind.

——"They seemed like chariots of saints,
By fiery coursers drawn, as brightly hued,
As if the glorious, bushy, golden locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,
And on the temples hung of morn and eve."—POLLOK.

While I contemplated them, the passages, such as Rev. i. 7, which describe the coming of Christ, seem to be possessed of a degree of sublimity which I had never before realized.

† The folly and absurdity of the ceremonies above alluded to, I have seldom seen surpassed among the heathen. Comparatively few ships now observe them.

"Flying fishes were seen in great multitudes, alongside our vessel. Their wings are beautiful when seen in the sunbeam; and their motions in the water are quite attractive. We caught a shark. A large whale was also seen, but, not being on deck at the time, I missed seeing it. We saw a great many land birds, during the greater part of our voyage. Two swallows found a place in our cabin to rest their weary wing; but, like many who pursue happiness, they had no sooner found a fancied resting-place, than they sank lifeless through fatigue. Though they did not come to us with the olive-branch, yet their appearance strikingly reminded us of the dove in Noah's ark, which gave assurance to the inmates that the dry land was near.

". . . . Before reaching the Cape, we had, as usual, a good deal of wind and very heavy seas. The rolling and pitching of the vessel were extremely disagreeable. At length birds hovering around the ship indicated our approach to land; and it was with feelings of no common interest that we anticipated a little respite from the wearisomeness and fatigues of the ocean. On endeavouring, however, about eight o'clock on the night of Wednesday, 23d Nov., to enter Table Bay, we were prevented by a strong south-easter, which blew tremendously all night. We were not aware of the peril which then awaited us, for, on again attempting it on the morning, our vessel lost her jib-sail, and was in danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks.

"We were drifted several miles past the place in the Bay where we had intended to anchor. We struck once slightly against a sand-bank, and, before our course could be arrested, we were only in four fathoms of water. We had some difficulty in reaching Cape Town in a boat; but when we found ourselves on land, our hearts rejoiced. Though we were surrounded by strange countenances, and every circumstance reminded us that we were in a country far distant from our beloved Scotland, we had many reasons to lift our souls in devout acknowledgments to Him who had given the winds and waves charge concerning us, and safely borne our bark over the billows of the deep."

Of our residence at Cape Town the following letter communicates the most important particulars :—

"Cape Town, 28*th Nov.* 1828.

"From this far distant land, I now write to my beloved sisters and brother. I cannot express my feelings, nor will you be able to form an estimate of them, unless you were transported to some clime, where every thing in the aspect of nature, and in the circumstances of the human beings who surround you, seemed, in many respects, dissimilar from that which association and custom had rendered familiar to you. After a voyage across the ocean, it is with feelings of no common interest that you descry land stretching far in the distance; but, on nearing it, when you discern clearly the blue mountains, upon which the sun is throwing the splendour of his beams, and perceive the traces of life and luxuriant vegetation, the feeling almost amounts to rapture. Material objects, though bearing a faint resemblance to those we have been accustomed to behold, have, in some circumstances, the power of imparting a vividness to our associations, which simple memory fails to do, however strong may be her colouring, and however true the lines which she draws. On viewing Table Mountain, and the Lion's Head, so called from their peculiar form,—the one resembling, in its length and the flatness of its surface, a dining-table, and the other, a part of the majestic animal, when he stands upright as for combat,—I felt for a time as if I were again among the mountains of my native land. But the idea vanished, when, on passing through the streets of the town, we were met by people of every colour and from many distant climes. Scotia's hills and dales never before seemed so dear to memory, and, when my heart turned to you and the endeared objects of our mutual regard, I had a sickness of soul, similar to that which the poor Swiss, and some of the men of our own country, have experienced, when, in the fairest climes, and amid the richest productions of nature, they could feel no joy, because of the longings which they had for home.

"After the monotony of the voyage, and, what was worse, the bad treatment which we met with from ——, and some of our fellow-passengers, on board the vessel, our sojourn here has been attended with no common excitement and interest. The attentions we have met with are peculiarly valuable, as we came here destitute of recommendations, and without a single letter of in-

troduction.* Our intercourse with Christian friends is doubly delightful to us after being doomed for many weeks to an almost entire deprivation of it.

" Cape Town contains a population of 20,000, not including the military. There are about 2696 free blacks, 853 prize negroes, and 6951 slaves;† the rest of the population are Dutch, English, and a few Germans and French. The town is remarkably regular, and as the Dutch enacted a law requiring them to be whitewashed every year, the houses present an appearance of dazzling whiteness, such as I had never before seen. They are in general lofty, and were it not for so many Negroes, Mozambiques, Malays, &c. &c., you might almost fancy yourself in a town in Europe. There are several churches, and a handsome library. The government gardens are beautiful, and there is a fashionable parade, where not only officers, but people of all descriptions, may be seen loitering. We got lodgings with a Mrs Rusche, who was recommended to us by the Kauffmans, and find ourselves extremely comfortable. There are two inmates with us, both Englishmen, one of them the son of the Rev. Mr Gisborne, and himself an author. He possesses very extensive general information. Mrs R. has no slaves of her own, but there are several prize negroes in her house, who act in the capacity of servants. One of these was a princess in her own country. She wears around her wrist a double ring of silver, and looks very melancholy when she is desired to work.

" We were not long of being kindly visited by Dr Adamson, the minister of the Scotch church; and to him we are indebted for much that has made our sojourn agreeable. He introduced us to some of his friends, from whom also we have met with the greatest attention. He is a person of no ordinary talent, and decidedly evangelical in his sentiments, and, besides, learned in some of the sciences. The interest he takes in missionary operations, and his patronage of every thing which has the dispensa-

* When our passage was taken, it was not known that the ship was to touch at the Cape.

† The Heathen and Mahommadan population of Cape Town (there are now no *slaves*) amounts, I believe, to about 11,000.

tion of good for its object, have pleased us much. He introduced us to Dr Abercrombie, a Scotchman, who has been for many years an able and successful medical practitioner at the Cape,—and who has greatly promoted the interests of morality and religion by his zealous endeavours. . . . . We dined with him on Saturday last. In the afternoon, he drove us to Constantia, a place as much celebrated for the beauty of its vineyards, as for the rich flavour of its wines. We walked between hedgerows of myrtle, with many beautiful plants growing at our feet. The vines are very luxuriant, and besides the orange, the palm-tree, the fig, &c., we saw many varieties of trees, and of fruits ripening for the autumn. Constantia is situated at the foot of beautiful hills, some of which are wooded to the summits. It is such a place as poets might choose for their residence. . . . .

" On Sunday, Mr Wilson preached to the congregation of the Scotch church, and to the soldiers of the 72d regiment, stationed here at present. I shall never forget the feelings with which we entered into the courts of the Lord's house in a foreign land, or the emotions with which we joined in its worship. I have often wept when I thought of Zion. Now, I took my harp from the willows, and, instead of saying in the language of unbelief, ' How shall we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?' I was enabled to anticipate the time when the Lord's house will be established upon the top of the mountains, and when the Church's glory will be acknowledged throughout all the earth. You, my dearly beloved sisters and brother, were assembled at the same time, and for the like holy purposes. We think of you at all times, but especially on that day when our hearts join in unison not only with saints below, but with the ransomed of the Lord, who have finished their course of suffering, and entered upon the joy of an eternal Sabbath. How dear you are to Mr Wilson and me at such moments, it is, I think, impossible for you to imagine. We dare not entertain the hope of seeing you all again in this world; but the prospect of a re-union in heaven, where there shall be no more separation, is fitted to calm our anxieties and to chase away those murmurings which separation naturally induces. Our sojourn here is short,—

'Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our Father's house
We every moment come.'

"On Monday morning, we set out for Groenekloof, one of the Moravian settlements, accompanied by Dr Adamson, and our friend Mr Law. We went in a waggon drawn by eight horses, the only conveyance fitted to traverse a space of country where there is no regular road, and where the sands are in many places very heavy. Groenekloof is about forty miles distant from Cape Town,* and lies through a part of the country little frequented. The country is in some places so flat that it might be deemed uninteresting, were it not for the variety of rich and beautiful plants that every where present themselves. The whole country is, in fact, a botanical garden; and it is with feelings little short of astonishment that we view the most beautiful plants and shrubs, elsewhere nurtured with care as greenhouse ornaments, springing luxuriantly at our feet. There we saw the locust, the colours of which are fine, with many other insects. Birds with the most beautiful plumage were also seen flying about in different directions; one or two were of the larger species, such as the eagle, the albatross, the penguin, &c. We had a view of the ocean the greater part of our way, also of Table Mountain, and the distant, but much more magnificent range of mountains called the Hottentot's Holland. We were met on our journey by a few solitary travellers, of sable countenance; and also by several waggons, each of them drawn by sixteen or eighteen huge oxen. We stopped once at a little stream, the usual resting-place of travellers on their way to and from the abodes of primitive hospitality. From its situation, and the clearness of its waters, it might be called the *Diamond of the Desert;* but, on drinking it, we were disappointed to find that its appearance had been deceitful, the taste being strongly mineral.

"About two o'clock, we arrived at Groenekloof, and, notwithstanding all that we had heard of the Moravians, we were not disappointed. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of their

* Groenekloof (Green Valley) is in the direction of Saldanha Bay. It was granted to the Moravians by the Earl of Caledon, in 1808.

appearance and manners. Yet, under their care, the wilderness has literally become a fruitful garden, and this is but a faint but correct emblem of the moral and spiritual renovation which has raised the degraded Hottentot to the possession of spiritual privileges, and a participation in the comforts of civilized life. The door of the mission-house opens into a large apartment, where there are straw chairs, and a long wooden table,—the latter spread for their own refreshment and for that of travellers. We were welcomed by one of the *sisters*, who wore a peculiarly shaped cap, the general mark of distinction among all the females of the mission. Some more of the sisters, and afterwards the brethren, came to repeat the welcome; but, understanding neither Dutch nor German, the only two languages which they speak, we were at a loss to understand them. Miss Rusche, who had come along with us, acted as our interpreter. Being long after their dinner hour, they kindly offered us coffee, after which they accompanied us through their gardens, and to the Hottentot village. The sight was truly affecting. Had you not seen the sable countenances of the people, you might have fancied yourself in a Highland village. The interior of their cottages is better than I could have supposed; and in their gardens there were some European productions growing. We heard one or two read the Scriptures in Dutch, and observed many of them at work. From one of the cottages Mr Wilson heard the praises of God ascending to heaven. After viewing the cottages, we returned to the mission-house, where a simple but comfortable repast was spread for us. The grace before and after meat was sung by the brethren and sisters. It had an imposing and beautiful effect; for, besides its essential solemnity, several of the sisters had clear and exquisite voices. At eight o'clock the church bell rang for prayers, and the solitude of the place, as well as its associations, gave it a deep interest. The church is larger than you would suppose, and pure white, which makes it look almost like marble. About sixty or seventy Hottentots had there assembled to join in the praises of God, and other services of the sanctuary. The prayers were all sung. Many of the people appeared more devout than European worshippers; and what is, in general, considered revolting in their features, was softened down by the clearness of

the light which showed them. The settlement contains about 500 persons. Before leaving it, we visited the churchyard, a little inclosure, where the dust of many baptized Hottentots rests, with that of the Christian missionaries, in the hope of a blessed resurrection. Had we understood the language of the missionaries, we should have profited more by our visit. But as it was, we returned delighted, and inspired with courage to begin the Christian work..... My dear, dear sisters and brother, I must now bid you adieu.—God bless you! Your loving sister,—MARGARET."

We were much gratified, as is here intimated, by the scenes which we witnessed at Groenekloof. The three missionaries, Clemens, Sonderman, and Tietze, and their wives and children, appeared to us peculiarly interesting. The simplicity of their dress and manners, the extent, cleanliness, and order of their establishment, their mutual love, their attachment to their converts, their kindness to strangers, and their visible piety, produced very favourable impressions on our minds. The Hottentots, likewise, afforded us the highest delight. The greatest improvements which the Moravian system of operations appeared to us to require, would consist in an extension of the itinerancies of the missionaries, on the one hand, and efficient endeavours to raise up teachers from among the natives themselves, on the other.

Our visit to the Cape was altogether of peculiar interest.—"The memorable events," wrote Mrs Wilson, "recorded in the 15th chapter of Exodus, concerning the children of Israel, were strikingly emblematical of our case. Having passed the Red Sea, and journeyed three days in the wilderness, they came to Marah, the waters of which were bitter, but, notwithstanding their murmurings, became to them, at the miraculous interposition of God, springs of refreshment. Afterwards, we read of them encamping at Elim, where there were 'twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees.' All this variety was not, indeed, exhibited in our case; but, on finding ourselves again in the bosom of Christian society, and restored to ordinances, we could with joy, according to the figure, draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Mrs Wilson's notices of the voyage from the Cape to Bombay, were written partly for the information of her friends in Scotland,

and partly as a record of providential occurrences and natural scenes, which she believed she herself could review with profit in after life. She regarded the appointments of God as extending to every event which could befall her, and she was careful to mark in them the tokens of his infinite wisdom, unchangeable faithfulness, and abundant goodness. She knew that they afford unfailing grounds of confidence, gratitude, and praise, and that she could reflect on no history with so much advantage as her own. She felt that it is equally a privilege and a duty to recognise the divine control of the works of nature in all their amplitude and variety. With the most sublime emotions, no less than with humble confidence and fervent gratitude, she could view God as "making the clouds his chariot, walking upon the wings of the wind,"—"measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand,"—sending forth his voice "under the whole heaven, his lightning to the ends of the earth," and saying to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." What in contemplation was to her the occasion of the most exalted exercises of mind, she thought, might afterwards prove the source of pleasurable, and not unprofitable reflection. The passages from her notes, extracts of which are here given, though of considerable length, form only a small part of what might have been introduced. They bear ample testimony to her powers of observation and description, the simplicity of faith, her habitual devotion, the tenderness of her Christian feelings, her zeal for the Divine honour, and her patience and submission when called to endure reproach for the name of Christ.

"We left the Cape on the 7th of December," writes Mrs W. to her sisters, "and, as the friendship of some individuals, eminent for their piety and accomplishments, rendered our sojourn there a source of enjoyment, the circumstances in which we were afterwards placed, with the contrast which the character of many of our fellow-passengers presented, made the change doubly painful..... We went to the Scotch Church on the Sabbath we left Cape Town, hoping to have the pleasure of joining in the exercises of that sacred day. But, before Dr Adamson had finished his introduction, a messenger came to inform us that we must

prepare instantly for embarking, as most of the passengers were already on board the ship. Dr A. was in the midst of a comparison between the record of heaven's blessedness and peace, and the annals of the crime, turmoil, and wretchedness of this world, supposing them to be faithfully and fully revealed to us. He remarked, that all we possess of this earth's history is but as a few wrecks which have escaped from the great body of facts gone into oblivion, and embraces only those which broke in upon the usual trains, or disturbed the common order of events; and that if each day's occurrences were in like manner made known to us, we should perceive how strangely this earth would contrast with the state of those sinless beings, whose every wish is purity, and whose only enjoyment consists in loving and serving God. It was with much regret that we left a church, where our prayers had ascended to heaven in circumstances the most affecting to our minds, and individuals who had comforted us by their friendly aid and sympathy in a strange land. We returned to the ship with painful feelings, but, in a measure, fortified by the holy exercises in which we had been engaged, and by the eloquent description of that glory and blessedness to which we look forward which had been presented to us. In going out to the vessel, we were struck with the peculiar aspect of nature. It seemed, indeed, to be her Sabbath when the elements were lulled to repose, as well as that day of rest and spiritual refreshment which God has provided for his people. When we went on board, every thing was in readiness for our departure, and it was expected that we should sail that evening. The captain accordingly gave orders for the anchor to be weighed; but he had no sooner issued his commands, than the men ranged themselves on the quarter-deck, declaring it to be their determined purpose not to move till he should provide more men for the vessel, as the number required by law was not complete. The captain again repeated his orders; but they were indifferent alike to his commands and to his threatenings. . . . . The vessel presented a spectacle of confusion, and almost every one of the passengers was discontented and irritated. On Monday evening, the captain went on shore, and returned with an additional sailor; but as he refused security for their wages, which he had threatened to withhold, they remained firm

to their determination, and would do nothing. . . . He afterwards fell upon an expedient which enabled him to set sail. . . . He hired men from Cape Town to weigh the anchor. . . .

"Our voyage for several days was very stormy. John's sickness again returned, and the motion in our cabin was so great, that it was impossible to stand, or even to sit comfortably. . . . . Our dead-lights were in for several days. It was midnight darkness when we had no lamp lighted; and, in consequence of the windows being closed, the air of the cabin became extremely disagreeable. The tremendous sweep of the waves, the loud murmuring of the wind, and the cracking of the vessel, which ceased for a little and then returned again, were the only sounds which we heard. The wind, though strong, proved fair, and we soon got into calmer latitudes and less boisterous seas."

With reference to the part of the voyage to which the preceding quotation refers, Mrs W. makes the following remarks in her private journal:—"There was something in the war of the elements without, and in the stillness and gloom of our cabin, which might have rendered me uneasy, and excited painful feeling; but I experienced the fulfilment of the truth of that declaration of Scripture, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee;' and though the ideas of shipwreck and death frequently arose to my mind, I felt no terror, but an additional confidence in Him who ruleth in the raging of the sea, commanding its proud waves to be still. The majesty of the Lord of Hosts, on such occasions, is too frequently contemplated by us with undefined emotions, which produce no practical result, and which, in fact, recognise no other relation between God and his works, than that of some unseen and mysterious agency veiling itself in darkness, or only occasionally coming forth from behind the elements of nature. A savage, whose home is the desert, and whose untutored mind never formed any adequate conception of the exalted perfections of God, or of the moral relation in which he stands to him, may recognise this agency, and indeed does so, as often as the thunder of heaven, or his own guilty conscience, makes him tremble before a power which can inflict vengeance; but the Christian, who recognises a higher relation, and who views the heavens, with all the stupendous orbs which move in

them, and the earth with its scenes of beauty, as preparatory and subservient to a spiritual and more glorious system of events, ought to entertain very different and far nobler sentiments. . . The Father of our spirits, and the glorious Architect of nature, is also the framer of that sublime scheme of redemption to which we owe our brightest hopes. . . . Having subdued the enmity of the carnal mind, put us in possession of a title-deed which secures our entrance into heaven, rendered us heirs of himself, and restored that ancient and long-forgotten right which put earth under our subjection, we should be filled with awe, yet with sacred delight, at witnessing the goings forth of His majesty, and ought to esteem every demonstration of his power as a token of that love by which he invites us to take shelter in himself before the fierce day of vengeance come. How different do nature, and all the events that are developing themselves upon the theatre of time, appear to the believer when he considers himself standing in his relationship to God! In some of their abstract characters, they may indeed appal him; but when the lightnings flash, or the thunder uttereth its voice, he has only to reflect, that He who is great in might possesses a compassion that has not been exhausted by the basest insults which have been offered to it. In the revolutions of the world, and in the mutations of empire, he has a singular ground of encouragement.

"Having such a high calling and such lofty privileges, how holy ought I to be in all manner of conversation; with what energy and devotedness of zeal should I engage in the service of Christ. Blessed Jesus! enable me to contemplate with delight and astonishment the mysteries of thy love! May I, with unbounded freedom, expatiate among the wonders of thy spiritual universe, that I may perceive thy glory, and long to be satisfied with thy likeness! Prepare me for entering upon the field of missionary labour, and enable me to devote to thee all the remainder of my life! . . .

"We have now got over the most dangerous part of the voyage, having turned the Cape, and come into calmer latitudes. Few vessels have made this part of the voyage, without encountering boisterous gales and swelling seas. Could the sea utter their misfortunes, or did a voice from its silent caverns speak of

the many who have there found a resting-place, we, who are wanderers on its trackless way, would marvel at the greatness of our deliverance. How little does our gratitude correspond with the greatness and variety of the blessings which we have received! and what a discordance is there between the seeming earnestness with which we breathe forth the prayer for deliverance, when peril is near, and the degree of thanksgiving experienced when it is actually vouchsafed! The reality and constancy of faith, as a living and actuating principle, may not be called in question, while the real discrepancies of our conduct, with the tendency of our hearts to rebellion, may be made the subjects of contrition, and of the deepest mourning in the sight of Him who searcheth and trieth the heart. Not to know and lament this tendency, would argue ignorance of the very principles of our nature which the Gospel addresses, as well as of the extent and virulence of the moral disease which it is designed to eradicate; and to be callous under it would evince a state of feeling the very reverse of that which God has required of us, and be contrary to the analogy of sentiment which we would cherish, had we thus wronged or forgotten the compassion and the gifts of an earthly friend. How deeply humbled ought I, therefore, to be, who have so ill requited my best, my truest Benefactor!"

A conflict with the turbulent passions of men is more difficult for the Christian than the war of the natural elements. We were not without our experience of it, after we had turned the "Cape of Storms." There were those on board, from whom we had a right to expect kindness, but who treated us with marked aversion; and though, from the forgiveness which I desire to cherish in my own mind, I am unwilling to state the particulars which are recorded in the journal before me, it can easily be conceived that our circumstances were very unpleasant. Even when direct opposition had ceased, great calls were made upon our equanimity and meekness, and compassion, on the one hand, and Christian faithfulness, on the other. "The look of scorn," wrote Mrs Wilson, "which accompanies every remark that has the remotest reference to religion, the silent laugh, or that intolerance which meets every argument with an unfairness of statement, or an attempt, however feeble, at ridicule, is more difficult to be

borne, and requires a greater hardihood of principle in those who are subjected to it, than an avowed and more open attack." With how much of the spirit of Christ she endured all these afflictions, and how properly *she* sought to improve them, will appear from the following notice.

"The treatment we have met with can do us no real evil; but it calls upon us loudly to humble ourselves in the sight of God, and by faith to enter into the mourning and plaintive supplication of the prophet when he exclaimed, 'Oh that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people! Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of way-faring men; that I might leave my people and go from them!' As Christian missionaries, we should go out at the command of God, not mindful of the evils we may meet by the way. Even in a land of promise, we must sojourn as in a 'strange country,' dwelling in tabernacles, and looking for a home in that city which hath foundations, and whose builder and maker is God. The circumstances in which we have been placed, though painful, have, I trust, deadened our affections to the world—revealed to us, in a clearer light, the glories of that equity and sovereignty which leaves some to the natural consequences of their estrangement and guilt, and makes others the trophies of redeeming mercy,—and inspired us with earnest and more constant longings after the purity and the repose of heaven.... I sometimes feel indignant at the treatment which I meet with; but if I look to the apostles and prophets, to the glorious army of martyrs, and to Jesus himself, who endured the revilings of the multitude, and submitted to the accursed death of the cross, I ought to esteem it an honour to endure suffering for his name's sake. If we aspire to wear the crown, we must be willing to bear the cross. When enduring the contradiction of sinners against ourselves, let us look to his bright example, and, reflecting upon the love wherewith he loved us when we were enemies, let us not abate in our affection to our fellow-creatures, but repay their attempts to injure us with sincere endeavours to promote their good. They to whom much is forgiven should love much; and there is, perhaps, no way in which we can better testify our love to Christ, and the value which we

affix to forgiveness, than the ease with which we pardon our enemies, and our activity to obtain for them that good which we ought earnestly to covet for ourselves."

The following extracts from the private journal continue the narrative of our voyage.

"20*th December*.—The weather continues fine; and, although we have not much wind, our progress is by no means inconsiderable. We have had beautiful moonlight nights of late. The silvery whiteness upon the waters, the calmness of the heavens, and the wide-spreading sails, which appear very majestic when seen in those softening tints which moonlight lends to every object, impart to us somewhat of nature's own serenity. Philosophers may speculate upon these emotions, and resolve them into particular principles of our mental constitution, or into those laws of thought which connect us with the objects around us, and are regulated by a succession as invariable as the material movements of the objects themselves; but their speculations do not affect us when under the influence of the feeling. It only demonstrates a succession which is unalterable, or which obtains universally among mankind, and reaches no higher enumeration of causes, than that ultimate point of all speculation, that it is the supreme will of him who formed the human mind, and knows the secret springs of its workings. How is it, that on this evening more than on any other, home, with the endeared objects of my affection, should have been brought so vividly before my mind as to make me feel, that, in spirit, I enjoyed with them a more tender and intimate fellowship than when we dwelt together? Or, that the sun going down upon the world of waters, and the luminary of night, pursuing her cloudless course in the heavens, and making ocean smile beneath her beams, should bring back the scenes of my youth, with many of the persons and events that seemed to have gone into oblivion? These impressions cannot be explained upon any immediate principles of association, and can only be accounted for by that more general law of our nature which makes objects, frequently seen or contemplated amid a variety of feeling, the type and representative of a large class of our emotions. I thought of home, till absence and separation became too painful for me; had I not been supported by a con-

sideration of those great and powerful motives which induced us to engage in the missionary enterprise, and by the hope of meeting in heaven those who are dear to me upon earth, I know not how I could have stood it.

" How precious, at such moments, is that throne of mercy to which we may repair to make known our deepest sorrows; and where alone our spirits can commune with those who bow at the same footstool, and make supplication through the same atoning Sacrifice! It is delightful at all times to resign those who are dear to us to the care of that heavenly Father, who enfolds them in his paternal embrace, making his love their stay, and his omnipotence a wall of defence around them, and to Jesus their elder brother, who is touched with the feeling of their infirmity, and has had their destinies intrusted to his care: but we do not know aright the nature of this privilege, or the joy which it can impart, until all means of personal intercourse are withheld from us. How frequent and fervent ought we to be in our mutual intercession for one another! and, though our prayer may possess no positive value, and be relatively very imperfect in our own eyes, let us remember that God has conferred upon it a dignity and an importance, by placing it among the means through which he accomplishes his moral government, and by making it the condition on which he grants our requests.

" We had such rough gales shortly after leaving Cape Town, that I was prevented from attending as formerly to Joseph's instruction. I have now resumed it, and have much pleasure in marking the progress which he has made in learning to read, as well as the gradual unfolding of his understanding, and the seeming earnestness with which he listens to me when I endeavour to explain to him any portion of Scripture. When I first began to teach him, he was utterly ignorant of the doctrines of Christianity. He knew only the letters of the alphabet; and now, by the assistance of spelling, he has read several portions of Scripture. . . . . Mr W. speaks a little to him every Sabbath evening, after he dismisses the young officers. . . . .

" 21*st December*.—We spent the evening in our cabin, and had much delight in prayer. We read together many passages of Scripture, referring to the persecutions of God's people; and had

our minds greatly sustained and animated by the encouragements which they hold out, and by the gracious promises of complete and final deliverance which they afford. I felt a serenity of mind, and a delight in the holy exercises of religion which made the sorrows and persecutions of time appear light in comparison. On mentioning this to my beloved John, I found that he experienced a similar, or greater, degree of happiness; and, though sorrowful, we might indeed say that we were also rejoicing, believing in the advent of our Redeemer, and looking forward to his eternal and glorious reign. The sea was so calm before and after sunset, that it resembled a lake gently ruffled with the wind. There was a faint glow spread over the sky, and the horizon was girt with a double row of clouds; the lower of which seemed in darkness, while the higher was illumined with beams of glorious light. When the glow departed, the sky was of a bluish green colour, such as I have never seen in Britain. The scene was so peaceful, that it might be considered as an emblem of heaven; and, as the stars rose one after another, I thought of the spirits of the redeemed, and of those who, having turned many to righteousness, shine as the sun in the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever.

"John spent an hour with the young officers, and seemed to rejoice that this opportunity of usefulness was yet allowed him. Their situation is important, as they will in all probability become at a future time the masters of vessels, and may have many seamen intrusted to their care. Some of them are well disposed. May the blessed Jesus assume an entire ascendancy in their affections, and lead them early to devote themselves to his glory....

"23*d December*.—I have been so unwell since Sabbath, that I have not been able to go on deck. My mind has been absorbed in melancholy reflections..... John was constantly with me; and we enjoyed the quiet of our cabin, with the opportunities which it afforded for intellectual investigations and religious reading, more than the society and conversation of those between whom and us there really exists no proper congeniality of sentiment and feeling. Worldly objects, by their variety, and the claims which they possess to our notice, too often assert a superiority and an importance which do not at all belong to them.

When conversation runs into this channel, the tendency is naturally increased; and, though we may not be insensible of the evil, or may attempt to place barriers that will, in some degree, oppose its progress, we must bear in mind, that as sinful beings we naturally make it the occasion of evil, while, merely as sentient ones, there is a tide of kindred and sympathetic emotions flowing in upon us from its influence, which is in constant danger of carrying us away. It is melancholy to remark the succession of trifles which can engage and fill up the attention of those who are destined for higher purposes, and to move in a nobler sphere of enjoyment than that ephemeral one, upon which they are now expending their energies. We, who so act, are guilty of greater inconsistency than those who have never been initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Gospel, and whose minds are still shut to the splendid discoveries which it unfolds. We must not abridge the requirements of the Gospel, nor cease to assert the universality of those principles which it asserts over us, in accommodation to the principles or prejudices of our fellow-men. Though they have no love for truth, they may do homage to consistency; and we, at least, shall violate her dictates, and refuse to render that homage which her untainted nature requires, if we dread to incur the charge of singularity, or even the odium which an obedience to her requisitions may involve. . . .

"The tendency that exists in my nature to conceal my principles, when a compromise is not allowable, may be ascribed by many to amiable feelings, while in the sight of God it may resolve itself into mean cowardice, or into the sinful desire of serving two masters, that I may participate in their emoluments and rewards. How bitterly my own heart has reproved me for such conduct, conscience can bear witness; and it is perhaps in the exercise of a most gracious compassion that my heavenly Father has brought me into my present circumstances, where a more undisguised acknowledgment of hostilities has prompted, and, in a manner, compelled me to an open avowal of my opinions. This conviction has humbled me, and led me to pray for greater devotedness of zeal, and for a mind conformed in its energies and principles to the *whole* will of God. We are never so happy, as when we are enabled 'to fulfil like an hireling our day:' and

never so near the peace and the blessedness of heaven, as when we are living like 'pilgrims and strangers upon the earth.'

"*Wednesday, 24th December.*—This day was fine, and an agreeable spectacle presented itself in the number and variety of birds which were seen flying upon the water. . . . . When I went upon deck after dinner, every countenance seemed animated, and a more than usual degree of excitement was manifested by the young persons on board. This was caused by two albatrosses having been shot by one of the cadets, and afterwards taken up from the water. I had often admired their majestic forms, and the splendour of their movements, and was glad at this opportunity of inspecting them. They are truly warlike in their appearance, and from this, as well as from their destructive tendencies,—they being among the fiercest and most formidable of the aquatic tribes,—merit the appellation, sometimes given them by naturalists, of the 'plunderers of the deep.' The following account is taken from a work on Natural History, and seems to be tolerably correct. 'The body is larger than that of the pelican, and its wings, when extended, ten feet from tip to tip. The bill is generally about six inches long, of a yellow colour, and terminates in a crooked point. The top of the head is brown, the back of a dingy brown; under the wing is pure white, and the toes, which are webbed, are of a flesh colour. This bird is an inhabitant of tropical climates, and also beyond them as far as the Straits of Magellan, and the South Seas. Except at particular times, they live remote from land, and are said to have been seen sleeping in the air. At night, when they are pressed by slumber, they rise into the clouds as high as they can. There, putting their head under one wing, they seem to beat the air with the other. After a time, their bodies, thus half-supported, bring them down, and they are seen, with rapid motion, descending to the surface of the sea. Upon this, they again put forth their effort to rise, and thus alternately ascend and descend at their ease. They never feel fatigue; but, night and day upon the wing, are always prowling, yet always emaciated and hungry.'

"To-morrow is Christmas-day! What a number of events does this season recall! My beloved sisters and brother are especially present to my mind; and, when I think that since this day

last year, one of the number has been joined to the ransomed of the Lord in heaven, and is now with the apostles and martyrs, and with Jesus, whom she loved upon earth, and whose glories she longed to contemplate without a veil, earth seems to have been brought into nearer contact with heaven, and earth's enjoyments to have passed away by reason of the surpassing blessedness of that state into which she has entered. . . . .

"John and I conversed together about the individual objects of our affection, and of the many changes which had taken place in the circle of our acquaintances and friends, till sorrow, and a painful feeling of uncertainty respecting their present circumstances, obtained possession of our minds; but in our sorrowful musings on the brevity of time, and the short-lived nature of earthly objects, we were cheered by the hope of immortality, and by the prospect of that blessed state where there shall be neither separation nor death. Every revolution of the seasons, every successive change in the motions of those bodies by which time is measured out to us, every emotion which passes through the mind, whether joyful or sorrowful, hastens the approach of this blissful period, and should bear witness to our preparedness for it. We read the 102d Psalm, which is peculiarly applicable to our present despised and mourning state, and gladdened us by the representation which it contains of the future perfection of Zion, and of the glories of her King, when he shall come to build up her broken walls, and to gather together her dispersed and afflicted children.

"*Christmas.*—The captain gave a splendid entertainment. . . . . When I went on deck in the evening, a spectacle the most melancholy presented itself. Several of the sailors were quite intoxicated. Had a storm come on, we might have been in great danger from the state of the crew. The very thought of it was dreadful; but God, whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, anew revealed to us his long-suffering patience and tender mercies. In looking to those who assert that good works are the alone ground of our acceptance in the sight of God, I could not forbear asking myself, wherein lies the strength of that morality whereby they hope for an acquittal at the tribunal of heaven, when even the slightest temptation to

evil can lead them to overstep the limits which their imaginations have set to it? If they can form any idea of a law which is the transcript of God's purity, and which must be as unchangeable as the nature which it represents, or if conscience has yet a voice to resound through the deep places of the soul, there must be many painful suspicions awakened regarding the sufficiency, or the permanence, of the ground upon which they trust. O, it is an unspeakable delusion to rest our hopes of immortal happiness upon those quicksands, which the winds or the waves may sweep away at their pleasure! Our morality comes far short of our own imperfect and falsely constructed standard, and it must consequently stand at an incalculable distance from that eternal law whose requisitions are just and right. How grateful ought we to be for a purer and a loftier faith! Our hopes of acceptance are placed upon the obedience of him who rendered to each demand of the law a complete and unbroken fulfilment, and who travailed in all the greatness of his strength through that suffering and death which was its unremitted penalty. While we have thus given to us a secure and unalterable foundation upon which to build our eternal hopes, we are furnished with higher motives to obedience, and supplied with an armour whose strength and impenetrability will resist all the attacks of our adversaries.

"29*th December*.—We have again had very rough gales, and, the wind being contrary, were driven many miles out of our direct course. The wind came to blow on Friday evening, and continued until last night, when it subsided, though the great swell of the sea continued, rendering the motion of the vessel very disagreeable. We have now recovered our course, and are going on very well. . . . We had much reason to rejoice that the gale did not come on the preceding night, when so many of the crew would have been unable to manage the vessel; and we should see in it a new and striking exemplification of that beautiful principle in the Divine character, which leads him not only to make his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and to send rain on the just and the unjust, but to exercise a perpetual and ever-watchful care over those who disregard his goodness, and who are, in conduct and in heart, ever departing from his law. Several of our passengers have been very ill, from the effects, in

all probability, of their over-indulgence upon Christmas-day. A sea voyage gives, perhaps, the best possible opportunities for observing character. Secrecy is so often thrown off its guard, and concealment rendered impracticable by an absence of those motives which induce us to practise it, that many discoveries may be made of the ruling and actuating principles of our conduct. How many of our fairest actions lie deep-rooted in selfishness, which remains totally unknown till peculiar circumstances discover it! and how many objects appear beautiful in the distance, or when seen through a fog, which a nearer inspection and an unclouded atmosphere show to be deformed!

"31*st December*.—This day terminates a period of my existence fraught with deep and solemn interest! The revolving of particular seasons naturally suggests to our thoughts the fleeting nature of life, and calls us to look back upon our past history with more tender emotions than those with which we are generally accustomed to survey it. The companions of our youth, the scenes which we have been accustomed to look upon, all that enkindled our early enthusiasm, the friends whom time has changed, or whom the cold and silent grave holds in its embrace, rise to the remembrance, or pass in review before us, with a reality and vividness of conception which belong not so much to the shadowing events of the past, as to the living and moving scene which is acting around us. We are again made to live over the past, and we learn that the mind, not only in creating, but in calling up at will, the emotions and feelings that had vanished, asserts her high prerogative, and manifests somewhat of that immortality which belongs to her; while we perceive, that, to every revolution of time, a high interest attaches itself. These distinct periods of our duration are measured out to us by a certain law, the invariableness of which is intended to imprint upon our minds the fact, that our days and our years are all numbered; and that each one of them, as it closes upon us, augments our moral responsibility, and abridges the period which God has given us to prepare for eternity. How many sins has the year, which is now about to end, added to the accumulated weight of my transgressions! Where is that moral transformation of disposition by which the soul is purified and rendered

meet for the fellowship of heaven? What have I done to promote the honour of that Saviour, who redeemed me with his precious blood? And how much has my unholy example tended to increase the tide of evil around me, and to foster or perpetuate the unworthy conceptions of religion which are so prevalent in the world? These are questions of the deepest import; and I cannot propose them to my conscience, without its replying in such a manner as is fitted to inspire me with sentiments of the deepest contrition. This year reminds me of trials, and it records a series of great and astonishing blessings. Let the last acts of it be those of thanksgiving and prayer,—thanksgiving for the bounties that have been imparted to me, and prayer that I may be taught so to number my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom.

"1*st January* 1829.—We were awoke by the sound of a bell tolling the knell of the departed year; and afterwards, by the hallooing of the sailors and cuddy servants singing, 'God save the King,' and going round through all the cabins of the passengers to wish them a 'happy new year.' There was something in the words which sent a thrill through my heart, and brought home more vividly to my view than ever it had been before. Our first act was that of prayer; and, when my beloved J., with fervour and solemn importunity, supplicated the God of heaven to pour out his choicest blessings upon those we most tenderly love, and to make all the changes of time the means of promoting their holiness, and of rendering them fit to become pillars in his kingdom, my soul was calmed and elevated, and enabled to cherish the hope of meeting with them where there shall be neither separation nor death. Mr Wilson proposed that we should each of us spend some time in praying for our relations and friends individually, and by name, as this season brought them so powerfully and so tenderly to our remembrance; and, while engaged in this exercise, I felt more closely knit to them than ever, and seemed to enjoy a holy communion with their spirits through Him who sitteth above the mercy-seat.

"A period of our short existence has passed away, never again to be recalled! Our years, though few, are indeed 'full of fate.' Many events are crowded into that brief, and seemingly unim-

portant, portion of my mortal existence which has now closed for ever. During that period, I witnessed the slow and silent inroads of consumption steal over the frame of a beloved sister, and select her for a victim. I marked her gradual preparedness for heaven, and the growing capacities of her mind to understand and to feel the wonders of the scheme of mercy and of truth which has been revealed to the guilty, when every other object had lost its power to affect her, and was about to disappear in a night of darkness; and, when we stood around her dying-bed to view the agonies of the last and dreadful hour, I saw her cheered with the assurance of a Saviour's love, and with the vision of heavenly glory which had begun to open upon her view. In circumstances most deeply solemn, actuated, I trust, by love to my Redeemer, and by the dying request of a sister who felt for me the warmest affection, that I should do more to promote the honour of Christ in the world than I had heretofore done, I acceded to the proposal of becoming a labourer in heathen lands. Last year, I visited Greenock, a place endeared to me by the tenderest recollections, and by the society of friends among whom I spent my earliest days. During this period, also, I was united to the dearest object of my affections, parted with my beloved sisters and brother, never, in all probability, to meet with them again in this world, and crossed the greater part of that wide and trackless ocean which divides Britain from India. Amid persecution, in perils by water, when sickness had laid its hand upon me, amid outward sorrow, or in that warfare of the soul which it is compelled to wage with its spiritual enemies, and with the powers and principalities of darkness, my Saviour has stood by me, and his hand unseen has held me up. On every track of my pilgrimage the footprints of his love are impressed. He has led me by his presence, brought me through the dry and parched places of the wilderness, and caused his sun to shine upon my path, and the beams of his light to lighten me when I walked in darkness, and when the light of joy was wellnigh quenched within my soul. The mercies of God are indeed many and great towards me, the unworthy recipient of them. I cannot reckon them up in order before me. When I attempt to count them, they are more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. The language of my

heart should be, 'I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever. His praise shall be unto all generations. He leads his people by a right way, that he may bring them to a city of habitation. O how great is his goodness which he has laid up for them who love him!' The retrospect of his past mercies should banish from my mind all fear of future sorrows; and, looking away from the personalities of my own history, except as they record the many instances of his goodness, and of my own waywardness and ingratitude, I would lose myself in the contemplation of his character, and in the boundless and fathomless ocean of his love. This year, I consecrate myself anew to His service. May I wait for the coming of his glory, and live mindful of eternal objects, not knowing but that it may have been already said unto me, 'This year thou shalt die.'

"*4th January.*—This day we had service on board the vessel. . . . . How ignorant must we be of the spiritual nature, and of the glorious perfections of that Being who views the secrecies of the inner man, and who claims as his inalienable right the allegiance of all his creatures, when we can presume to insult his majesty, and to bring to his holy altar the impure and the unholy sacrifice! 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.' How dark is the moral depravity which lurks in our hearts, when it can make the divine attribute of mercy (an attribute above all others fitted to disarm the hostility of the natural mind) the cause or occasion of remaining impenitent! This is the very argument which some make use of, as a plea for their ingratitude and rebellion; and many, who may revolt from clothing such an argument in words, would find, on a strict analysis of their feelings, that it is the only consideration which has borne them out in the whole course of a life devoted to the pursuits and frivolities of the world. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the excuses and subterfuges which sin has devised to extenuate and hide itself. Were such a plea adduced in vindication of any course of worldly action founded upon similar principles, those who adopt it in the most momentous of all concerns would be the first to pronounce it folly. Even the favourite theory of chances, so necessary amid contingent events, and upon which the votaries of the world form so

many of their speculations, has here no place, and is entirely disregarded in the mad and foolish career of guilt upon which the sinner has entered. Of this I have had to-day the most mournful proofs, in the conversation and conduct of some of my fellow-passengers.... We spent a considerable part of the day in our cabin, but the heat was so intolerable that it produced a painful degree of languor. The assurance, that a greater or less degree of liveliness in our perceptions of divine things, or in the feelings of joy with which we contemplate them, cannot affect the objects themselves, more than a shadow or passing cloud can impair the glory, or lessen the splendour, of the orb of day, while he journeys silently and ceaselessly through the azure heavens, consoled my mind, and made me feel more entirely the freeness of the salvation which Christ has purchased by his own blood, and which he renders effectual by the equally free agency of his Spirit. The conversation upon deck was of the most worldly kind: balls, pleasure parties, Bombay society, formed the topics of conversation for this sacred evening! —— began to sing some Scotch airs, which gave rise to discussions about the English Opera, and different kinds of national music. I could not get away, as Mr W. was engaged below with the young officers, and, as I knew that any thing which I could say in disapproval of such conversation would only be the signal for ridicule, I testified my abhorrence of it by marked silence. I had Dr Gordon's Sermons in my hand, and occupied myself by reading that striking and very forcible one 'on the tendency of moral evil to perpetuate itself.' —— asked me, in a tone of sarcasm, if I had got a novel, or some amusing book to read. I replied that I never read books of amusement upon Sunday, and handed the sermons to him, saying, that the author is a person of profound talent, as well as of great distinction in our Church. He returned them, with some general remarks on the improvements which have taken place in the art of bookbinding; and, though he had too much politeness and gentlemanly feeling to attempt ridiculing my sentiments, I observed a smile on the countenances of some around me, which seemed to say, the —— is too enlightened, and too much a man of the world, to be carried away by your illiberal and exclusive opinions. I could not help muttering forth the

complaint of the Psalmist, 'Woe is me that I dwell in Mesech, that I sojourn in the tents of Kedar.' There is a dark and unseen contagion in moral evil. It not only resembles the tide, which desolates or sweeps away the fairest object which it overtakes in its course, but is like an unwholesome and pestilential atmosphere, whose influence blights and withers every plant of divine and heavenly origin. 'The closest walk with God,' said David Brainerd, 'is the sweetest heaven that we can enjoy upon earth.' Distance from the Father of our spirits, and a want of conformity to his blessed likeness, is the well-spring of all the Christian's unhappiness; and how wofully do they mistake the source and nature of real felicity who, in their search after it, wander still farther from this blessedness! Mr Wilson was much pleased with the conduct of the midshipmen, and with their increased knowledge under his instructions. This gladdened my heart.

"*9th January.*—This week has been very unpleasant. We have had a good deal of squally weather, and the heat has been very great, the thermometer ranging from 81 to 83 in the draft of our cabin. On the 7th and 8th, we had the westerly monsoon, with a good deal of lightning, but not nearly so much as we were led to expect, or as they generally have in these latitudes. We were obliged to keep one of our dead-lights in during the greater part of the time; and once or twice both of them were obliged to be put in, the waves rising so high, and the sea being very boisterous. This rendered the air of our cabin close, and almost suffocating. Mr Wilson was confined to his cot, and I was very unwell, having had violent headaches, accompanied with sickness and a great degree of languor. These trials remind us, that the life upon which we have entered is one of difficulty, and must be attended with many outward privations. A voyage across the ocean exposes to dangers and trials, of which they alone who have been subjected to them can form an adequate idea; yet how easily is the storm braved, and with what fortitude are all its other difficulties encountered by those who hope, and sometimes hope vainly, thereby to add to their temporal possessions! The traveller experiences a similar ardour in exploring unknown or unfrequented countries; and the man of science, in discover-

ing throughout the mighty field of nature some new production, or even a temporary suspension of one of those laws which he has been accustomed to consider; and shall we, who have engaged in an object whose glory eclipses the light of science, whose triumphs shall be universal, and which has none of the uncertainties attaching themselves to it that belong to meaner things, be overwhelmed or discouraged at the difficulties which we may encounter in prosecuting it? We are but heralds of the latter-day glory. Our voice will be as the solitary cry in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' And if our unworthy and feeble efforts should never be crowned with success, we should consider the honour conferred upon us in having the office of heralds and pioneers assigned to us. The time declared by the spirit of prophecy, when the angel should go out into the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto those who dwell upon the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, is already come; and though its progress may be in some places slow and silent, like the springing up of the morning light, in other places it resembles the full burst of day, when the sun sheds his gladdening beams upon the world..... The events recorded in the 60th chapter of Isaiah, 'when the abundance of the sea and the forces of the Gentiles shall be converted; when all they from Sheba shall come to show forth the praises of the Lord; when even strangers shall build up the walls of Jerusalem; when her gates shall be open continually; and when the sons of them that afflicted her shall come bending before her, acknowledging her to be the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel,'—these events surely are fitted to inspire us with rapture, and to enkindle within our minds a zeal and fortitude that cannot be quenched or diminished by all the difficulties which lie in our way. Whereas she is now 'forsaken and hated, so that few men go through her;' she will then 'become an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.' 'Her sun shall no more go down, neither shall her moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning shall be ended.' When I am affected by present sufferings, or by the unholy dread of future trials, I would look forward to the

scenes of glory and splendour predicted by prophets and holy men. Their accomplishment is suspended upon the divine will, but rests on Omnipotence, and so cannot fail to be fully and entirely realized. Drawing nearer and nearer the scene of our future labours, we should be more solemn and fervent in our supplications for divine strength, and for a simpler dependence upon the agency of Heaven. The work is mighty, and the days of our earthly pilgrimage are few; its toils will soon be over; and after death, no trace of them shall remain, more than of those winds which a few hours ago raged so fiercely, and have now passed away, leaving ocean and sky in a profound and beautiful calm.

"11*th January*.—We had no public prayers to-day, though it was calm, and there was very little motion in the vessel. Our only sanctuary was the heart, which is exceedingly impure, and few indeed were the sacrifices of praise which ascended from it. Some, I trust, there were; and though, in its natural state, it is represented as a cage of unclean birds, as chambers of imagery filled with all kinds of abomination, how highly has God honoured it, and what a sanctity has he conferred upon it, by rendering it meet to be a habitation of his Spirit, and diffusing his gracious presence in the midst of it. . . . . My thoughts were dull and lifeless, and there was nothing to distinguish the Sabbath from another day in my mind, but the remembrance of those beloved friends who have gone up, or who may yet go up, to the sanctuary of their God. . . . . O let me not repine or murmur, that it was the will of my heavenly Father to separate us! but, remembering that Jesus, their best friend, is near them, that angels encamp around their dwelling, and that God is preparing them, by the discipline of his providence, to dwell with him for ever in the mansions of the blessed, let me rejoice, not so much in their temporal prosperity, as in the blessed hope that they are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, of 'an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

"12*th January*.—The wind has almost ceased, and we are at present going only at the rate of one knot an hour. It was expected that we should have again crossed the Equator either last night or this forenoon, but our expectations were disappoint-

ed, and, sailing at this slow rate, we may yet be a considerable number of days before we pass it. The weather, however, is exquisitely beautiful; and the heat not nearly so oppressive as a few days ago. The sea resembles a mirror, which reflects every passing cloud; and the uncommon clearness of the atmosphere has so widened our horizon, that it beautifies, as well as greatly expands, the prospect around us. The variety and fineness of the tropical seas are every day confirmed to us by the new appearances which they exhibit. Flying fishes are again seen sporting in fantastic and graceful movements along the side of our vessel; and several tropical birds, with exquisitely beautiful plumage, have been flying around our topmasts, or soaring higher into the heavens. Two dolphins, called by naturalists 'Ophibia,' or gilt-heads, were caught this morning. They are amongst the most beautiful inhabitants of the deep; and, by the analogy of their colours, when dying, to the rich and varying hues of sunset, have suggested to Lord Byron one of the most magnificent descriptions of the setting sun which modern poetry can boast of. Their peculiar habits, sympathies, and migratory excursions through the water, naturalists seem to know as little of as they do of most other marine animals. We saw one when it was newly dead,—it was about twenty-four inches in length, its fins uncommonly beautiful, and their colours, together with those of the body, might be compared to steel. They varied from dark and paler blue, to green and a slight shade of yellow. Those who witnessed it die were disappointed as to the splendour of its colouring, and with the rapid and magical transitions which are said to take place in it. Poets may, in this case, as in others, have lent a few magical tints to their description of an object in itself beautiful; but much must depend upon the light in which it is viewed, and the particular directions in which the rays of the sun happen to be falling.

"Mr Law detached several marine insects from its body, which we amused ourselves by examining through the microscope. Seen by the naked eye, they were very small, and could scarcely be said to have life; but on applying the microscope to them, we discovered that they were not only animated, but possessed of very peculiar forms. Some of them seemed shell-fish, resembling

in shape the tortoise. The texture of their shells, and the colouring, were of the most delicate kind. We also examined animalculæ in water, which had been kept for several days, and were much struck with the variety and singular appearances which they presented to us.

"Every discovery which science unfolds to us should enlarge our conceptions of the might and majesty of that glorious but incomprehensible Being, whose perfections are displayed in the minutest of organized beings, as well as in the most complex of his works. Throughout the whole amplitude of creation, we witness a magnitude which overpowers and astonishes us, but which, however vast to our conceptions, is, to the grasp of the creating and all comprehending intellect of the Divinity, as easily devised as it is comprehended; while, in the minuter parts of this universe, we may discover a minuteness and a design which do not the less elude our faculties to understand or to fathom. 'By the telescope,' says Dr Chalmers, 'they have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity. But by the microscope, they have also discovered, that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of his visible dominions. But, by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of his unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of his territory; the other is as constantly filling up all its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. By the one, I am told that the Almighty is at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured; but, by the other, I am also told, that with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of generality, he has also a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and on all of its particulars; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence.' Many to whom the study of nature's works is familiar, and whose minds the operation of nature's laws can fill with delight, practically disown their dependence upon the Su-

preme Being, and the general superintendence which he exerts over them,—thus lawlessly and sinfully attempting to dissolve the necessary connection between cause and effect, and to banish, from the territory which he has made the God who controls and animates the movements of every living thing. Their minds are so contracted that they can take in but one class of ideas; and, while they cannot shut their observation to the phenomena which are taking place around them, nor their reason to a certain kind of physical necessity connecting them together, they unphilosophically contrive to overlook all other connections, and to lose sight of the only necessity which is unalterable and permanent,—the dependence of all created beings on the Divine will, and the consequent obligation of those who are endowed with reason, and formed with moral susceptibilities, to love and to glorify God, in proportion as his perfections and will have been revealed to them in his word and by his works. . . . .

" Whilst we are dismayed with the majesty of God, we have only to turn to the endearing attribute of his goodness,—and it is delightful, in contemplating the analogy which exists between the word and the works of God, to discover that He who has created all these stupendous and glorious orbs which run their course in the heavens, and who, beyond the range of our natural vision, has created myriads of beings who observe an economy and laws as regular and invariable as our own, is the same holy and just Being who appoints the events of the moral universe, and who orders every event, however minute, of our personal history.

" 14*th January.*—A number of birds were seen hovering around us this forenoon. One of them was killed by a cadet. Mr Wilson found, upon examining it, that it was a White Petrel (Phaeton, or Boatswain.) He took a slight sketch of it in my scrap-book. Nothing strikes one more than the degree of interest which such a circumstance as this excites among the passengers. . . . .

" 18*th January.*—Nothing worth recording has taken place since last week. We had several evenings of glorious sunset, which were succeeded by nights of moonlight equally splendid and uncommon. Spires, temples, and minarets, with every va-

riety of landscape and mountain, from the burning summits of the volcano, to the low and gentle swell of undulating hills stretching far into the distance, were seen pictured along the sky. The lower stratum of clouds seemed, at times, all on fire, while a few fleecy clouds, which lingered near the horizon, caught so deeply of the sunset glow, that they assumed, in their turn, the appearance of suns and stars emerging from the deep. The slanting rays of light that were seen falling upon the darker clouds were equally beautiful; and I know not whether we admired more the refraction of the light upon the waters, or the deep stillness of the hour which the varied tints and glow of the heavens rendered so striking. The light of the moon was so much more splendid than in European latitudes, that we felt quite entranced in gazing upon it; and wished that our beloved friends in Scotland, whose sensibilities are so much alive to the glories of nature, could have participated in the enjoyment. We caught a shark, differing materially from the former one; and we saw another, which sailors denominate the hammer-headed shark. It was more singular in appearance than either of the other two, and seemed of a much larger size. We watched its movements in the water, expecting every moment that it would be caught; but after approaching and receding from the bait, it warily departed, and returned no more.—On the 21st, we again crossed the Equator. We had tremendous torrents of rain, with a great deal of swell, and a disagreeable closeness in the atmosphere. . . . To Mr ——'s friendship we owe much; and our situation is daily rendered more agreeable by his kindness and attention. He is possessed of extensive literary acquirements, and a mind enlarged by study and general reading, and he is greatly exalted in character, as well as in intellect, over most of his fellow-students at the East India College. He has uniformly proved himself to be the defender of right, and ready to assert her cause. . . . He seems to understand the principles of religion, and to feel their influence upon his mind. His attachment to Mr Wilson seems to be great; and, I trust, the various conversations which he has had with him, on the nature and claims of the Gospel, will lead him to understand it more clearly, and to feel the necessity and obligations which it lays upon him to come

out from the world, and join himself to the little band of the faithful..... In this change—to the better in the conduct of some of the passengers—we should remark, in a peculiar manner, the providence of God, and draw from it an argument for the stability of the divine promises, and for the fact, that the most unlikely instruments are made the means of achieving the purposes and designs of God towards his people. Of this truth, we have many exemplifications in the history of the Jewish nation; and it is repeated in almost every page of modern history, if our eyes were opened to see clearly the bearing of its events, and their connection with the establishment of that kingdom which shall be established in righteousness, and which shall fill with its glory all lands. We were brought into circumstances of persecution for the trial of our faith, and to prepare us for the difficulties which we have to encounter in heathen lands, and among a people of a strange language; and it was when our fears were most painfully excited, in looking forward to the remaining part of our voyage, that relief was in a manner accorded to us. This should teach us to rely with increased faith and simplicity on the declarations which God hath made respecting his cause in the world.

"23*d January*.—Opposing currents, which, we understand, are very common in these seas,* have carried us a considerable way backward. There is a general disposition in the vessel to complain, as if the winds and waves were subjected to our control, or as if there were no superintending power which guides the movements of this diurnal sphere. In this there is a denial of God's supremacy; and it is a species of infidelity, which not only includes in it an utter disregard of the agency by which the natural world is governed, but a bold and virtual avowal of the sentiment, that the designs and purposes of God do not seem to be good. The atheism of the human heart cannot be denied by any but those who evince the most fearful ignorance of its workings! and it assumes its worst and most fearful attitude, when it calls in question the divine benevolence, and doubts the power and wisdom which sustain the world. It becomes me,

* We were at this time considerably to the south-east of Ceylon.

and all who profess the Gospel of Christ, not only to acknowledge this supremacy, but to manifest its influence over us; and, when I call to remembrance the many practical disavowals of it to which my life and conduct testify, I have reason to be ashamed and confounded.

"*25th January.*—Prayers were read to-day, and I was glad to learn that most of the passengers were present. This has been a painful and very uncomfortable day to me; and the retrospect is little fitted to afford pleasure. I had little capacity or inclination for the holy and divine exercises in which it is our privilege and duty to engage. My mind was perplexed in intricacies of reasoning, and I had much difficulty in deciding whether we should join at all in intercourse with the worldly upon this holy day, or, if we did speak to them, where our intercourse should cease. My conscience condemned me for having violated the sanctity of the Sabbath in the presence of the passengers. . . . . I felt very unwell in the evening. Mr Wilson watched me with unceasing care. In Indian climates, life is awfully uncertain. The ravages of disease, and the desolation and withering of earthly hopes, which death causes, should lead us to serious reflection, and to put the uncertainties of time in opposition to the reality and duration of eternity. The moral administration under which we live is now affording us means of repentance, and holding out to us opportunities by which we may benefit our fellow-men; but, on the day of the winding up of our accounts, and when this world's history closes, this special administration will be ended, and these opportunities be gone, never again to return. Oh that the idolatry, and deep sleep of the moral world, were broken away, before the call of the Judge summon us to appear before him! Does not the thought of so many hundred millions perishing for lack of knowledge, and of the few who are bending an eager eye upon the doctrines and information of that book which can alone show them the path of life, and mould their characters into harmony with its holy requirements, break the spell of my lethargy, and lead me, with alacrity and desire, to seek after the means of their moral renovation?

"*27th January.*—The swell has been again very great, and

we both have suffered a good deal from the motion of the vessel, and the intense heat of the weather. In the afternoon, magnificent thunder clouds appeared in every part of the heavens. The sky afterwards cleared, and at night we had the most beautiful lightning that I ever witnessed. It continued without interruption for about two hours; the part of the sky from whence it seemed to proceed appeared all on a blaze, and in a short space we counted a hundred flashes. We are fast approaching the island of Ceylon, and feel much pleasure at the prospect of seeing this beautiful and much celebrated island. It became, at an early period, the scene of missionary labour; and, though the Dutch admitted to the name and privileges of Christians, those who merely asked to be baptized into its faith, there can be no doubt that there were then, and at subsequent periods, many real and genuine converts from idolatry.*

"28*th January*.—There is a pleasing animation excited among the passengers by the prospect of again beholding land. Their cheerfulness and sociability form a contrast to the dulness and apathy of preceding weeks, proving how dependent the minds of most people are upon external objects for excitement, and showing that, while inaction is like the thunder cloud, which inflames or darkens our atmosphere, its opposite resembles the sunshine and gentle breeze, which bring health and gladness along with them. This is a lovely day; and the softness of the atmosphere reminds me of a summer's morning in my native land. How many scenes, dead to all but memory, does this simple circumstance call up! It is now the depth of winter; and my beloved friends are perhaps feeling the colds and damps of a chilling clime. I know not but that one, or more of them, may now be laid upon a bed of sickness. Oh for faith to look beyond time and its uncertainties, to that land of unclouded light, where our sun shall no more go down for ever, and where the days of our mourning shall be ended!

"The first indication of land which we perceived was part of the branch of a tree floating upon the water. A bird had

* For an account of the exertions of the Dutch to disseminate Christianity in Ceylon, see Millar's History of the Propagation of Christianity, Vol. II.. pp. 474–8; and Brown's History of Missions, Vol. I., pp. 14–24.

perched itself upon it. Before dinner, land was discerned clearly by one of the sailors from the topmast.

"*29th January.*—We sailed to-day along the southern boundaries of Ceylon, and were much struck with the beauty, fertility, and picturesque appearance of this part of the island. The hills, though for the most part of a conical shape, have considerable variety, from the inequalities in their heights, and from the double ranges into which they are sometimes divided. The disposition of the higher ridges is particularly beautiful; and, being clothed with verdure from their summits to the line of the coast, they possess a richness unknown in colder climates, and impart to the eye and to the mind of the beholder the idea of a perpetual summer. The whole of the coast is formed of coral rocks, and we were so near the shore, that we could distinctly discern the white surf from the waves which were foaming and dashing themselves against it. Forests of the cocoa and plantain trees stretched for a great way along the coast; and, by the aid of a glass, we saw several low built cottages scattered here and there among them. Ceylon is distinguished for its natural productions, particularly for the number of minerals and precious stones which are found in it. They are considered less valuable than in some other places, but their number and variety are quite astonishing. The cat's eye and the cinnamon-stone are very beautiful. The latter is peculiar to this island; and, besides these, the diamond, topaz, ruby, sapphire, and amethyst, are found in great abundance. The diamond is not valuable, and differs little in its appearance from rock crystal. Several boats came to us from Point de Galle, and other places along the coast, with articles to dispose of. We purchased several things from them, and, among the rest, was a work-box covered with tortoise-shell, and very neatly finished. We bought it for ten rupees, equal to one pound sterling of our money. Mr Wilson got several precious stones for his cabinet. The men who came on board were Cingalese. They all spoke a little English, and said, 'Padre had converted them;' that they were all 'Protestants.' One of the passengers, who suspected that they were selling an impure mixture for gold, said, in an improper and jocular manner, 'You are a rogue, Sir; you will go to hell.' He laughed very much at this, and said,

'No, can't go to hell; me Christian, Christian!' The stress which he laid upon the word Christian showed that he considered some spell attached to it, which exempted him from the fear of condemnation, whatever might be the morality of his conduct. We were much pleased with their address, and with the general intelligence and animation expressed in their countenances. They were of low stature, and very slightly made. Some of them might almost be called handsome, and their gestures were in some instances graceful. Their boats are narrow, of very singular construction, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and justly reckoned among the greatest curiosities of the place. Their skill in managing them is great, and they venture out in the most stormy days. They are all said to be very expert swimmers.* The inhabitants of the island, especially those on the coast, consist of Dutch, Malay, Portuguese, with Hindús, and Mussulmans. Bishop Heber says,—'Christianity has perhaps made greater progress in this island than in all India besides.' This assertion is not perhaps too bold, if the term Christianity be limited to the merely nominal acknowledgment of its doctrines; but, if he means by it a sincere and heart-felt belief of the truth as a constant and animating principle, I am inclined

* The following account of the Point de Galle canoe, is from an interesting paper of Mr Edye, in the first number of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society:—"It is formed from a single stem of dupwood, or pine-varnish tree. They are from eighteen to thirty feet in length, from eighteen inches to two and a half feet in breadth, and from two to three feet deep, exclusive of the wash-board, which is about ten inches broad, and sewed to the gunwale by coir-yarns, with loose coir-padding on the joints, in the same manner as the other boats used in India are sewed together. These boats are fitted with a balance-log at the end of the bamboo outrigger, having the mast, yard, and sail, secured together; and, when sailing, are managed in a similar way to the Catamaran. Vessels passing the southern part of the island of Ceylon are generally boarded by these boats, even at the distance of twenty to twenty-five miles from shore. They will sail at the rate of ten miles an hour in strong winds, which are generally prevalent there; and, with a crew of five men, will carry a cargo of fruit, fish, and vegetables, which are the greatest luxuries to passengers on making the land after a long voyage from England, Bengal, or Bombay."

to believe the account is exaggerated, and does not accord with facts. The religion of Budd'ha is the professedly established religion of those who have not been converted;* and according to Mrs Heber's account, 'some who have no objection to attend the English Church, and even to partake of her rites, would, if they were allowed, on the same evening, offer a propitiatory sacrifice to the devil. The number of real converts must doubtless be great, notwithstanding the many who make only a nominal profession, and who are in as deplorable and dangerous a state as those who worship the gods of their own hands. The fallow ground has been already broken up; and He who giveth the early as well as the latter rain, will cause the seed to spring up and flourish, till the wilderness become a fruitful garden, and bud and blossom like the rose.' . . . .

"30*th January*.—Several boats were alongside of our vessel before we had got up this morning. The men resembled, in their features and appearance, those whom we saw yesterday. One or two of the elder wore hats—I suppose as a mark of distinction;

* The Singhalese, properly so-called, are certainly followers of Budd-'ha. The northern and north-eastern parts of the island, however, are inhabited by Hindús, originally from the Támil districts of India.

The opinions of the learned, it may be here remarked, are divided as to the superior antiquity of the Buddhist and Bráhmanical systems. The extensive geographical distribution of the Budd'has, giving to Hindúism an almost insular situation, has formed the most plausible plea on their behalf; but it is entirely destroyed, when it is borne in mind that the Singhalese, Burmese, Chinese, Tibetans, &c., as Mr Hodgson remarks, "point to India as the father-land of their creed," have all their ancient books in the language of that country, and set forth the founders of their faith merely as reformers or improvers of Bráhmanism. How far Hindúism, in its most ancient forms, may have countenanced them in their speculations and practices, it is difficult to determine. In their controversial works, they point to numerous precedents and authorities to be found in the Hindú Shástras. They are decided fatalists in their notions, teaching the eternity both of matter and spirit; while the Hindús, as spiritual pantheists, deny the reality of matter. From their first appearance as sectaries, they have had a great aversion to animal sacrifices, and a love of the monastic life. The doctrine of caste has been held by them only in a very mitigated form. Some of their remains in Western India are alluded to in a subsequent part of this Memoir.

others had their hair twisted into a round knot, and fastened to the crown of the head with a tortoise-shell comb, exactly resembling a woman's. They had no clothes but a shawl, or piece of coloured cotton, fastened round their waists. Some of them wore turbans, and were delighted with coloured handkerchiefs, (got in exchange for some of their commodities,) which they use for them, and which they estimate greatly above their real value. We saw Adam's Peak, which is 8000 feet above the level of the sea, with many other hills of unequal height, but of great beauty. We also saw several villages, and Portuguese churches along the coast. . . . Our view is continually shifting; and every new aspect of the island heightens our conception of its beauty. In nothing have we been disappointed, but in the spicy gales which are said to be wafted from its shores, none of which reached us. I can, however, believe, that after rain the fragrance of its groves may be carried many miles distant. . . .

"31*st January*.—To-day we have lost sight of land, but are getting on so quickly that it is expected we shall see the coast of India to-morrow. This evening terminates a week, marked, in a signal degree, by the kindness and bounty of that Providence which guides us through all the way whither we have to pass. We have been privileged to contemplate new manifestations of our Creator's power and goodness, in regions far remote from those where we breathed our earliest wishes for happiness; and, amid the splendour and magnificence of his works, we have been reminded of his promises, which are stable as the hills, and every one of which will receive its accomplishment. Here, I would again set up my Ebenezer, saying, 'Hitherto the Lord has helped us;' and, looking away from the wonders of that creation which he has formed, and combined into such exquisite varieties, I would fix my thoughts upon the glories of his own nature, and the perpetuity of the kingdom over which he shall for ever reign. To-morrow will bring to our remembrance that day of sacred jubilee, when God, seeing that the works which he had created were good, rejoiced over them, and rested from all that he had made. May we be in the Spirit, and, like the beloved apostle in the solitary Isle of Patmos, see and hear things which are unutterable.

"1*st February.*—The wind increased last night, and continued to blow with great vehemence till to-day at 12 o'clock. In consequence of this, we had no prayers. We have now crossed the Gulf of Manar, and are sailing along very smoothly. We made a great run last night, and were within sight of the Malabar coast at seven o'clock this morning. The first view I had of it was from the windows of our cabin, and we saw more distinctly the bearings of the coast when we went on deck at one o'clock. Much as we had heard of this interesting and romantic part of the Indian territory, the view which we had of it did not disappoint us. The coast is mountainous, and of a bolder character than that of Ceylon. Some of the hills are lofty: they rise in great majesty retreating from the coast; their extent and variety reminded me of Scotland, and of the splendid battlement of hills and mountains which nature, like a mighty giantess, has reared for her defence,—more especially of that sublime prospect, at which, on many a Sabbath morn and eve, I have looked with ecstacy from the windows of my beloved home in Greenock. The mountains above Cape Comorin struck me as being very grand. We saw several towns and villages along the coast, with a great many pagodas and Portuguese churches. I felt deeply affected in viewing these idol temples; and, notwithstanding the beauty and splendour of the country, could not help saying in regard to its moral aspect, 'I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and because of his fierce anger.' A long and gloomy night of darkness hath rested upon this land. The beams of that sun which shall lighten every land, have but faintly gleamed on its horizon; but its predicted glories are approaching, when the darkness shall be dispelled, and when the light, which now resembles the glimmering of a little star, shall become a glorious sun, and fill the earth with its radiance. To this period we all profess to look forward, as the beginning and consummation of blessedness to the dwellers on the earth. The fidelity of Heaven is pledged for its accomplishment; angels fulfil with delight and joy the errands

of mercy and peace by which its coming is to be hastened; and we, who are honoured to engage with them in a work so mighty, should put forth our utmost efforts to the task. This evening, I have had more lively impressions than formerly of the awful dangers of heathenism; and the sight of a country filled with idolaters, and where there are so few who know and worship the one living and true God who made the heavens, makes me long to behold the scene, and to enter upon the field of our labours.

"*2d February.*—The sun arose this morning in matchless splendour behind a high mountain. The twilight was so short, that it might be said darkness unlocked his gates at the first summons of the king of day, who is as 'a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.' The mountains were beautifully illumined by his rays; and, upon ocean, as well as throughout these vast solitudes of nature, he shed a flood of light such as I had never before seen.

"A large and very handsome vessel, said to have been built in Bengal, made up to us after breakfast. She was on her way from China, and was proceeding to Bombay, with goods. She had anchored at several places by the way, and was seen by us in the morning unfurling her sails opposite Quilon, where she had lain at anchor during the night. The officers who commanded her were Scotchmen, and she had several passengers going to Bombay, or to some parts of the Madras Presidency. Dr M'D., a native of Argyleshire, belonging to the Madras Medical Establishment, and a young gentleman in the military service, came on board our ship, and at the captain's request remained with us to dinner. A meeting with strangers forms a pleasing incident in a sea voyage. Mr Wilson and Mr Law were invited to go on board the Fort-William. They remained to dinner, and were much pleased with the character and manners of the captain, and with the general order which prevailed throughout the vessel. There was an Armenian merchant on board going to Ispahan, his native place. He is possessed of great wealth, and bears a highly respectable character. He had in his possession an Armenian Bible, with the truths of which, Mr Wilson said, he appeared to be familiar. He had some interesting conversation with him about the present state of the Armenian Church, and

the injuries which it has suffered from the Muhammadáns. But his imperfect knowledge of our language prevented him from imparting all the information which was desirable on such a subject. Mr Wilson, however, was much interested in his character, and the facts which he communicated.... They returned about five o'clock, greatly pleased with the Fort-William, and the kind and friendly reception which they met with from Captain Nish....

"3*d February.*—For the three last days we have been in view of the Malabar coast; but, as we put out to sea in the forenoon to catch the sea breeze, and approach again in the evening, that we may have the land breeze, we have seen much less than we expected of this mountainous and thickly wooded country. The chain of Ghats is lofty, and very rugged. Near Cochin there is a chasm in the mountains which has a very singular appearance, and varies the aspect of the country. The rocks, ravines, and woody recesses among the mountains, are very numerous.

"6*th February.*—We are fast approaching Bombay, and great preparations are making on board for our arrival. To-day they have been painting the ship. The heat is excessive, and, together with the painting of the vessel, it has made me so ill that I could not leave my cabin to dine in the cuddy. While I was alone, I had solemn thoughts of eternity, and of the many opportunities which I had lost, since I came on board the vessel, of glorifying God, by a more active and determined assertion of his authority. At that moment my ears were assailed by the most fearful imprecations and curses.... I could pray, 'Rebuke them, O Lord, bnt not in thine anger.'

"8*th February.*—This is, in all probability, the last Sabbath which we shall spend on board the vessel. Our feelings should be peculiarly solemn in the retrospect of what is past, and in the anticipation of events which are yet future. The last few months have begun, and shall terminate, an important era in our destiny. The events were new, and some of them strange to us..... We had been doomed to witness scenes, the remembrance of which is painful to our hearts. Amid these trials, we enjoyed no ordinary degree of support and comfort in our communings together; and our mutual addresses at the throne of grace were rendered doubly

delightful and cheering by the conviction, that we were despised by the world, and branded as cheerless and solitary beings, who would take no interest in terrestrial things. This period has wellnigh come to a close; and we are now about to be separated from the captain, and our fellow-passengers—never, in all probability, to meet many of them, till they and we are summoned to the tribunal of our Judge. We are going to a sickly and dying clime, where nature has sown the seeds of many disorders, and where the intemperance of man is daily adding to their number. Our pursuits are varied, and the objects which woo us to their embrace are holding out their separate allurements; but death, which rages so fiercely, cannot be charmed away by them. He will come as a swift messenger on the wings of the whirlwind; and in the grave, whither we are hastening, there shall be no remembrance of the joys and sorrows which now engage and occupy our thoughts. Eternity, which alone stamps the events of time with all their importance, shall then be all and in all. . . . . The destiny of those who have for so many months been our associates, is wrapt up in impenetrable secrecy. We cannot break the seal by which its secrets are covered from us. They are now about to enter upon the varied scenes of pleasure, to toil, and perhaps, some of them, to bleed for fame. The slippery eminences, to which some of them may attain, are not more dangerous than the humbler spheres in which others may glide; for, if pleasure guides the barque, both parties must suffer shipwreck. The temptations of an Indian life are great; and few of them, I fear, will have any desire to resist them. Nothing but the omnipotence of grace can be their safeguard. O that the love of Jesus, by which such mighty transformations are effected, were shed abroad in their hearts! No other principle can effect such a change, or subdue to itself the pride, ambition, and enmity of the carnal heart. What a Sabbath has this been! We had no prayers, and, indeed, such an observance would be but mockery, considering the way in which God has been blasphemed. . . . We had some interesting conversation with Mr Law this evening.

"*9th and 10th February.*—All is now bustle and eager preparation for our arriving at Bombay. The cadets are in their cabins,—the sound of hammers proceeding from all directions."

Mrs Wilson's interesting journal here ends. "On the 13th of February," she writes in a letter, "we anchored a few miles from Bombay. . . . The bay is spacious and very beautiful. We were delighted with the surrounding scenery; but, except in the form of the mountains, the whole country wore an aspect so peculiarly foreign, that there was nothing to remind me of *home*, or of that country, which, in whatever climes I wander, shall still be the dearest to my heart. We saw the far-famed Elephanta in the distance. . . . Mr Laurie, the junior clergyman of the Scotch Kirk, came to take us on shore, instead of Mr Clow, who is in very bad health. Mrs Laurie is in Scotland at present; and we came to the house of Mr Stevenson, who resides in Bombay, and who had been expecting us."

Thus terminated our voyage to the land which we had resolved to adopt as our future home, and the scene of our labours in the cause of Christ. That voyage, as has been seen, was attended with many trials, but it was also attended with many mercies. The trials, I trust, prepared us, in some degree, for the great work in which we were about to enter; and the kindness of many friends soon caused us to cease to remember them, except as undoubted tokens of the Lord's goodness.

CHAPTER VI.

RETROSPECT OF THE SCOTTISH MISSION IN THE SOUTHERN KONKAN—LETTERS ON HER ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY—DEPARTURE TO THE KONKAN—PROCEEDINGS AT BANKOT—RESIDENCE AT HARNAI FOR THE STUDY OF THE MARATHI LANGUAGE—CORRESPONDENCE—RETURN FROM THE KONKAN TO BOMBAY.

BEFORE I proceed with the narrative of our residence in India, it is necessary to allude to the progress of the Scottish Mission in the Bombay Presidency previous to our arrival. The Rev. Donald Mitchell* came to this country, as the first missionary, in the beginning of 1823. He was desirous of commencing operations in the Dakhan; but the groundless fears of the authorities prevented his settling in that province, and he betook himself to Bánkot, in the Southern Konkan. While studying the Márathí language, he directed his attention to the establishment of native free schools; and with little difficulty succeeded in the accomplishment of this object. By the month of August, he had eight under his superintendence, containing 365 boys, who, with the

* Mr Mitchell was the son of the Rev. Mr Mitchell of Ardclach, and brother of James Mitchell, a person of whom, as blind, deaf, and dumb, a very interesting account is given by Professor Dugald Stewart, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was originally educated for the Church of Scotland, but, declining to enter it, because his opinions were, in some respects, opposed to its Standards, he accepted of a cadetship in the Honourable Company's army, in which he rose to the rank of lieutenant. While engaged in military service, he was brought under deep religious impressions; and the change in his views was followed by a determination to devote himself to the work of preaching among the Hindús the unsearchable riches of Christ. A return to his native land afforded him the opportunity of completing his studies, making arrangements with the Missionary Society, and obtaining ordination by the Presbytery of Nairn.

readily granted permission of their parents, used any books which were put into their hands, and willingly received the Christian instruction which could be given them. The period of his labour, however, was of short continuance. He was laid aside from exertion before the end of September, and finally removed from the field on the 20th of November of the same year.

In the month of July, previous to the death of Mr Donald Mitchell, the Rev. James Mitchell, Alexander Crawford, and John Cooper, with their partners, had arrived in the country; and, before the close of the year, they were joined by Mr and Mrs Stevenson. Messrs Mitchell and Crawford took up their abode in Bánkot, and Messrs Cooper and Stevenson in Harnaí, ("Hurnee,") a village about fourteen miles distant on the sea coast. They were able not only to keep in operation the schools which had been instituted, but, after making some progress in Márathí, t introduce improvements into them, and to print books and tables for them, and for general circulation, at a lithographic press which they had brought to the country, and which, from the peculiar form of the Oriental alphabets, proved remarkably suitable to the purpose. During the currency of 1824, the schools were considerably increased, and 1152 children attended them, of whom 35 were girls. But great difficulties were felt in effecting desirable improvements in them, and were never in any considerable degree removed. "We have found it impossible," wrote the missionaries, "to render the hours of attendance regular and fixed. The teacher, it is true, gives attendance from sunrise to about ten o'clock A.M., and from two o'clock P.M. to about sunset. But, as the hour of breakfast for boys of different castes varies, some of the scholars come early, to go away by eight o'clock; while others come late, and remain till ten. Some give attendance in the morning, and do not return in the afternoon—their parents requiring their assistance in their daily occupations. The number of holidays, also, arising from the celebration of marriages, and from religious festivals, creates not merely a great loss of time, but tends to produce a dissipation of mind which is extremely unfavourable to study. So far as that confusion, apparent in an Indian school, which cannot fail to strike every one who has seen schools in England, and the inefficiency of the native system

of education, may be traced to these sources, we have not as yet been able to exercise any control over the causes from which the evils originate."

The missionaries, in their report for 1825, were enabled to state that education had been afforded to 1376 children, a great proportion of whom belonged to the poorer classes; and that "the glad tidings of salvation had been proclaimed to the benighted heathen scattered through many villages." In the following year, the number of boys' schools had increased to 68, containing 2619 scholars; while a successful commencement had been made in the work of female education. "To this" latter "subject," the missionaries wrote,—"our attention has been directed ever since our arrival in the country, and repeated attempts have been made by the female branch of the mission to establish female schools; but the strong prejudices of the people against a system of education to them so novel, have, until lately, baffled all such endeavours. At length, about five months ago, a small school was opened at each station, which, although they at first contained only three or four girls each, gradually increased, and had a considerable influence in removing prejudice, and in paving the way for the establishment of others. They have now increased to the number of *ten;* and contain, together with 60 girls who now attend several of the boys' schools, 362 scholars. Only five of these, however, are separate schools; and the other five, being situated in villages where a number of girls sufficient for the support of a teacher cannot as yet be collected, have been joined with the boys' schools; and although all of them require a great deal of attention and superintendence, yet we have much cause of gratitude to God, that a commencement has been made in this important branch of our mission; and we indulge the hope that, as we proceed in our labours, the difficulties that meet us will give way, and facilities increase."

While thus vigorously promoting the cause of education, the missionaries were not neglectful of the still more important work of directly preaching to the natives. "We are in the habit," they wrote, "of going, almost daily, among the people, for the purpose of instructing them in those momentous subjects which concern their eternal peace, and of calling their attention to the

salvation of the Gospel. This, it is true, cannot be done to large audiences as in Christian churches, and but seldom in a formal discourse. It is done, however, by friendly conversation, by reading and explaining short portions of the Sacred Volume, or Scripture tracts; and, as occasion offers, by pressing home on the conscience and the heart the various doctrines, and duties, and prospects, that may come under review. Besides regularly visiting the neighbourhood of our respective stations, our monthly tours to the more distant schools are improved for the purpose of orally communicating the Gospel to the people. These tours extend over a district of country upwards of sixty miles in one direction, and thirty in the other, so that the people in a large number of villages have frequent opportunities of listening to the glad tidings of grace and reconciliation."

The schools of the Konkan Mission, in 1827, were no fewer than 80 in number, and contained 3165 children, of whom 313 were girls. The missionaries, however, appear by this time to have become sensible, that, taught as they all were by heathen teachers, and scattered over a large extent of country, in which travelling is far from being easy, the general management of them imposed too great demands on their time and energies. In 1828, they were reduced to 69, with a corresponding decrease in the number of scholars, both boys and girls.* But the strengthening of the mission, by the arrival of the Rev. Robert Nesbit in the month of July, enabled Mr Stevenson to remove to Bombay, where he principally devoted his attention to preaching; while Mrs Stevenson opened 4 female schools, in which were collected about 60 girls.

It was with no ordinary interest that, during this year, the missionaries saw their labours for the first time apparently honoured by the conversion of two natives. One of these was an Indo-Portuguese, who, on the whole, has hitherto consistently adhered to his profession. The other, a Hindú of the Bráhman Záí caste, named Apá Tukarám, will be noticed in subsequent parts of this work, as having given considerable promise of use-

* The attendance in the female schools, particularly, had suffered much from the carelessness of the parents; and most of them were dissolved.

fulness, but ultimately as bringing disgrace on the Christian cause. Besides these persons, some hopeful inquirers had appeared at the different stations.

Such was the progress which the Scottish Mission in the Bombay Presidency had made previous to our arrival in the country. The missionaries had most faithfully pursued their avocations, though with little visible success. Doubts had begun to arise, it is proper to add, in the minds of two of them at least, respecting not only the extent of the school establishment, but the wisdom of the plans which had been pursued in reference to it; and Mr, now Dr, Stevenson, whom I expected to be my colleague at the seat of the Presidency, had formed the determination, which he soon afterwards carried into effect, of leaving it, and prosecuting his labours in other parts of the country.

The letters written by my dear wife to her friends in Scotland, on our arrival in Bombay, are principally occupied with accounts of our voyage, but occasionally reveal her feelings on reaching the scene of her labours, with some of the prospects then presented.

"To Allan Ker, Esq. Bombay, 26*th February* 1829.

"My dear Friend,—I doubt not that your prayers and Christian wishes accompanied us through our long and perilous voyage, and that around the family altar, as well as in your more silent aspirations, when no ear but that of Omniscience listened, your requests were lifted to heaven on our behalf, and you committed us anew to the guidance of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand. . . . His protection was accorded to us in a most signal manner, both in the outward dangers which threatened us, and the inward support and rejoicing which we experienced during a period of trying and painful persecution. The prayers and sympathy of my beloved Christian friends in Greenock, with their zeal in endeavouring to establish Messiah's kingdom, and the eagerness with which they participated in the motives which led us to go forth to the work of the Lord in heathen lands, formed a singular, and, I may add, a painful contrast with the society to which we were afterwards introduced.

"We are at present living with Mr Stevenson, who is a devoted and very zealous missionary. One of the converts is in the house with us. He is still exposed to persecution, both from

the Bráhmans of his own caste, and from those who are esteemed inferior to them. From all that we see, he seems to be not only sincere in the profession of Christianity, but to feel its influence in leading him to embrace every opportunity of declaring it to others. I saw him this morning addressing a small assembly of the most wretched and degraded of his countrymen. They were almost naked, sitting on the ground under the beams of a scorching sun; and some of them were covered with disease. He sat in the midst of them, and the earnestness of his manner as he opened and explained the Scriptures, formed a striking contrast to the coldness and indifference with which some of our own countrymen can discourse of the great and eternal truths contained in God's word. This Bráhman was lately received into the little church of our missionaries.* Another of still higher caste, at present in the Konkan, although so much moved by the threats and persecutions of his friends, as to take flight from Bombay on the evening before the day on which he was to receive baptism, instead of returning to his relations, went to the other missionaries, with whom he has since remained. He is, we understand, sorry for having evinced so much fear of persecution, and seems to be growing in knowledge and in zeal. There are some others eagerly inquiring after the truth; and although it becomes us to speak with caution, in a country where there have been dreadful evidences of the spirit of apostacy, we should not withhold our gratitude when such manifestations of the Divine mercy and goodness, as those to which I have adverted, are passing before us. My beloved friend, let your heart rejoice at these tidings from a distant land. I trust the love of Christ has been more and more revealed to you. Pray more earnestly than you have yet done for the degraded idolaters of heathen lands. Truly the eye affecteth the heart; and I have often wondered what your feelings would be were you transported to this place, and to witness the scenes which surround us. I do not repent of having come to India. On the contrary, were permission given me to return, dear as you all are to my heart, I would

* Nothing could be more imprudent than his employment in publicly teaching the doctrines of Christianity in this early stage of his profession.

not accept it. Tell your dear sisters that I never was so happy, lest they should be afraid of the toils and privations which a missionary's wife must endure. We go to the Konkan in a few weeks, till Mr Wilson shall have acquired a knowledge of the Maráthí; and afterwards, if no change take place in the mission, we shall return to Bombay. . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

"Bombay, 27*th February* 1829.

"My beloved Sisters and Brother,—Our voyage is now ended, and we have reached the scene where we are to commence our future labours and sufferings. We were detained so long at the Cape, that I cherished a faint hope that letters from Scotland might be awaiting us on our arrival in India. In this we have been disappointed; and, as 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' so the uncertainty which attaches itself to all things human, even to life itself, is felt by us in this distant land, with an intenseness of pain altogether new. Upwards of five months have elapsed since we parted from you. While this has been to us a most eventful period, as regards you it is an entire blank; and, when my imagination attempts to fill the picture with scenes of happiness, I tremble lest some affliction or sorrow may have taken their place. One thing alone gave me comfort—the assurance, that He who was with us on the mighty waters, had been intimately present with you also, allotting every circumstance of your destiny, and rendering it subservient to your ultimate happiness.

"We shall go to the Konkan in three weeks or a fortnight. Our minds have been, in no common degree, cheered and strengthened by the recent success of our missionaries. It becomes us, however, to 'join trembling with our mirth;' and to speak with humility and caution, in a country where apostacy has appeared in its worst and most fatal aspects, and where those who profess to receive the truth are assailed with such cruel and direful persecution. It is appalling to view the number and condition of the degraded idolaters who surround us. There are here people of every country, and almost of every religion under heaven. How few of these know, or worship, the God who created the heavens and the earth!—how few have heard of that name by which alone they can be saved!—and yet death is every moment

sweeping away its multitudes; and the ravages which it is making, and will continue to make, are wide as the ruins of the fall, and as the extent of that moral pestilence from which it at first proceeded. My beloved sisters, let us pray earnestly for the outpouring of God's Spirit, and for those who are proclaiming to sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. From what I have already seen, I dare not conclude otherwise than that the life of a missionary is one of privation and suffering. In this, he but follows the footsteps of that glorious band of apostles and martyrs, who counted not their lives dear to them; and of Jesus himself, who, 'for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of his Father in heaven.' I feel as happy in my present situation as I can expect to be upon earth; but every thing around us is changing. Death may destroy our choicest and most beloved possessions, laying them prostrate in the dust. You are constantly present to my thoughts. This season is peculiarly sacred to me. Oh, that the faith which animated our beloved Eliza, in the near prospect of death, may be ours when that last and dreadful hour shall approach! I cannot trust myself in writing more to you.... I expect to hear from each of you;—do write, at any rate, once every two months, and oftener, if possible. O, deny us not the luxury of hearing from you. You cannot know with what tenderness our hearts turn towards you all, or the many anxieties which we feel regarding you.... Yours ever, &c.—M. W."

Of the Holí festival, which took place a few days after the preceding letter was written, there is the following notice in another letter:—"During our stay in Bombay, one of the sacred festivals of the Hindús was celebrated. On one of these evenings, we were visiting Mr and Mrs Clow, and, as they lived at the opposite extremity of the town, had occasion to pass through it by moonlight. The scene which presented itself was truly appalling. It was not by a remembrance of circumstances, or through remote associations, that we connected it with the terrible reign of idolatry. Our ears were greeted with screams and howlings. We saw fires lighted up, the temples open, in which are performed the most abominable and superstitious rites, and multitudes in succession passing before us, like those of old, mad upon their

idols. Truly 'mine eye affecteth mine heart.'* I could not help wondering at my former indifference, and the coldness with which the Christian public in general contemplates those countries which are devoted to superstition, and the prey of most terrible delusions.† Pray, my dear friend, that many may come forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and that we, who are as yet but a little and feeble band, may remember that it is not by the skill and prowess of our own hand, but by the strength of the Lord of Hosts, that the battle is to be fought, and the victory obtained."

On the 24th March, we left Bombay for the Southern Konkan, where, as already mentioned, it was agreed that we should study the Maráthí language. Mr and Mrs Stevenson accompanied us in a native boat. We arrived at Bánkot on the evening of the subsequent day, met with a very cordial welcome from the missionary brethren, and witnessed proceedings, and engaged in services, in the highest degree interesting to our feelings. "We had much delight," wrote Mrs Wilson to a friend, "in our meeting at Bánkot. I trust it was an earnest to us of spiritual blessings, and of the glorious things which God will yet do for Zion. The missionaries had assembled for the purpose of deliberating on the affairs of the mission. We were received by them with much warmth and cordiality of feeling. Mr Wilson took his seat in their council, and our evenings were spent in prayer and Christian fellowship. On the forenoon of the first Sabbath, a

* Lam. iii. 51.

† The Holí, which, in the mode of its celebration, is worse than the Dionysia of the Greeks, and the Saturnalia of the Romans, is observed at the approach of the vernal equinox, and may originally have been intended to hail the advent of spring. In the *Bhavishya Uttara Purána*, Krishna is represented as explaining its origin to Dharmarájá. He mentions the case of a Rákshasí (giantess) named Dhundhá, who, on account of her austerities, received, from Shiva, the liberty and power of doing what she listed. She forthwith indulged herself in all kinds of mischief; and no remedy could be found, till the Rishí Vasishta recommended the people seemingly to outstrip her in wickedness, and put her to shame by their filthy exclamations round the Holí fire. The abominable rites of the present day, commemorative of this legend, are supposed to drive devils from the towns, and to please Shiva!

most solemn and affecting scene was witnessed by us, and one which caused all present to shed tears of joy. Khrishna, a young man,* who had given very decided evidence of having received the truth in the love of it, and at the hazard of many worldly losses, with the hatred and persecution which those must suffer who renounce idolatry, and declare themselves the adherents of the religion of Christ, had remained stedfast in his profession—was admitted into the church by the holy ordinance of baptism. Besides the members of our mission, and four other Europeans, whom we have reason to believe are sincere Christians, there were present about seventy natives, who came to witness the scene. Krishna was questioned in Maráthí regarding his faith; and, though we did not understand his words, the accents of his voice and his appearance, as he slowly and deliberately replied, showed that his heart was deeply affected. He stood, as it were, a solitary witness for the truth, amid those who were disposed to hate and persecute him: and when he declared the gods of the heathen to be no gods, but wood and stone, the workmanship of man's hands, his confidence did not fail him, but he seemed strong in the faith, giving glory to the Creator of heaven and earth, who had revealed himself as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the evening, Mr Wilson was privileged to administer the sacrament of the supper to Krishna and another native convert, in company with the members of our mission, and with the Europeans to whom I before alluded. The children of the East and the West were thus seated together at the same table. It was a season of most joyful communion, and led our thoughts forward to the time when we, and all the members of Christ's family, shall drink wine together in the kingdom of our Father. On the Sabbath following, a Bráhman was baptised. He is deeply learned in the Shástras, and was accustomed to go among the villages, in order to expound to them the 'sacred books.' It was in one of these journeyings, that, meeting Mr Mitchell, his mind was brought under serious impressions, by hearing declared the unsearchable riches of Christ, when he immediately felt that the treasure of truth, which he had been seeking for in vain

* Servant to Dr Graham of Ahmadnagar, who had personally instructed him in the principles of Christianity.

among lying fables and the devices of men, was only to be found in the Bible."

We, who had only recently arrived in the country. and were ignorant of the Maráthí language, could not be competent judges of all the circumstances in which these two Hindús were admitted into the Church. The accounts which we received from the missionaries, however, seemed to invite the feelings with which we regarded them. The subsequent trial of the converts, to be afterwards noticed, proved they had not that sincerity and depth of religious impression, which, from their apparent readiness to renounce caste and other circumstances, had been supposed to exist. Ráma Chandra has since frequently told me, that, notwithstanding the anxious endeavours of the missionaries to inform him, he was not fully aware of the consequences involved in the rite of baptism, and sitting down at the Lord's table; or, rather, that he was hopeful, notwithstanding what he had done, that he could still, as far as his worldly interests were concerned, maintain his connection with Hindúism. We, on the other hand, thought that he had fully counted the cost, and viewed his willingness to receive the ordinances of Christ as an indication of his being determined to take up the cross, and follow him through good and through bad report. The experience of the mission in his case, and in that of others, has taught us the propriety of considering well the motives by which inquirers appear to be actuated when they ask admission into the church; and which, in regard to many natives, are frequently very far from being easily discovered. Such of the Bráhmans* as gain their livelihood by reading the *puránas* to the people, are generally accustomed to the practice of deception from their earliest years.

During the few days we were at Bánkot, we resided with Mr Mitchell. Mrs Wilson was much refreshed by the Christian converse which she had with his dear partner, and, indeed, with all the female members of the mission. She rejoiced to find them

* The Bráhman caste, it is proper to mention, includes, according to the Shástras, lawyers, clerks, physicians, astrologers, &c., as well as priests and others devoted to religious rites, and the instruction of the people. Many Bráhmans, indeed the majority in the West of India, engage in employments altogether unconnected with the learned professions.

animated with the spirit of the Saviour, reflecting his image, and ready to encourage her in every purpose of her heart, and endeavour of her hand, connected with the Lord's work.

On the 6th of April we proceeded to Harnaí, in company with Mr Nesbit, Mrs Cooper, and Mrs Captain Fraser, who, with her excellent husband, had attended all the services at Bánkot. On the day after our arrival, we entered vigorously on the study of the Maráthí language, resolving not to intermit our labour till we were able to understand the native mind in its ordinary expression, and to declare to the people, in their own tongue—which forms the readiest key to their hearts—the wonderful works of God. To this resolution we were enabled to adhere; and, until the opportunities of Mrs Wilson became more limited than my own, she fully kept pace with me in all my progress, and encouraged me to advance. The tediousness of my task was much lightened by her cheering companionship, the enthusiasm with which she viewed the forms of speech, and indications of thought, so different from those with which she had hitherto been familiar, by the philosophical analysis which she brought to bear on every subject of inquiry connected with her studies, and by her zealous longings to tell a Saviour's love to the daughters of the land. Our native Pandit frequently expressed his surprise and astonishment at the intelligence and aptitude of his female scholar, and declared what his naturally perverted views of the sex had made him slow to admit,—that woman is intended by God to be more than the toy of man, even a "help meet for him," in all that pertains to his happiness and usefulness.

Mrs Wilson's correspondence with her friends while at Harnaí was necessarily limited. I shall present the reader with such parts of it as throw light on her occupations, the Christian exercises of her mind, particularly in connection with the superstitions of the natives, and the affection which she cherished for the friends from whom she was removed.

The following letter was addressed to Mrs Stevenson, on occasion of sending two of her children to Europe, under the care of Mr and Mrs Crawford, who were reluctantly compelled, on account of Mr Crawford's indisposition, to leave the mission, in which their whole hearts had been engaged.

" HARNAI, 30*th April* 1829.

" Though I have been thus long in writing to you, my dear Mrs Stevenson, you have not been absent from my thoughts, nor has my sympathy been wanting in your present trying circumstances. The pang which you and Mr Stevenson must feel, at the prospect of so early and unexpected a separation from your little darlings, must be truly great; and when I attempt to realize it, I cannot help fearing that it may exert too painful an influence over your feelings. The sacrifice is indeed great; but, in making it, you follow the path which reason prescribes; and, by such an exercise of self-denial, you may escape the painful reflection, which, in other circumstances might obtrude itself, of having yielded to the suggestions of feeling rather than to the dictates of duty.

" In all the trials by which God disciplines his children to a withdrawal of their affections from earthly objects, and to a simpler and more entire reliance upon him as the uncreated source of felicity, there is much that is painful to their natural feelings. While it is not intended that these feelings should be suspended in their exercise, strength will be imparted according to our necessities; and, in the contemplation of God's character, and his designs towards us, as well as in the heavenly treasury of his promises, we shall find what is fitted to engage our whole soul, and to withdraw it from a too intense consideration of the things of time..... He orders, with infinite skill, the circumstances of your destiny, and however dark or untoward they may appear, they must and will ultimately tend to your good, and to the promotion of his glory. The latter is the highest and most glorious object to which they can minister; and could we, my dear friend, cherish the high and nobler sympathy which binds together in strict harmony all the holy and unfallen creation of God, we might even on earth experience a foretaste of blessedness, and become calm amidst the most trying and sorrowful dispensations.

" I wish I could see the little darlings before they take their departure from you. Kiss them many times for me, and, when you do so, commit them to the care and protection of that Great Shepherd, who guards and tends them with the most tender care. I trust they are among the lambs of the flock, and will, ere long,

be brought into that fold which is his especial care. This care is ever vigilant, so that, whether they be exposed to the storm and the tempest, or under the fostering hand of parental love, they are alike safe and happy.....

"My prayer is, that you may receive all the support and comfort which your circumstances require, and that both you and Mr S. may experience comfort and assured hope in intrusting your little ones to their heavenly Father. When you are at leisure, and after they sail, I shall expect to hear from you. The Frasers' departure has made a sad blank to us at Harnaí. They left us on Thursday morning, and, as the wind has been blowing violently yesterday and to-day, we feel quite uneasy about them. .... Yours very sincerely.—M. W."

"To Miss Young, Edinburgh. Harnai, *7th May* 1829.

I intended to have written to you immediately after our arrival in India; but during our stay in Bombay, there were so many objects to engage our attention, and our time was so much occupied in making the necessary preparations for our removal to Harnaí, that I could not obtain leisure to comply with my wishes in this respect. Though widely separated from you in person, you have been intimately present to our thoughts, and frequently the object of our tenderest sympathy, as well as of our earnest prayers, that, in all your afflictions, the angel of God's presence might stand by you, and that, even in this wilderness, you might be compassed about with songs of deliverance. The promises of God to his people, when placed in circumstances of severest trial, or, as it is beautifully and emphatically expressed, when 'they walk in darkness and have no light,' are well fitted to impart hope and confidence to the mind, and dispel the gloom which gathers and thickens around them. They are invited to trust in the name of the Lord, to call upon their God; and such an invitation implies, not only his willingness to be found of them, but also the love and compassion with which he regards them when prompted to chasten them for their profit, that they may become partakers of his holiness. These promises of God, which are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, have, I trust, been amply fulfilled in your experience; and if your sorrows have

abounded, my dear friend, I hope your joy and peace in believing have also been greatly increased, so that you have been led to a patient resignation in suffering, and to a more earnest longing for emancipation from sin and admission into that Paradise where the sun shall no more go down for ever, and where the days of your mourning shall be ended.

"We expected to have received letters from Scotland before this time, but have had our hopes repeatedly blasted by the arrival of vessels which conveyed no tidings to us. When we think of the interval between us, with our situation in this land of moral darkness and death, where superstition sits enthroned upon high places, where the God whom we and our fathers have worshipped is dishonoured and unknown, our hearts might sink within us were they not supported by the faith which led our father Abraham to go into a country which he knew not of, and by the gladdening assurance that God has given to his Son the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. The predicted glory of the latter age, though now dimly seen and faintly realized by us, hastens on apace. . . . .

"Our thoughts remained with you in London, and accompanied you homewards, as yours, no doubt, accompanied us through the waves of the Atlantic, and across the Indian Ocean to the scene of our destination. We felt, as also you may have done, the anxiety and pain which suspense and uncertainty can awaken in the mind; but I hope these feelings proved salutary, by leading to a more frequent contemplation of the changeful nature of human events, and to a more prayerful exercise of Christian love and sympathy. I wrote my sisters an account of our voyage, the details of which they have probably given you. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

"Harnai, Southern Konkan, *May* 1829.

"My much loved Sisters and Brother,—Mr W. has given you the morning and evening herald, and so exhausted my materials for a letter. Love, however, must be the inspirer of my theme; and, though I cannot find words to describe the influence which it has over my heart, I am equally unable to view the blank page before me without giving way to its oft-repeated tale. It has actually expanded to such an enormous size, that I

sometimes fear an explosion; and, while its feeble expressions must pass through oceans before reaching you, the affection itself will all the time be gathering strength, without any thing to quench its flame or lessen its movements. We have once or twice, indeed, been threatened with that fearful malady, *home-sickness*, and I was absolutely suffering from its ravages, when the sight of the Márathí Pandit, with his terrible apparatus of words and idioms, by which our minds, as well as our lips, are forced into all possible contortions, put its symptoms to flight, and brought to my thoughts the importance and magnitude of that object to which we have devoted ourselves, and for the attainment of which we should willingly make much greater sacrifices. Our health has been wonderfully preserved since our arrival in India; and though we have suffered a good deal from the weakness and languor incident to the climate, we have not been a single day prevented from attending to the duties which devolve upon us.

"My beloved J. has already given you an account of the meeting at Bánkot. I cannot describe the feelings of joy with which we witnessed the baptism of Krishna and the Bráhman. It was really sublime to see them, surrounded by idolaters, declaring their belief in the true God; and, while our faith was strengthened by the sight of two individuals rescued from the dominion of Satan, and their introduction to the dominion of Christ, I doubt not that angels, and 'the spirits of the just made perfect,' looked down from their pure abodes, with an amount of joy and rapture to which we, the dwellers on this earth, were strangers. I shall never forget my feelings on going out from the room where the ceremony was performed. The sun was about to sink beneath the waters. There was a flood of glory spread over the sea, and the objects which, though beautiful in themselves, had previously been associated in my mind with the reign of idolatry, now seemed allied to the stability and splendours of that kingdom which shall have no end.

"Let us, my dear sisters and brother, look and wait for the glorious coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! let it not be in vain that we have been so widely separated; but let there be with us the bond of a closer and more intimate union with Christ

our living Head! May we have fellowship together in the Gospel of his Son, Jesus Christ; and, while we desire to live that we may be instruments in promoting the glory of God, let us look with joy to the time when we shall meet in heaven never again to know the pangs of separation. The suspense and anxiety which we have suffered, from not having received letters from you, have been very great; and how justly may I say, that my heart would have sunk within me, at the remembrance of you all, with the thought of what you may have suffered, had I not at all times the throne of grace to repair to, and were I not assured that all events are under the control of Him who appoints them in infinite wisdom. . . . . May God bless you with the choicest blessings of his house. Ever your affectionate, MARGARET."

"HARNAI, 26*th June*, 1829.

"MY BELOVED SISTER,—When I last wrote, I did not know whether you were in Edinburgh, or in Inverness-shire, and I sent, therefore, my letters to the former of these places. . . . . We came to Harnaí in April last; and, since that period, we have been employed, with little or no intermission, in the study of Maráthí. We generally devote to it six or seven hours of the day. The cares of household superintendence, which consists principally in India of receiving accounts, or giving orders to a train of sable domestics, devolve chiefly upon me; and, when we have completed our studies for the day, the languor and fatigue induced by the climate make the writing of many letters almost impossible. We feel, however, extremely happy in our present situation, and in the near prospect that we have of entering upon a work fraught with such deep and overwhelming interest. . . . . Having consecrated ourselves to so glorious a work, we should feel, in a very peculiar manner, that we are not our own, but bought with a price, and therefore 'bound to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits which are God's.' The unmeaning and frivolous distinctions, upon which so many professing Christians build their hopes of earthly enjoyment, should be altogether disregarded by us, who profess to have no other object in view but to 'build up the walls of Zion, and to repair the waste places of many generations.' . . . .

"We witnessed many dreadful exhibitions of the debasing effects of idolatry while we remained in Bombay, especially during the celebration of a Hindú festival. The same scenes are daily and hourly repeated in our neighbourhood. There are several heathen temples in Harnaí, and even around us there have been planted sacred trees, at which many of the votaries of superstition come to worship.* I went one afternoon, with Mr. Wilson, to one of the former; and, while we stood looking at its shapeless and unseemly mass, before which many bend in seeming adoration, several females entered and prostrated themselves on the ground before it. I had never so truly realized the horrors of idolatry, or the guilt and degradation involved in forsaking the living God, and in bowing down to stocks and stones, the work of men's hands, as I did at this moment. How happy should I have been, could we have proclaimed to them Christ and the resurrection! As it was, we could only shed the tear of sorrow over the miserable delusion which warped their judgments, and shut out from their view the glories of the invisible God. The scorching rays of the sun, which shone upon a plain where scarcely one blade of vegetation sprung up, seemed not so destructive to animal or vegetable life, as did that moral darkness to every feeling which makes life desirable, and, still more so, to those higher affections which must be nurtured here ere they can bloom and flourish in heaven. To many of these heathens the word of life has been declared by the missionaries; and, though it has hitherto fallen into an unfruitful and a barren soil, I trust it will yet spring up and bring forth much fruit. The conduct of Europeans has done much to hinder the advancement of the Gospel in India. It stands like a barrier in the way of the poor heathen's approach to the tree of life. The standard of morality among Europeans here is very low. . . . . Human action has in all cases a more palpable language than words, and looking to such a commentary on Christian profession, is it any wonder if the Hindús jeeringly and triumphantly exclaim, 'Where is now their God!' Amidst these truly deplorable circumstances, we have reason to rejoice that of late

* The trees worshipped in the Konkan are the *ficus religiosa* and *ocymum sanctum.*

years several officers, of high rank and of good talents, have been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and are devoting themselves with great zeal, to the propagation of the Gospel. What a lesson is this to Europeans at home, who have souls committed to them, in their servants and children; and who are yet as unmindful of their destiny as if they doubted their own responsibility, and did not believe in that eternal happiness and misery which are the portion of the righteous and the wicked. It is a delusion, by which Satan deceives many, and by which he can even lull into inglorious ease, some of the peculiar people of God themselves; that, because they can do little, they should therefore do nothing at all. But if our sphere of labour be contracted, or if we are placed in circumstances where great exertion is impossible, this should excite us to greater diligence in doing what lies within our reach. And, oh! did we feel as we ought to do, the claims of Him who suffered so much for us, and who loved us with a love so intense that many waters could not quench it, and that even the floods of the divine wrath could not drown it, no other motive or argument would be needed to make us consecrate ourselves wholly to his service. I hope you are not altogether inactive in your present situation. I speak to you the more earnestly upon this subject, as I cannot look back upon the time we spent at Dares, and other previous periods of my history, without remorse and contrition for having spent so many days in utter vanity and carelessness, which should have been dedicated to the service of my God and Saviour.

"Mr Wilson has made very rapid progress in the language, and is able to carry on long trains of conversation and argument with our pandit, who is a Bráhman. He is a very acute man. He seems quite astonished at John's acquaintance with Hindú mythology. John has explained to him several facts of natural science, which seemed to open a new world of thought to his mind; and when we explain to him some parts of the Scripture, which we read together every morning in Maráthí, he listens with great attention. Like many of the Bráhmans, he seems to be an entire sceptic with regard to his own religion; but the love of caste, and the dreadful consequences involved in renouncing it, make him still adhere to it. Were the sincerity of many

professing Christians put to the severe test which that of a Hindú must undergo, when he makes public profession of Christianity, —disgrace, loss of property, the rending asunder of those ties which have united him from infancy with the beings he loves,— many, it is to be feared, would crowd the ranks of the enemy who now flock to the standard of the Cross. When will the night of darkness pass away, and that glorious morning arise, whose sun shall no more go down for ever? Some of the folds of this mantle of darkness are already drawn aside. The earth in some places looks green, and begins to put on her beautiful herbage; but, oh, how many wide and desolate tracts of land lie before us, where the plower has never plowed, and where the husbandman has not thrown in one seed for the future harvest!

"We have enjoyed tolerable good health since coming to Harnaí, but cannot look at the wan and pallid countenances of those who came but a few years ago to India in the full vigour of health, without feeling convinced that the climate has an undermining effect on the constitution..... Wishing you every earthly and spiritual blessing, I am, &c.—M. W."

The visit to the Hindú temple mentioned in this letter, I well remember. On this occasion it was, that for the first time, my dear partner saw a fellow-creature actually fall prostrate before a shapeless stone; and "horror took hold of her," because of this violation of the law of God. She nearly fainted in my arms, and shed the tears of bitterest anguish, and most tender compassion. Nor did her feelings, though not always thus expressed, ever afterwards grow callous from the necessarily habitual contemplation of idolatrous practices. Often have I thought, on observing them, that they resembled those of Lot, who, dwelling among the people of Sodom, "in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds." How much this testified to the depth of her piety, will be best understood by those who have resided in a heathen land, and who have observed the general proneness, even among professing Christians, to reconcile themselves to customs which at first they regarded with pain and compassion. Her grief for the sins of men, and for the dishonour done to God, intense as it was, however, was associated with the hope that the day of the merciful visitation of this

country is at hand, and with the joyful anticipation of that period when its people, abandoning their delusions, shall worship the living and true God, and exult in the salvation of his Son. This will appear from the following lines composed by her a short time after the visit to the temple.

Written on a Sabbath Morning.

" This is the morning of the hallow'd day;
No solemn sound announces its approach,
No holy man, with thoughts uplift to heav'n,
Unfolds the book of wonders, and proclaims
To list'ning crowds the theme of love divine.
Temples and spires around us rear their heads,
And nature, in her beauteous stillness, speaks
Of hidden forms, and joys serenely pure:
But there is darkness 'mid the gladsome scene;
For He, the mighty and the perfect One,
Vested with power supreme, resistless, vast,
And seated on a throne whose glorious light
Outshines the splendour of created worlds,
Hath here no altar, and no living name
Engraven on the tablets of the heart.
The moral world lies desolate and waste,
Dire superstition shows her ghastly form,
Unearthly voices join in cadence wild,
And, round the shrine of some false god, man bends,
In vile prostration, to a power he dreads.
No praise resounds throughout the sacred vault,
No thoughts of holy love rise from the heart's
Still solitude to their eternal home;
The bow of mercy gladdens not the sky,
And the blest star, which leads the ransom'd on,
Is yet behind the cloud, with beams unfelt.
Yon sun so vast, so gloriously bright,
That it hath imag'd, 'mid all changing time,
The unchang'd splendour of the perfect Mind,
And shadow'd forth His bounty, which doth flow
In equal course like wave of summer sea,
Is worshipp'd and invok'd; whilst He, its source
Fountain of light, from whose effulgent beams
'Tis but a ray like that of distant star,
Is unador'd, unhonour'd, and unknown!

O! ye bright hosts, who view the throne on high,
And with enraptur'd ardour in the blaze
Of uncreated and all perfect joy,
Tune your angelic harps, and sing of love;
Do you survey the foul, the dreadful scene,
Of mortals bowing at the idol's shrine?
Could tears avail to wash the guilt away,
Angels would weep, and thro' heav'n's arches sound
The note of woe; but nought of sorrow clouds
Their purer day; their vision stretches forth
To the unbounded fields of future bliss;
And, from their unscal'd heights, they can survey
The towers of Zion lifting high their heads,
And earth array'd in all the hues of heaven.
Come then, ye holy men, who, at the voice
Of conscience and of God, have left your sires,
Your kindred, and the scenes of joyous youth,
To toil and suffer on the sultry plain!
Think not of home, or of the well-known smiles,
Which, like a gleam upon the dark'ning cloud,
Come back on memory with a summer's glow:
A fairer prospect opens to your view
Than Britain's hills, and woods, and beauteous lakes.
'Tis Paradise restored,—the mountain where
The Lord hath set his house; and where the tribes
Go up,—the tribes of God, clad in their robes
Of immortality and regal state.
A cloud of glory circles all the place,
And hallelujahs in full concert rise
To swell the blissful strain, and utter forth
The loud, the long Amen. Join the bright choir:
The streaks of morn already gild the sky,
And soon the sun will chase the clouds away."

"To J. J. Wilson, Esq. Harnai, 2*d September* 1829.

"My dear Friend,—On the principle of an equal distribution of labour, or rather on the more generous principle of an equal distribution of enjoyments, John has, I believe, fixed that he and I shall write to you alternately.

"Your acceptable and very interesting epistle was among the earliest of our home communications; and it is impossible to express the degree of pleasure we felt on perusing its contents, or

in reflecting on the Christian sympathy and unfeigned ardour of affection which you manifest towards us. Among those secondary considerations by which our faith is strengthened, and our fortitude sustained in the important and arduous work to which God in his providence has called us, none possesses such influence as the assurance, that the tender regard and the prayers of Christian friends are enlisted upon our side, and that our separation from them, however painful in itself, instead of dissolving, confirms the ties by which we are bound to them. It unites us in a peculiar manner to you. . . . .

" We have now been upwards of six months in India,—the scene to which we looked forward with such intense interest, and where now centre some of our most endearing associations. It has lost nothing of its interest by being personally beheld by us. On the contrary, that interest has greatly increased, though much of the ideal colouring which fancy throws over the future has vanished, and though our minds are brought into habitual and painful contact with all that is most revolting in idolatry, and in the condition and aspect of those miserable beings who are its slaves. During this period, we have been intently occupied in the study of the Maráthí language; and, however long the retrospect may appear, it has passed very rapidly away. The Maráthí is pretty difficult of acquirement, both from the singularity of its pronunciation, and from its dissimilarity to the European languages. Almost every variety of simple and combined sounds is to be found in the former, and some of these are not of the most harmonious kinds. Its idiom, genders, and manner of forming or transmuting words, render great attention necessary for understanding it thoroughly. Ibrahim Makba's grammar, the one at present in use, is considered imperfect. The rules of the language have never been subjected to a rigid philosophy: its dictionary is a mere vocabulary; and, as it borrows largely from the Sanskrit, the beginner is often harassed with difficulties.* Notwithstanding these impediments, Mr Wilson has made astonishing progress in the acquisition of it. He is now able to read and converse with considerable fluency; and has even begun to do the work of a missionary in addressing companies of natives.

* The helps to the study of Maráthí are now most respectable.

With our pandit, who is a Bráhman, and also with other two individuals of the same caste, who are engaged in writing for him, he has had many opportunities of exposing the falsehood, absurdity, and degrading tendency of Hindú idolatry, and of proclaiming, in their hearing, the word of truth. . . . . They all seem to be aware, that the system which they profess to believe has no rational evidence to support it; and that, like some building venerable for its age, but now mouldering to decay, it is vulnerable on all sides, and must fall before the attacks of its adversaries. Some of the Bráhmans are deeply entrenched in infidelity. Others among them allow the superiority of our *Shástras*, and are partially convinced of their divine origin, though love of the world, and an ungodly fear of persecution, prevent them from making an open avowal of their sentiments. In regard to some, I believe they are yet the victims of this miserable superstition. Who can believe, that beings possessed of reason, could, without the direct and powerful agency of Satan, believe in the existence of 330,000,000 of gods, concerned in the fate of mortals; or, that to these deities, all of whom have some palpaple imperfection or impurity, should be awarded those divine honours which are due only to the Sovereign of heaven and earth! The unity of God is, in the Hindú mythology, but a lofty abstraction which they profess to believe, but entirely lose sight of amid the multitude of their inferior deities.* Absorption into the divine essence, whatever it may have been in former times, is now an aerial phantom;† and what practical consequences can result from the doctrine of immortality—which infidels have attempted to make so much of—when it consists of an interminable series of transformations from one form of being into another? If moral effects must correspond in their nature with the causes which produce them, then we may see the character of the gods reflected in their worshippers. How revolting these must be to the mind of

* The unity of the Godhead, according to the unvarying notions of the Hindús, who are fundamentally pantheists, means the identity of the Divine Spirit and external nature.

† The absorption of the Hindús is held by them to be literal, and is the result of their spiritual pantheism.

infinite purity, even those who are but imperfectly acquainted with it must in some measure understand.

"Of this we have a melancholy proof at present. The annual festival of Ganesha, which is more devoutly celebrated here than in any other part of India, is at present taking place; and the endless succession of human beings, destined for immortal happiness or woe, which pass in review before me, bearing upon their heads images of this idol, and playing all sorts of fantastic tricks before him, has something in it truly appalling. We get strangely familiarized with such scenes; yet there are times, my dear friend, when they press the mind with a vividness scarcely to be conceived at a distance, and which lead us to adopt the language of the prophet, 'When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me,—why have this people provoked me to anger with their graven images and with strange vanities? The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and they are not saved.' O for more urgency of endeavour, and for more constant and persevering prayer, that we may stand as watchmen on the towers of Zion; and that we may be enabled to strive, as it were in birth, until Christ be formed in the souls of many benighted heathen, the hope and expectancy of glory! Mr Wilson has gone out with the other missionaries, in hopes that they may attract some of the multitude to whom they may make known the word of life.* I am at present sitting in our bungalow; and, as the shouts of idolaters greet my ear, my heart reverts with more than its wonted fondness to the land of my nativity, and to the

* The following memorandum, I wrote after my return home;—"This is the greatest day of one of the greatest heathen festivals celebrated in this part of India. It is denominated the *Ganesha Chaturthí*, and is observed in honour of *Ganesha* or *Ganpati*. The generality of the Hindús with the exception of the Mahárs, make clay images of the god, and after painting, adorning, and worshipping them, march to the sea in order to destroy them. They walk according to their castes, and make a great noise as they advance. I went to the shore with the view of observing them. The scene which I witnessed was truly moving to my feelings. I took my station near one of the largest companies; and several persons came up to me. I endeavoured to point out the folly and sin of their conduct, and, with the exception of one individual, *they assented to every statement which I advanced.* When I heard them acknowledge that they

many friends in whose society I took delight. Dear, however, as these scenes are to my memory, I would not exchange my present situation for them; and you will be glad to know that we possess the abiding conviction, that we are in the very situation and circumstances which our heavenly Father has appointed for us, and that, if we labour faithfully, we shall and must be happy.

"On Wednesday evening we have a prayer and fellowship meeting; and the first Monday of the month is set apart for solemn fasting and prayer. On such seasons I hope you will remember us. There are a few bright spots in our horizon, but the surrounding gloom is deep and very terrible.

"If you are still in the great city, will you let my dear sisters and brother know that we are well. Wishing you every spiritual and temporal blessing, I am, &c.—M. W."

In addition to the prayer meetings referred to in the conclusion of the preceding letter, Mrs Wilson was accustomed to meet with her friends, Mrs Cooper and Mrs Robson, and any other pious lady who might be disposed to unite with them, for the purpose of imploring the divine blessing on their own souls, and on the work of the Lord in India. These meetings she not unfrequently conducted.

On the 27th September 1829, I preached my first sermon in Maráthí to the ordinary Sabbath congregation of the mission, while Mrs Wilson began to catechise some of the children of the schools. The day was of course one which we regarded with no ordinary interest, as the privilege conferred upon us demanded our highest gratitude, and the responsibility of the circumstances in which we were placed led us anew to consecrate ourselves to the divine service. Our brethren in the mission, for whose aid and encouragement in our studies we felt truly indebted, kindly sympathized with us; and, on the subsequent day, Mrs Cooper, who had been unable to attend the service, sent us her most cor-

were degrading their understandings, and insulting their Maker, and when I knew they were glorying in their shame, I could not but view them as the *willing* subjects of the enemy of souls. How deplorable is their situation, and how hopeless does it appear without a consideration of the power and promise of God."

dial congratulations, thus evincing the spirit of sisterly affection by which she was distinguished, and which, with her devoted zeal amidst growing weakness in the service of the mission, had greatly endeared her to my partner.

On the 30th September, we set out on another visit to Bánkot, and took up our abode with Mr and Mrs Stevenson, who had made this station their head quarters previously to their settlement in the Dakhan. We found Mr Mitchell, like Mr Stevenson, devoting himself wholly to the preaching of the Gospel, without any reference to schools,—a circumstance which, during the few days we staid with our friends, led to a good deal of discussion on the economics of Christian missions, especially as connected with the education of the young. Though we became very sensible of the disadvantages under which this had been conducted in the Konkan, and particularly by heathen teachers, we determined still to give it a share of our attention when we might be called to settle in Bombay, on which our affections were much set, as the special scene of our labours. The views which Mrs Wilson took of the subject were comprehensive and just. These will fall afterwards to be more particularly noticed.

We returned to Harnaí on the 14th of October, taking with us an Indo-Portuguese, who had been brought under serious impressions through his intercourse with the first convert admitted from the Catholic Church, and with Mr Stevenson. To the instruction of this young man, who was afterwards admitted into the Church by Messrs Cooper and Nesbit, Mrs Wilson and myself devoted a considerable share of our attention. He ultimately came to reside with us in Bombay, and we have found him serviceable in connection with the schools.

The following letter was addressed to a lady in Edinburgh, whose Christian character Mrs Wilson greatly venerated, and whom she viewed with no ordinary measure of affection:—

"HARNAI, 26*th October* 1829.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I intended to have written to you immediately after our arrival in India, but the study of the Maráthí language, together with a variety of unlooked-for occurrences, completely engrossed my time and attention; and, since the commencement of the monsoon, the debilitated state of my

health has rendered all writing, but such as was absolutely necessary, quite impracticable. It is, however, only in appearance that you have been unremembered by me; for, among the multitude of my thoughts and feelings, you have been often present to my mind; and my affection for you, instead of being diminished by absence, is only inscribed upon my heart in more lasting and indelible characters. Residence in a foreign clime necessarily multiplies our associations, by increasing the objects of our interest; but I find that this circumstance only lends additional strength to those affections which link us to the land of our nativity, and to the friends in whose kindred sympathies we have found a source of increasing and varied delight. The power of contrast is as much felt in the moral, as it is in the natural world; and, if it is ever made to exert a powerful influence over the mind, it is surely when contrasting the circumstances of a country under the dominion of the Gospel, and partially renovated by its influences, with that of a people sunk in all the darkness of heathenism, where we see the elements of mind in a state of entire hostility to the God who formed them, and swayed in all their movements by the dictates of a degrading and impure superstition. Many striking representations have been given of the idolatries of the East, and many circumstances adverted to which point out the moral delinquencies of a system in which not one principle of the Divine character is distinctly recognised, nor one act of His just and glorious administration viewed in relation to the fall and recovery of the guilty. But it is almost impossible, my dear friend, to form a correct and vivid idea of idolatry, till we are brought into actual contact with its votaries, and till we see, in living exhibition, the manifestation of those principles which lead them to prefer the meanest objects in nature to the glories of the invisible God, and to substitute for that affection and homage which His supremacy demands, the most unmeaning and childish ceremonies. It is when viewing such scenes that we can understand the sublime and pathetic lamentations of prophecy, when she takes up the note of warning, or points to the desolation and captivity of Judea and Jerusalem, because of the multitude of their idolatries, and the tendency to depart from the true and the living God. The yet more forcible appeals of Him

who spake as never man spake, and the unequalled testimony and reasoning of the apostle of the Gentiles in the renowned city of Athens, are felt to have a power and depth of meaning which could neither be fathomed nor perceived by us before. When we look across the length and the breadth of this land, a mere wilderness presents itself, of which only a fractional part has been cultivated. The prospect is gloomy beyond expression. The strongholds and encampments of the enemy are many and various. At almost every step he has placed bulwarks and fortresses impregnable to human argument and strength. The host of the enemy is mighty, while they who are enlisted on the side of the Lord of Hosts are few in number, and of very little might. Well might our courage, like that of Gideon, fail us, when confronted with such an army, were we not sustained by the Divine promise, and by the assurance that it is not by might, nor by wisdom, but by the Spirit of the Lord that the battle is to be fought, and the victory achieved. Though impregnable to human reasoning and skill, God has furnished us with weapons whereby we may assail the encampments of Satan. . . . . Some inroads have already been made in his territory; and the fabric of superstition, which survived the wreck of generations, and stood unmoved amid the changes of centuries, has of late years received a shock which has made it tremble to its foundations, and which will terminate at length in its total overthrow. The achievements of Christianity in the apostolic age, and in those countries formerly the dwelling-places of the most direful superstition, present us with the most splendid proofs of what may be done by the preaching of Christ and him crucified. These triumphs have as yet been but partially witnessed in this great country; but we have the sure word of prophecy respecting them, which is as a light shining in a dark place, and is given to guide our steps until the day-star arise and shed his glories around us. I find it extremely difficult to withdraw my thoughts from the many symbols of idolatry which are scattered around me, and from the revolting spectacles which are exhibited to our view at the heathen temples, and among the processions of the natives, or to fix them upon the glorious scenes of prophecy, whose certainty is confirmed by the unwavering determinations of Omnipotence.

Such a reference is absolutely necessary to support our faith, and to prevent our zeal from suffering abatement by the many discouragements which we may be doomed to experience. The work of a missionary is one of great difficulty. Every step which may be taken is fraught with importance, and requires the exercise of caution and wisdom. It has, however, a glorious present and future reward. Difficulties vanish when we consider their comparative insignificance, and even the magnitude of the work renders it less arduous, by pointing to its relation with the eternal destinies of man. While we find no congenial sentiments among the natives, and meet with few Europeans who can sympathize in the labour and toil of a missionary's work, it gladdens us to think that we possess your prayers, and those of other Christian friends; and that, though amid the uncertainties which surround us, we dare not cherish the hope of ever again meeting with you in this world, we have a mercy-seat, where our spirits may meet in endearing communion, and are permitted to look forward to an abode in the heavens, where our reunion shall be complete, and where, in an eternal song, we shall celebrate the praises of Him who hath loved and redeemed us.

.... "You will now be viewing the tints of an autumn landscape, emblem at once of the decay and beauty of all created things. To us the seasons exist only in remembrance; for, though nature in India exhibits a series of *changes*, they but faintly shadow the revolutions of spring and summer, of autumn and winter. The monsoon is now past, and we are again groaning under the rays of a scorching sun. There is scarcely a passing cloud to relieve the unvarying brightness of the sky. This is, in some respects, the most oppressive month in the year; the heat is intense, and the vapours which are raised from the ground often prove dangerous both to the natives and Europeans. There have been fewer deaths this year from cholera, and other diseases, than for a long time past. There is, however, at all times, much to remind us of our mortality; and the extreme exhaustion induced by the climate, makes us feel that we are in the region and shadow of death, and that what our hands find to do we must do with all our might, knowing that 'there is no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the grave, whither we are fast hastening.'

"I often recall with pleasure the last day I spent with you, and the deep interest which you took in missions. I remember we talked of Mrs Judson, who has long since terminated her labours, and has now joined the company of the redeemed. Dr Price has followed her to the eternal world; yet God is still carrying on his work in Barmáh, notwithstanding the obstacles which impede its advancement. You would be happy to hear that our mission, which laboured so long without any success, has at length been blessed in the conversion and admission to the Christian Church of five natives.... I trust they are but the first fruits of an abundant harvest, and that, ere our eyes are closed in their long and last sleep, we shall have the happiness of seeing many journeying towards Zion.... I often wonder that my ardour bears so little proportion to the dignity of the work, and that the desolations of a scene, which has been trodden down by Satan for many thousands of years, has not aroused to activity the dormant energies of my mind. I shall never regret the temporary sacrifice I have made; and if I have only come here to survey the field of labour, or to lend my feeble assistance to those who must bear the burden and heat of the day, I shall rejoice that one so unworthy has been thus honoured.

"I have acquired a considerable knowledge of the Maráthí language, and expect ere long to commence the superintendence of female schools. It is pleasing to know that the first native female who was qualified to teach a school, had received the truth as it is in Jesus; and that, at the hour of her dissolution, she testified to all around her that her only hope was fixed on the merits of the Redeemer.... Yours very affectionately.—M. W."

On the 11th November, Mrs Wilson and I proceeded to Dhápulí, a pleasant military station about fourteen miles south-east from Harnaí. We returned to the mission in a few days; and while with a friend I took a tour to Dhábul, where Messrs Cooper and Nesbit had been labouring for some time, Mrs Wilson made all necessary preparations for our removal to Bombay. We left the Konkan for the seat of the Presidency on the 25th November, carrying with us the best wishes of our friends, to whom Mrs Wilson had endeared herself in no ordinary degree. One of them, who had not the fewest opportunities of knowing her, in

a farewell note, thus addressed her:—" I trust that I shall cast no stumbling-block in your way, if I remind you that God has given you an extraordinary intellect, and affections and dispositions particularly amiable, and has thus fitted you for much usefulness both among the regenerate and unregenerate. All these talents he requires to be devoted to His service. It is only in complying with this requirement that you can be happy. It is only thus, indeed, that you can be found guiltless. By the gifts bestowed upon you, you are fitted either eminently to glorify yourself, or to glorify the Saviour. If you suffer the affection in which both the regenerate and the unregenerate regard you, to rest simply on yourself, you will most perversely disappoint the design of God in drawing their affections towards you, and most miserably hurt your own soul. You must make use of their affections in drawing them to the Saviour. In Bombay, you will, no doubt, enjoy many opportunities of doing good." ....

The writer of these lines afterwards declared, that he never saw a female who reflected the glory of the Saviour with greater radiancy than she to whom he addressed them. But, in her own eyes, she was " the least of all saints;" and every advance she made in holiness only imparted a deeper sense of her infinite distance from Him who is purity itself.

CHAPTER VII.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION IN BOMBAY—PLANS OF LABOUR—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF FEMALE EDUCATION—DEGRADATION OF WOMAN BY THE HINDU SHASTRAS—MRS WILSON'S COMMENCEMENT OF OPERATIONS—LETTER—REVIEW OF THE MEMOIR OF MRS JUDSON—CORRESPONDENCE—PUBLIC DISCUSSION WITH THE BRAHMANS—ON PRAYER FOR THE PROSPERITY AND EXTENSION OF THE CHURCH—PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF CONVERTS IN INDIA—CORRESPONDENCE—FIRST CONVERTS IN THE MISSION.

We arrived in Bombay on the evening of the 26th November 1829, and were, I trust, truly grateful to that Providence, through which our wishes for a settlement in this place—generated, in some degree, by the opinion of the Directors of the Missionary Society expressed to us at home—were realized. Several persons in India had endeavoured to dissuade us from our choice, by pointing to the little success hitherto experienced by the American mission, which had carried on operations for several years; by directing our attention to the fact, that a brother missionary, after a short trial, had left the station, as two of the Wesleyans, and two of the Church of England missionaries, had done before him; and particularly, by maintaining that the first converts to Christianity in India would undoubtedly be made from among those whom they termed "the unsophisticated inhabitants of villages remote from European settlements." In opposition to their views, I had, as soon as arrangements were made for my leaving the Konkan, written as follows:—"I desire to express heartfelt gratitude to my heavenly Father for his calling me to labour in a large town. It is evident that cities afford peculiar facilities for missionary exertion; that the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles lead us to conclude, that, in the apostolical age, the efforts of the servants of Christ were particularly directed to them; and that the name Pagan, which originally referred to the

inhabitants of a country district, leads us to believe that Christianity won in them its first triumphs. With regard to Bombay in particular, I may freely say, that when I consider its immense population—the different bodies of which that population is composed*—its intercourse with all parts of the surrounding country, and with different infidel nations—the diminution of the prejudices of caste, by the long intercourse which the people have had with Europeans—the facilities with which considerable congregations can be procured, Bibles and tracts circulated, and education conducted, and other circumstances which are before the view of my mind—I do not know a spot where I could, with more willingness, desire to 'spend and to be spent for the name of Christ.' Into this judgment my dear wife most cordially entered, or rather, she assisted me in forming it; and every circumstance connected with our labours has tended to evince its soundness. I know of no person acquainted with them who now dissents from it, while there were, of course, *some* who approved of it from its first expression. The Lord led us by a 'right way.'"

The following letter was the first written by Mrs Wilson after we returned to the seat of the Presidency:

"To Miss A. Elliot. Bombay, *5th Dec.* 1829.

"Your kind and acceptable letter, my dear friend, was received by us with pleasure and gratitude. It is impossible for you to form an idea of the joy which we experience on the arrival of letters, or of the deep interest which we feel in reading their details, when they refer to objects and scenes with which are associated our fondest recollections, and to which our affections still cling with undiminished and undecaying ardour. Every new communication from home seems to increase this ardour,

* According to the census of 1833, the population thus stood:—

Christians, (principally Roman Catholics),	18,376
Hindús, (including Jainas),	143,298
Muhammadans, (including Arabs, Persians, &c.),	49,928
Párs'is,	20,184
Jews, (including Native Israelites),	2,246
	234,032

and to swell the tide of affection till it almost threatens to overflow its proper boundaries. But the consideration of the great object to which we have devoted ourselves, and for the sake of which we have made a voluntary relinquishment of the ties of home and of country, is well fitted to lessen such inordinate attachment. We must direct our thoughts to the high commission with which we have been intrusted, and to our condition as strangers and foreigners upon earth, having here no abiding city, but looking for one which is to come, whose foundations are imperishable, and 'whose builder and maker is God.'

"You will be happy to hear that the zeal and disinterestedness which led Mr W. to devote himself to the missionary work, have not abated; but that, on the contrary, they have gathered new strength since he has surveyed the scene of his labours, and come into contact with the votaries of a gross and deluding superstition. I may in truth say, that the work is dear to his heart, and that, preferring the post of danger and of difficulty to a situation of less peril, he is pleased with his destiny, and will abide by it amid every hazard. The importance of the situation which he has chosen is not to be measured by present events and appearances; he looks through these to a distant futurity, in which the encouraging prophecies shall be realized in all their glory and brightness. But even the present felicity, with which the execution of so important a work is attended, is by no means inconsiderable; as, in the performance of its various duties, many promises of the Holy Scriptures find a striking fulfilment, and its reward is such as may well counterbalance the dangers and difficulties attendant upon it. These considerations have, I doubt not, supported, and will continue to support, the minds of his beloved parents and friends, amidst all the pangs of absence and separation. We have, indeed, much cause of gratitude and rejoicing, when we think of the Christian resignation which they manifested, and of the gracious support imparted to them, when parental affection and tenderness were brought to the trial. This trial was rendered peculiarly severe by the ardour of their attachment, which met with a corresponding return of affection in the heart of their son. The pain which he felt on parting with them was too great for utterance; and even now he speaks of them with

tears. I feel happy at the remembrance of having been enabled to spend so many days with them before we left Scotland, as it gave me an opportunity of perceiving their excellencies, and, consequently, of cherishing a regard and affection for them which I could not in other circumstances have felt.

"We left Harnaí last week, whither we had gone till Mr Wilson should acquire such a knowledge of the Maráthí language as would enable him to preach to and converse with the natives. During our residence there, he studied uninterruptedly, and with great ardour, and has obtained an extensive knowledge of the language. His progress has astonished the pandits, as well as many others; and you will be gratified to know, that he preached a discourse of an hour and a quarter in length, when he had studied the language only for six months. He has now preached frequently, and has had some most interesting conversations with the natives. I regret that I have not leisure at present to transcribe for your perusal part of a journal which he kept, during a short tour made in the Southern Konkan, as it would enable you to judge of the character and superstition of the people among whom we sojourn. Their state is truly deplorable; and, when we consider the nature of that superstition which holds them enthralled, and the moral ignorance and darkness which have so long enveloped them, we might despair of their ever being rescued from their guilt and degradation, had we not the unfailing word of prophecy to rest upon, and the declaration of Omnipotence, 'that the wilderness will become a fruitful garden, and that the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters do the channel of the sea.'

"We have now come to Bombay, the place destined to be the scene of our future labours and trials. Mr Wilson is surveying the field, and busied in forming schemes which he means to put in execution whenever opportunities shall be offered him. We have not yet got a house of our own, and are living with Mr Laurie, one of the clergymen of the Presbyterian Church. To his kindness and hospitality we feel ourselves much indebted; but we are now anxious to get into our own house, that we may without interruption commence our important labours. . . . . Let me request a special interest in your prayers for us individually, and for the progress of the glorious Gospel in heathen lands. . . .

Wishing you every earthly and spiritual comfort, I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely and affectionately.—M. W."

In forming plans for our operations in Bombay, we resolved to be guided by two principles—that of announcing the Gospel by preaching, discussion, writing, and education, to *all classes* of the native community,—high and low, rich and poor, young and old, Hindús, Musalmáns, Pársís, Jews, and others, as far as we might have the power of making our exertions efficiently to bear upon them,—and that of ministering among them, both statedly and occasionally, publicly and privately, *within doors and under the canopy of heaven.** We thought that if God gave us grace

* I may mention, that, owing to the manners and customs of the people, and the universal practice of the Bráhmans and other religious teachers of the East, there is no indecency in preaching in the open air, in situations where few impertinent interruptions may be expected to occur; and that certain classes of the natives, embracing those who are perhaps the most inclined to listen to it, can only thus be brought within its joyful sound. Let those who would reason against it from what is found expedient and proper in countries where Christianity has already been established, call to mind the practice of our Lord and his apostles,—our great exemplars in propagating divine truth among the unevangelized nations of the world. Wherever the objects of their ministry most advantageously presented themselves, they were prepared to fulfill it. The temple, the synagogue, and the private apartment,—the narrow street, and the public highway,—the open plain, and the lofty mount,—the garden, and the wilderness,—the bank of the river, and the margin of the sea,—were equally hallowed by these heavenly teachers.

But many say, leave this preaching without doors to native agents, who will be best able to bear the exposure connected with it. Would to God that native labourers were raised up to carry the Gospel through the length and breadth of the land! In order that we may become possessed of them, however, we must in the meantime, have a body of converts from whom to select them. For procuring this body of converts, we must not confine our exertions to the school, the lecture room, or the church, but use all the means which Providence has put within our reach. Even after we have been blessed, through God's mercy, with native preachers, we must for some time show them in our own persons the lively example of an apostolic ministration. The European missionary, though he may have the disadvantage of the native, in regard to a knowledge of the languages and customs of the country, will,

to act in this manner, we should be following a course which would convince the natives, that, notwithstanding the differences existing among them, in belief and practice, we viewed them as equally standing in need of the salvation of Christ; while it would be in accordance with the dictates of inspiration, peculiarly applicable to incipient missions, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." The establishment of schools appeared to us the best mode of getting access to the young,—certainly not the most hopeless part of the community, as far as immediately fruitful exertions, and the probability of thus raising up native agents for carrying them on, are concerned; of giving their tender minds—what is so essential to their efficient instruction,—line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; of conciliating their parents, and the population in general; and of introducing the Gospel

generally speaking, have a superiority in regard to his Christian habits, begotten and nourished in a holy atmosphere; and in his general stores of knowledge and of thought, accumulated, it may be, under a most laborious preceptorial direction, and with the aid of a sympathy which cannot be expected here till the spirit and constitution of society are changed. How important, then, is it, that, in the first instance, *he* should take the lead! Xenophon remarked, that the Asiatics would not fight unless under Greek auxiliaries. His observation is strictly applicable to our own days, and hence we have here, not merely European drill-establishments, but a considerable European force, with European officers, to lead the native troops to the field. What is true in this instance, as regards this world's strife, is, to a certain extent, true in regard to the "good fight of faith." The first native preachers of India ought certainly to have the full benefit of the experience and example of preachers from Britain and other highly favoured Christian lands. As to the *exposure*, much more is said of it than is at all necessary. When not carried too far, it contributes, I believe, to the health of missionaries, who spend a great part of their time and study in tuition; and at all events, when laid in the balance with its results, it is not worthy of notice. The Gospel is very generally made known, and many people are roused by preaching in places of public concourse, and by the distribution of books which accompanies it.

into private circles. Establishments, in which *native females* should be taught, presented themselves to Mrs Wilson as the most important *desiderata* connected with her prospects of direct usefulness; and she resolved, accordingly, to give the institutions and conducting of them a large share of her energies and time.

The difficulties which she was called to encounter, in the commencement of her undertaking, were much greater than can be well explained, without statements which might seem invidious, and which in reality are not essential to the present narrative. The grand obstacle in the way of progress, it is sufficient to observe, consisted in the total apathy of the natives on the subject of female education, and in the general belief among them, that, however proper an accomplishment for "dancing girls," it was neither desirable, nor even decorous, for any persons who were expected to maintain the least respectability of character. The prejudices which they cherished on this subject were powerful and obstinate. They had not, however, the sanction of the express statute of the Hindú superstition, which would have made them still more formidable. The belief, among many Europeans, that the Hindú Shástras forbid the instruction of females, is utterly erroneous. I have discovered in them many *shlokas*, which not only permit, but enjoin it ;* while there are many recorded and approved examples of women, distinguished in ancient times for their literary attainments. The present state of matters is to

* The following may be given as an example. I represent the Sanskrita according to a modification of Sir William Jones's system of notation :—

Puránam dharmashástram cha adhyetavyam prayatnatah ;
Vidyáhínam vrithá janma strínám chaiva vrithdoitam.

"Let the *Puránas* and *books of law* be read; Because the birth of women without learning goes for nought." Women, however, like all the Shúdras, are interdicted from reading the *Vedas*.

Strí shúdra dwijabandhunám trayí na shruti gocharáItí bhárata ákhyánam kripaya muniná kritam.

"The woman Shúdra, and the offspring of Bráhmans not from women of the Brahmanical caste, have not the authority to read the three Vedas. In consequence of this circumstance, the Muni (Vyása) graciously made for them the Bhárata, &c.

be accounted for, in my opinion, by a reference to the natural effects of the passages of the Shástras, in which woman is degraded from her natural position as a "help meet" for man; and according to which, "she who was originally destined to be the depositary of his thoughts, his solace in affliction, his counsellor in adversity and prosperity, is reduced to the level of a slave, or of the brutes which he has domesticated." The Shástras are, in these respects, most culpable—indeed, much more so than is commonly believed even by Europeans resident in India,—as, considering the importance of the subject, I think it worth while to demonstrate.

According to them, the birth of a daughter is not to be compared with that of a son. Woman is exhibited as greatly lower than man in her moral constitution. "Falsehood, cruelty, bewitchery, folly, covetousness, impurity, and unmercifulness, are woman's inseparable faults."* "Woman can never act on her own responsibility."† "Woman's sin is greater than that of man," and cannot be removed by the atonements which destroy his.‡ "Women are they who have an aversion to good works."§ Girls are to be disposed of in marriage by their relatives between the age of seven‖ and ten; and, consequently, long before a proper match can be made on their behalf, and before they themselves can have any thing like an enlightened judgment of the relation into which they are appointed to enter. The celebration of the nuptials is the only occasion, except on a journey when robbers are feared, on which the Bráhmaní is permitted to eat with her husband.¶ She must not sit with him in the same

* *Anritam sáhasam máyá murkhatvam at ilobhatá*
Ashaucham nirdayatvam cha strínám dosha svabhava jáah.
Skanda Purána.

† *Na svatantryam hi yoshitám.*

‡ *Purushápekshyá chaiva strínam pápam guru smritam;*
Snána sandhyá jape naiva pusám pápam tukshíyate.

§ *Karmábhávátta thaiva cha.*

‖ Their marriages are often performed at an earlier age, particularly among the higher classes, in whose purses Bráhmanical fingers can easily find suitable atonements.

¶ *Viváhakále yátráyám pathi chora samákule*
Asaháyo bhavedvi prastadá káryam dvijanmbhiih.

conveyance, except in like circumstance.* Woman is on no account to be trusted, though, for the delight of her lord, she may be clothed with ornaments.† "Let not women be much loved," it is enjoined; "let them have only that degree of affection which is necessary; let the fulness of affection be reserved for brothers, and other similar connections."‡ "Let a wife," it is said in the Skanda Purána, "who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord, and drink the water,—for a husband is to a wife greater than Shankara (Shiva) or Vishnu. The husband is her god, and priest, and religion, and its services; wherefore, abandoning every thing else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband."§ The highest merit will be acquired by her, if she surrender herself to be burned on the funeral pile along with him. Should she choose to live in the state of a widow, her condition becomes most deplorable. She must never again think of entering into the married state, even though she may never have been under her husband's roof.‖ She must have her head regularly shaved, abstain from the use of aromatics, take only one meal a day, and never sleep upon a couch. She must be placed entirely under the control of her sons, or other male relatives, and never be permitted to act on her own discretion. While the "sacred" books thus degrade woman, and diabolically trample on her rights, need it by wondered at, that her education, though recommended, has come to be en-

* *Ekayána samároham eka pátrech bhojanam*
Viváhe pathi yatráyám kritvá chaivam na dosh bhák.
These *shlokas* refer merely to the exceptions to the rules mentioned in the text.

† *Bhúshaná nicharatnáni vastráni vividhánicha*
Sarvam prityá pradátavyam visvásham naiva kárayet.

‡ *Ati prítirnakarttavyá stríbhihsaha kadáchana*
Pritih káryárth mátram hi káryá bandhujanai saha.

§ The Sanskrita of this, I have given in the Second Exposure of Hindúism, p. 172.

‖ When the Hindús are asked, why they do not permit widows to marry, their reply is, "If women had this licence, they would poison their husbands whenever they dislike them, in order to get new ones!"—Such is their idea of conjugal love and union.

tirely neglected, and that the popular feeling is entirely opposed to its countenance and prosecution?

The very degradation of woman in India, however, though it renders all efforts for its remedy immensely difficult, is a most cogent reason for the determined and vigorous prosecution of these efforts. No person was ever more deeply persuaded of this than Mrs Wilson. She looked upon the females of this country, not only in the light of Christianity, as alienated from God, and devoted to the love and practice of sin, and consequently doomed, should the Saviour's mercy not intervene, to an eternity of woe in the regions of despair; but considered in regard even to ordinary civilization, as most unlikely, from their ignorance, the restraint and almost entire suppression of affections and tendernesses natural to them, and their want of domestic and social virtues, to perform their part in informing the minds and moulding the characters of their children, or in soothing, comforting, counselling, and humanizing their husbands. The general state of native society, she clearly perceived, could never be improved while their education was neglected, or only partially prosecuted. The stream of corruption she traced to its source, and she resolved that there, as far as her instrumentality was concerned, the attempt should be made to stem it.

We removed to the premises which had been engaged for the mission on the 26th December 1829; and even before we were comfortably settled in them, she commenced her operations. She engaged, in the first instance, three Bráhmans as teachers, whom she countenanced to the utmost of her power, in collecting scholars. She used her persuasion, during personal visitations, with the different classes of the natives, to send their daughters for instruction; and this first told among the lower orders, whose superstition, though gross, is not so powerful or determined as that of their richer neighbours. She excited the attendance and progress of the children, both at the schools and the mission-house, by a few trifling but judiciously distributed rewards. She instructed the masters, or *pantojis*, as they were called, in the method to be pursued in teaching; and much, indeed, had she to contend with in their prejudices, indolence, and unfaithfulness. She did not merely examine the scholars, but personally

taught them during several hours daily, and that while the state of her own health, with her family duties, which she never neglected, would have formed to any person, whose mind did not burn with the ardour of Christian benevolence, a sufficient apology for inaction. Before three months had expired, she had 53 scholars; and, before she had been double that time in Bombay, there were six schools, with 120 scholars. "Though on account of the unfaithfulness of the teachers," I wrote respecting them, "the carelessness of the parents, the bad habits of the children, and the frequent interruptions occasioned by festivals and marriages, they are conducted under great disadvantages; some of the girls appear to profit by them, and have made considerable progress in reading, and in the acquisition of a knowledge of the principles of Christianity. They require the greatest attention and anxiety; but it is hoped they will continue to improve. They are frequently and regularly visited, and the girls are in the habit of assembling on the mission premises for instruction." Mrs Wilson's direct usefulness, in the work of the Lord among the natives, was not, even at this time, confined to her scholars, but extended to as many adults as she could induce to listen to her instructions.

Here I must lay before the reader part of her own correspondence and compositions, from which it will appear, that in new relations and employments, the endowments of her mind, her affections, and Christian graces, became more and more developed. While often might be seen, falling from the eye of her compassion, "the graceful tear that streams for others' woe," her own abode was never destitute of the

> ——— "mild majesty of private life,
> Where peace, with ever blooming olive, crowns
> The gate."

Her engagements in duty, and her endurance of trial, were alike ordered, by her faithful Redeemer, for the promotion of her own spiritual improvement and the benefit of her fellow-creatures.

To her Sisters. "Bombay, 20*th Feb.* 1830.

"It is now a very long time since we heard from you, and our anxiety to receive letters is consequently great. The state

of my health has rendered me incapable of writing to you so frequently as I should otherwise have done; and it is only the hope of extorting letters from you, that makes me now attempt it. Did you know the happiness which your letters communicate to us, or the agonizing fears which their delay causes, you would write more frequently. I must, however, cease from chiding, as I probably charge you unjustly, and cast on you a blame which is to be ascribed solely to the inconstancy of the winds and waves. Mr Wilson wrote you some time ago; and, from his letter you would learn that we have left Harnaí, and are now settled in Bombay. Thither his hopes pointed as the fittest and most eligible missionary station. He had calculated beforehand the extent and difficulties of the field, and also the probabilities of success and of disappointment which awaited him; and I am happy to say, that facts have hitherto accorded with his previous expectations, and that, though a situation of trial and of responsibility, it is the one where he wishes to spend and to be spent in the service of his Divine Master. I sometimes fear, that the variety and extent of his labours may bring on a premature exhaustion of strength, and of this he has been forewarned by several of the medical men here; but you know how vain all arguments from expediency and future consequences are, when one engrossing object takes possession of the mind, and when repeated calls for exertion are urging their claims upon us. Would that I possessed a portion of his zeal and devotedness, or that I manifested similar perseverance in the path of duty. Every day I am called to mourn over my lukewarmness in the Christian profession, and the low standard to which I have as yet attained. This is one of the reasons why I attempt so little, and why my endeavours have so frequently proved abortive. Oh that our faith in the Divine promises were more constant and vigorous, and that we looked to a heavenly agency for support and direction! Of late, I have been almost compelled to give up study; and, although I have already formed three female schools in Bombay, I regret to say that I have not been able to give them that constant superintendence which they require. . . . The prospect of bringing into existence an immortal being, awakens many solemn reflections in my mind; and the

jeopardy in which my own life must be placed, brings the realities of death strikingly to my view. Into the arms of my Almighty Redeemer I desire to commend myself. His I am by an eternal purchase,—His I would also be by a voluntary dedication. In life, and at death, may it be my supreme desire to glorify his name, and to magnify the riches of his mercy; and, when my tongue becomes silent, and my garments, now sullied, are laid aside, may I strike the eternal note of praise, and put on that white raiment which is the pledge and the reward of victory. . . . We have here a small but delightful society of Christians. They consist principally of gentlemen. . . . We have a meeting every Wednesday evening for prayer and religious conversation. The individuals who assemble with us, on these occasions, would be interesting anywhere, but are especially so in this land of captivity, where we are surrounded by the symptoms of moral death, and where even intellect seems to stagnate for want of objects to keep it in exercise. Mr Wilson breakfasts with Captain Molesworth every Saturday morning, and addresses, in the Maráthí language, about 500 of his weekly pensioners, all of whom are the miserable victims of disease and poverty. Captain M. has acquired a profound knowledge of the Maráthí, and is at present engaged in publishing his dictionary, a work of tremendous labour and research. He has also a thorough knowledge of Hindustání, and talks it with as much fluency as if he were a native. Mr Candy is a most agreeable young man; he lives with Captain M., and is engaged with him in the same work. He has a brother equally pious with himself, who has returned to England on account of his health, but intends to come out as a missionary. I think I mentioned Mr Webb to you, a pious young officer, who was staying with us at Harnaí. His brother is a civilian in Bombay. He is equally interesting, and one of our most intimate friends. . . . Mr Money, who married Miss Gray, is also a very superior young man, decidedly religious, and I think very talented. He is also in the civil service. Mrs Money and he have showed us great kindness. I am always happy to be with them, as they never fail to talk about you, and many things connected with Scotland. . . . Mr Wilson sends you the 'Oriental Christian Spectator,' which he, Mr Webb,

Mr Money, &c., edit. . . . . Such a publication was particularly required in the Presidency, owing to the dearth of information which prevails on religious and missionary subjects, and the difficult access to religious books and periodicals. I have written the review of Mrs Judson, not from the desire of authorship, but because *commanded* and *entreated* by my husband, whose authority I always acknowledge. It was written when I was ill, and under very great disadvantages, as I was obliged to hurry it over without time even to correct it. . . . I fear my beloved sisters will be shocked at my temerity, and that my intellectual brother will think I have gone *demented.* But for his comfort, let me tell you, that it is to be kept a profound secret. . . . Yours, &c.— M. W."

The review of the Life of Mrs Judson alluded to in the preceding letter, and which appeared in the numbers of the Oriental Christian Spectator for March and April 1830, was much admired by the readers of that journal; and it tended not a little to recommend it to the Indian public. As it is intrinsically interesting, and throws considerable light on Mrs Wilson's views of the missionary work, and the efforts of females in connection with it, I give from it an extract of considerable length.

"The lives of distinguished females have of late years excited considerable attention amongst the different classes of the community. Hence the pen of the biographer has not unfrequently been employed in delineating their characters, narrating the incidents of their history, and tracing with accuracy, and variety of detail, the circumstances which led to the formation or development of their principles, and to their introduction into scenes where the energies of their minds had ample scope to unfold themselves.

"This species of biography possesses a separate and peculiar interest. It introduces us to individuals, formed by nature for a subordinate sphere of action, and deprived, in a great measure, of those powerful motives to exertion which the eager pursuit of knowledge, a love of honourable distinction, and the expectation of reward, impart to their possessors. It draws aside the veil which modest and retiring virtue delights to throw over the deeds of charity or of heroism which she has herself achieved; and,

while it exhibits the finer and more delicate sensibilities which form so distinguishing a characteristic of the sex, it shows us the laws of mind in some of their simplest states of existence, and unaffected by those circumstances which, like counteracting forces, suspend or modify their exercise. . . . .

"The appalling and gloomy contrast which past history, and the present aspect of those countries where females are doomed to ignoble servitude, and subjected to a bondage more degrading than that of chains, lead us to make with the countries which are reaping the fruits of the Christian religion, must strike every sincere and candid inquirer. In the one case, we see the mind sunk into utter dormancy, or swayed only by the dictates of jealousy or of fear; in the other, we behold it in a state of wakeful activity, and animated by those ever-recurring motives to exertion, which principle and the consciousness of its high relations inspire. In the former case, the miserable victims may be seen trembling under the rod of the tyrant. Every generous and disinterested emotion is quenched in the human breast. A cold and withering blight is thrown over their prospects, and, while the tyranny of evil becomes fiercer and fiercer, the stern compulsion of circumstances is all that is substituted for the obedience of love. Among them we in vain look for the glow of patriotism, the constancies of friendship, or that deepening affection which counts not its own sufferings and toils. Their seeming virtues are artificial, and, being rooted in self-interest, they fluctuate with the ebbings and flowings of a tide over which they have no control. Such is an outline of their state, as it respects mortal existence; but when we advert to the fact, that they are in utter darkness regarding the only event in creation's history which can impart peace to the conscience, or enkindle that animating hope which lightens the gloom of adversity, and sheds a calm and tranquillizing light upon earthly destiny, their condition is deplorable in the extreme. . . . .

"The distinguished individual, whose memoirs we now attempt to bring before the notice of our readers, is not, we presume, altogether unknown to them. The early details of the Burman Mission, which appeared in several of our religious periodicals, with the subsequent history of its vicissitudes, and of

the almost unparalleled sufferings to which the devoted few who adhered to it in circumstances of overwhelming peril and difficulty were exposed, created no common excitement among those who watched the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, or whose views were directed to the political revolutions by which the latter-day glories of our world are hastening on. The uncertainty which so long prevailed regarding the fate of the empire, the darkness in which every thing connected with the mission was involved, and the fears entertained about the converts, who were placed in peculiar jeopardy, tended greatly to increase their interest. To Burmah we looked, as to a place where the standard of the Lord of hosts had been erected, and where the light of the glorious Gospel was shedding its rays; and our fears were excited lest the standard should be thrown down, and that of the enemy erected in its place, and lest the light should be suddenly extinguished. It was therefore with feelings of gratitude that we contemplated the cessation of hostilities, when part of the Burman possessions was ceded to British power, and that we hailed the brightening prospects which opened upon the mission. A dark and portentous cloud seemed again to come over our prospects, when tidings of Mrs Judson's death reached us; and, though recent accounts ought to excite our most fervent gratitude to Him whose agency is supreme, and whose counsels are true and faithful, feelings, not unmixed with melancholy, arise in our minds, when we look back upon those virtues which seem to acquire new interest from their extinguished brightness, and from a remembrance of the gloomy and desolate path which they once illuminated.

"A history of the Burman Mission formed an important desideratum. This was in some measure supplied by the able and interesting account drawn up by Mrs Judson. Much was, however, wanting to fill up the narrative; and, as the materials could only be supplied by those who took part in the dreadful tragedy, or were eye-witnesses of the transactions, we naturally looked for its continuance to one of the missionaries, or to some individual who had access to the letters and private journals which had escaped the general wreck, or were taken from a remembrance of circumstances which could not but be indelibly en-

graven upon their minds. A biographical sketch of Mrs Judson, with an account of the motives and circumstances which induced her to engage in the missionary work, was also eagerly desired by us; and we rejoice to say, that both objects have been united in the work before us. A narrative more replete with interest, or better fitted to keep alive the courage and languishing efforts of those who are exposed to untried difficulties, or compelled to labour in seasons of suffering or of persecution, it has seldom been our lot to peruse. We rise from it with invigorated confidence, with our zeal animated, and with high admiration of the intrepid fortitude, and patient endurance, which this follower of her Divine Master was enabled to manifest and to sustain.

"Mrs Judson's mind was of a superior order, and every one acquainted with her writings must, we think, be struck with the fine proportion which existed among its powers, and which arose, in a great degree, from the balance of principle, and from the concentration of its energies to one great and important object. There was, however, a constitutional harmony; and, as we admire the stately proportions and exquisite symmetry of an edifice, independently of the design for which it was erected, so may we admire the more wonderful workmanship of the heavenly Architect, and meditate upon the skill therein manifested, whether that skill shines forth from the mirror of nature, or is reflected from the human soul,—the glories of whose original creation sin alone has effaced. There was something in the early development of Mrs Judson's character, which seemed to mark out her peculiar destiny, and to set her apart for the high and honourable work in which she engaged. Gifted with clear intellect, united to persevering effort, and a moral courage which difficulties could not appal, she was prepared to encounter hardships, and to resist trials, from which minds of feebler structure, or of a false and fastidious refinement, would have recoiled. Animated by love to that Saviour, the height and the depth of whose love to sinners tongue cannot describe, and justly deeming it the highest honour that can be conferred upon man, to be commissioned to go forth with the message of reconciliation to that portion of the estranged and exiled family of our race, upon whom the light of the glorious gospel has not yet shed its vivifying beams, she was not

afraid of coming into contact with all that is revolting in human character, and from which the eye of taste and of sentimentalism might have turned away with disgust. The moral world opened before her in all its variety of guilt and of wretchedness; and knowing the utter desolation which reigns among beings severed from the fountain of happiness, as well as their irrevocable doom in the regions of despair, she lost sight of those minor distinctions which we so frequently make the occasion of self-gratulation. 'Who made thee to differ?' was the question which she proposed to herself; and justly tracing the origin of natural and moral distinctions to the will and unmerited favour of Heaven, she longed to make others partakers of like privileges with herself, and to introduce them into that glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. To this undertaking she was prompted by a benevolence pure and disinterested. For the beings of her compassion, she sought not the possession of earthly riches and honours, nor the enjoyment of those distinctions which might serve to attach them more firmly to earth, and to throw an illusive splendour around objects and events which must soon vanish away. The good she sought for them was lasting as eternity, and pure as the unsullied source whence it flows. It was a happiness arising from conscious safety, from a moral nature brought into union with the divine, and from a title-deed to those glorious possessions which no change of time or of circumstances can impair. This was a high and noble ambition, enkindled at the altar of Heaven; and, when we think of one, fitted by her acquirements to attract the admiration of the world, making this voluntary surrender of herself to the missionary cause, her excellencies rise in our estimation; and she seems to realize the personification of mercy, so exquisitely conceived by a late lamented poet, in one of the happiest effusions of his muse, when she descended from heaven, carrying from the eternal throne that lamp of light which was to dispel the darkness of the world.

> 'This lamp, from off the eternal throne,
> Mercy took down, and in the night of time
> Stood, casting on the dark her gracious brow;
> And evermore beseeching men, with tears,
> And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.'

"We have already remarked, that Mrs Judson's talents were of a powerful kind. Her feelings were also fervent and animated, and her enthusiasm was excited only by objects which were worthy of it. To some persons, her mind may have appeared too masculine in its texture, and deficient in those milder graces which lend a peculiar charm to character, and like moonlight upon a landscape, soften down asperities. It was, however, the will of the Sovereign Disposer of events that her lot should be cast in a situation where sensibility, without firmness, would have proved unavailing, and where the former quality was nurtured, as well as controlled and regulated, by protracted suffering, and by the painful conflicts which it had to endure. In her writings, we consequently find some beautiful touches of feeling and pathos. These are never abruptly obtruded on our notice, nor descanted on in such a way as to interrupt the thread of her narrative. They are always brought before us in connection with particular events, and are so interwoven with her details, that, while they afford us a pleasing glimpse into the interior of the author's mind and feelings, they never divert our attention from the object which she professes to have in view. Her faith in the Divine promises was enlightened and vigorous, and, by this holy principle, she was enabled to persevere amidst every discouragement, and when no visible success accompanied her labours. Resting upon the declaration which has gone forth from the Almighty regarding the future triumphs of the Gospel in every land, it was not affected by those sudden alternations of feeling which the varying aspect of human affairs is so apt to produce. The glorious page of prophecy opened its treasures before her; and, when she looked forward to those 'scenes surpassing fable and yet true,' they inspired her, even in distant prospect, with a foretaste of joy and blessedness. When difficulties thickened around her, we therefore find that she was not overcome by them. Her solitary chamber bore witness to the expressions of her confidence, and to the strong crying and tears with which she made intercession for that little church which was now dispersed, but which God, in his mysterious and faithful providence, was sustaining in the wilderness. Her assurance of the Divine acceptance disarmed death of its terrors, and her unmitigated

earthly sorrows made her long more earnestly for the participation of heavenly rest, and for that land of never-ending delights where nothing shall again interrupt the stream of enjoyment. Separated from her endeared partner—who was exposed to the gloom and damps of a prison-house—fearful of his impending doom, and denied that access to him which might have soothed their mutual sorrows, her cup of earthly misery seemed at its full. Add, however, to this, the dreadful privations to which she was herself subjected, and her exposure to the rude and barbarous insults of those to whose mercy she was intrusted, and her condition appears truly deplorable. Even in these circumstances, she did not give way to sinful despondency, but employed herself in devising expedients by which she might procure deliverance for the missionaries, or obtain a mitigation of their sufferings. The measures to which she had recourse evinced a skill and dexterity which place in a strong light the varying resources of her mind. Amid all the ingenuity which she manifested, we find no compromise of principle, no mean stratagem, and not even a seeming deviation from truth, when circumstances were most oppressive. Her personal trials never abated her zeal for the conversion of the heathen, nor made her relax in her efforts to instruct the females and others in the truths of the blessed Gospel. For this object she lived, and for it she was willing to die. She knew that the clouds which gathered around her were tinged with the beams of a glorious sun, and that the light which now shone so feebly would usher in a more perfect day. Some of the converts had already terminated their warfare, and joined the ransomed of the Lord. She was, as yet, a stranger and a sojourner upon earth; and, when she was preparing anew to enter upon the field of conflict, death put a period to her sufferings, and introduced her into that world where 'they who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the sun in the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.' "

In reference to the dissolution of the connexion of Mr and Mrs Judson with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Mrs Wilson sensibly and charitably observes, —"They entered into the communion of those who deny that

the infants of believers should be admitted into the visible church. We disapprove of the grounds of their preference, as opposed to the general economy of the Gospel, and the practice of the primitive churches; but we cannot but admire the Divine wisdom which made this occurrence the occasion of rousing the slumbering Baptist Churches of America to a consideration of their duties in regard to the propagation of the Gospel, and which ultimately led to the foundation of a Missionary Society among themselves." With regard to their settlement in Barmáh, she remarks,—"We cannot look back upon the varied events which befell them, without feeling that an unseen hand was guiding them thither; and that the trials which they were called to endure, prepared them for the disastrous and troubled scenes which awaited them." Late events, connected with the success of the Gospel on the field of their labours, have greatly strengthened this inference.

To Mrs Cooper, Harnaí. "Bombay, 12*th May* 1830.

"My very dear Friend,—Your and Mr Cooper's kind and valued letters afforded us much pleasure. None, I am persuaded, were more sincere in their congratulations, or could more deeply sympathize with those mingled emotions of joy and gratitude which such an event awakened in our minds.* From my previous sufferings, and from the state of debility to which I was reduced, my thoughts were often brought into contact with the solemn realities of death and an eternal existence. I scarcely dared to expect a living child; and, though I had no dread of the suffering consequent on the event of a dead one, I thought it extremely probable that my strength would give way in the hour of nature's conflict. You will be glad, my dear friend, to know that I felt joyful in the prospect of death; and, though such feelings can only be deemed sincere in proportion as they exert a practical influence over the train of our after sentiments and feelings, they may even now be reflected on with gratitude, and made the occasion of exciting us to thanksgiving and praise.

"I cannot convey to you an idea of the joy which I felt on first experiencing a mother's love; but you, my dear friend, know how intense and exquisite is the feeling, and have probably made it a mean, however inadequate, of raising your thoughts to the

* The birth of our first child.

contemplation of that love, the height, and depth, and length of which surpass all knowledge. The love of Christ is a theme of delightful contemplation, both in regard to ourselves individually and in regard to our children. In this all-pervading principle, we have the most ample encouragement for hope; and the provisions of that covenant which rests upon it, as upon an eternal and unshaken basis, are infinitely great, and extend to the children of believers. O that we had faith to draw more fully upon the Divine promises!—'We ask and do not receive, because we ask amiss.' The promises are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus; and it is because we do not believe them aright, that we do not experience their fulfilment. I have been egotistical, my dear friend, from principle, knowing the deep interest which you have ever taken in all that concerns us, and feeling that it would be a want of the friendship which I most deeply feel, not to make you a partaker of our joy and gratitude.

"We are truly concerned to hear that *you* are now the sufferer. I understood from your letter, that you had been complaining, but was not aware that it was so serious, till we received letters from our dear friend, Mr Nesbit, stating the particulars of the case. I am happy that you have been induced to try what effect a change of residence may have upon your constitution. I trust you will abstain as much as possible from all exertion, and that you will allow your mind some respite from all anxiety. When, through sickness or other causes, we are, in the providence of God, rendered unfit for exertion, it is our duty to submit without repining, and to repose with unhesitating confidence on the Divine promises. A cessation from labour, however painful, is not without its advantages; and, if it inculcates upon us the lesson of our own impotency, with a fuller dependence upon the teaching and agency of God, its uses will afterwards become apparent. What an unspeakable comfort it must be to you at present, having your dear mother with you. We were quite delighted with what we saw of her, and she seems to have left a strong impression in her favour among all the good people who were introduced to her here.

"The case of Apá and Krishna* is truly deplorable. I shall

* The two first Hindú converts of the Konkan Mission.

never forget the pang which it sent to our hearts. I fear it has made us distrustful of inquirers. It ought, perhaps, to have made us distrustful of ourselves, and to have led us more carefully to examine what there may have been in our conduct, or want of earnestness in their behalf, which contributed to their fall. The Pantojí mentioned to you by Mr Wilson, continues to come regularly for instruction, and, humanly speaking, evinces sincerity. Ráma Chandra, who has seen him, speaks well of him, and thinks he is ready to receive baptism.

"I have been much tried with the teachers of my female schools. Their depths of deceit are quite *unfathomable*. I have been able to visit my schools twice this week, which is a matter of great thankfulness to me. Dr Smyttan thinks it wrong of me to go out so soon; but the evils arising from my long absence have been so great, that if not remedied *now*, I fear they will become past redress. On returning from one of them yesterday morning, I met with a very narrow escape. The shigram broke, and came down with me. I was not much hurt, but from weakness and previous fatigue, I fainted. More than a hundred people gathered around me, whose inquiries, in unknown tongues, only agitated me the more; and I was obliged to wait for an hour, before a conveyance could be procured to take me home. Believe me, my dear friend, affectionately yours.—M. W."

To Mrs Wilson's Sisters. Bombay, 16*th May* 1830.

. . . "I rejoice in having this opportunity of confirming with my own hand the joyous tidings which were conveyed to you by Mr Wilson's letter. We have often pictured in our imaginations the joy which it would impart to you, and the gratitude which must have thrilled through your hearts, on being informed of the imminent danger from which I was delivered. . . . . God, in his loving-kindness, has not only seen fit to spare me a little longer upon earth, but has blessed me by making me a joyful mother. Our beloved Andrew is a most fascinating baby. . . .

"You have no idea, my beloved sisters, how happy we are in the midst of our great and important work. Our discouragements are indeed great and many. It is impossible for you to realize the heart-withering, heart-rending scenes which we come in contact with, or the painful discoveries which we are constantly

making among those whose habitations are in the midst of deceit. But such discoveries increase our compassion for the wretched votaries of a system which not only envelopes the understanding in thick darkness, but perverts every affection of the heart; and it is delightful, when surrounded on all sides by the symbols of idolatry and superstition, to be able to make known 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' and to testify of the Lord God who dwelleth in heaven, and whose presence pervades space. Mr Wilson continues to labour in season and out of season, that he may win souls to Christ. Some success has accompanied his labours. He has a great concourse of visitors daily at our own house, besides those whom he addresses in the streets, and in native houses. He has at present four inquirers, one of whom will, I trust, ere long be admitted into the Church. We have been much tried by the conduct of poor Apá. His former apparent zeal forms but a melancholy contrast with his recent return to heathenish practices. Messrs Stevenson and Mitchell have found it necessary to excommunicate him. O that it may please our compassionate and merciful High Priest to restore this unhappy wanderer, and to bring him again into his sheep-fold! Among all his brethren, there is none to pity him. It is unlikely that they will again receive him into caste; and his doom must be wretched beyond expression, if, after having been enlightened, and tasted of the heavenly gift, he return again to the way of perdition. Ráma Chandra is here at present, and continues to prosper. It is quite affecting to hear him, with all the simplicity of his native language and idiom, addressing his countrymen on the truths of the Gospel. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To the Misses T., Edinburgh. "Bombay, 24*th June* 1830.

"It is now very long since I received your delightful and animating epistles. Your amusing and graphical description of home scenes brought the whole group in —— Street so vividly to my view, that I could scarcely believe such a mighty expanse of ocean separated me from you. My sisters have, no doubt, explained satisfactorily to you, the cause of my seeming neglect in not having written to you sooner, and I feel assured that your generous and sympathizing hearts do not require the apology to be repeated. Through the kindness of God towards me, my

health is now completely restored, and I have been enabled to return to my former studies and occupations with renewed vigour. I have also the inexpressible happiness of being a mother, but you must not suppose that I have grown romantic on the occasion; for I assure you that nothing is more fitted to drive away golden dreams and delusive expectations, or to place *common sense* upon her rightful throne. . . . . Little Andrew is, notwithstanding a very delightful child. He manifests a great predilection for the poets, at least such of them as our library furnishes a sight of; but, alas! it is only their outward covering which attracts him. He is named for Mr Wilson's father, a person whose amiable and Christian-like qualities entitle him to our respect and admiration; but the name reminds us of another beloved friend also—one of Scotland's bravest champions, who has fought some of the best and noblest of her battles, and through whose intrepidity much that we admire and value has been achieved. . . . I see he has had new battles to fight since we left Scotland. It is long since he gave the death-blow to the Apocryphists. . . . We live in perilous times. Judgments seem about to be poured upon the churches. Let us, my beloved friends, give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. O let us not be satisfied with a vague and indefinite hope regarding our eternal interests! Let us seek the possession of that hope which maketh not ashamed, and which will ever prove an anchor sure and stedfast to the soul. . . . With us who have heard the Gospel message, a deep and terrible responsibility rests. Our time, our talents, our influence, ought all to be consecrated and set apart for holy purposes. The beings around us have many claims upon our compassion, and, if our sympathies are not bounded by time, but reach forward to eternity, the spiritual wants of our fellow-mortals will claim a paramount importance in our estimation. I hope that the hue and cry about *universal pardon* has now died away. . . . We have now been upwards of four months in Bombay, and during that time our trials, as well as our prospects of success, have been many and varied. This city, like that of Athens of old, is wholly given to idolatry. Wherever we turn our view, scenes of the most wretched superstition present themselves; and, as far as our vision extends

symbols of idolatry are everywhere visible. It is not only their temples and their gods that we are led to associate with the degrading superstition. The sun, moon, and stars, are objects of their adoration. Trees, flowers, and almost the whole animal creation, are by them held sacred; and things which we admire, as showing forth our Creator's power, or as indicating his perpetual goodness, fill them with terror, as signs of animated beings whose wrath they would propitiate. It is to the streets and to the highways that the missionary must go to proclaim his message. There he meets with reproach, contempt, and is sometimes exposed to scorn and ridicule. He returns home tired and exhausted, and might well sink under the seeming hopelessness of his undertaking, had he not before him the glorious and resplendent map of prophecy, on which he sees Ethiopia, and all the East stretching out her hands to God. *Our little church* is as a barque tossed upon a perilous ocean. The tempest howls, and the waves rise so high, as to threaten it with destruction, compelling us to cry out, 'Lord save—we perish.' This prayer, if offered up in dependence upon Him who can control the waves at his pleasure, will be heard and accepted by our merciful High Priest. We had a very interesting public discussion lately at our house, in which the respective claims of the Christian and Hindú religions were investigated. Upwards of a hundred Bráhmans attended, but my sisters will give you an account of it. . . . I hope, my dearest friends, you will soon write to me again. Tell me all about your dear father, mother, sisters, &c. Mr Wilson unites with me in much love to them and to you. Accept of my best wishes for your temporal and spiritual good, and with great love, I am ever yours.—M. W."

The discussion with the Hindús, which is here alluded to, and which is noticed in other letters, formed, I have no hesitation in declaring, an important era in the history of Missions in the West of India. It originated in the following circumstances :—I had not been long in the country, till I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity of confronting, if possible, the Bráhmans as a body, and inducing them to compare the claims of Christianity and Hindúism, and to give before the people an exposition of the reasons of their attachment to the system of error to which

they are devoted. Ráma Chandra, whose baptism at Bánkot has been already noticed, came to visit me in the month of May, and he very readily declared, to his former associates in the priesthood, his reasons for forsaking them. He met, in general, with little opposition in his reasonings; but on one occasion, Lakshman Shástrí, a Bráhman, employed by the Americam Mission, discussed at great length his arguments connected with the different Avatáras; and, in the heat of controversy, proposed that the point in dispute should be referred to the decision of five or six Bráhmans. Ráma Chandra, at my suggestion, and with the promise of such assistance as I could give, insisted that the question at issue, and others of a similar nature, should be discussed in public. His opponent showed great reluctance to acquiesce in this proposal; but a feeling of shame, generated by our defiance, at length induced him to comply. He composed an advertisement, announcing that the debate would take place in the Scottish mission-house, where he appeared at the appointed hour, on Friday the 21st of May. The concourse of natives was large, and the American Missionaries and several Europeans attended, with the view of affording encouragement. My friend, R. T. Webb, Esq., occupied the chair on the four several days during which the discussion was continued. The Shástrí did not long keep his ground, but the cause of Hindúism was keenly supported by others of its champions, among whom were Nirbhaya Ráma, the chief pandit of the Sadar Adálat; and Kisandás Jogaldás, the most able of its Vakíls. Ráma Chandra, though he occasionally introduced irrelevant matter, and was too tolerant of the sophistry of his opponents, acquitted himself in a manner which greatly interested many of his auditors. The burden, both of the assault of Hindúism and the defence of Christianity, devolved, after the first day, on myself. The Bráhmans were the first who asked for quarter; and the discussion was closed by a short address from my friend Mr Allan. A report of the debate, composed from notes taken by Mr Webb and myself, was published in Maráthí; and two editions, which added greatly to the effect of the meetings, and generated others of a more determined nature, afterwards to be noticed, were speedily exhausted. An outline of the debate was published in English in the Oriental Christian

Spectator for June 1830, and afterwards in the Scottish Missionary Register, and other Magazines, to which those who may be curious about it are referred. The discussion did more to excite inquiry among the natives—the great object which we had in view in originating and conducting it—than can be readily conceived. Previously to it, indeed, many of them actually believed that Christianity shrank from the investigation of the learned.

The important occurrence in the mission, of which mention has now been made, led Mrs Wilson to turn much of her thoughts to the need of spiritual influence to give effect to human ministrations for the propagation of the Gospel. With the view of exciting the friends of the Redeemer in India earnestly to solicit the Divine blessing, she sat down to compose an address, for insertion in the Oriental Christian Spectator,—"On the Prosperity and Extension of the Church." Her MS. unaccountably disappeared before its completion; and it was not till after her removal to the Church triumphant in heaven, that part of it again came into my hands. It appeared without a signature in the periodical for which it was originally intended, in October 1835, and produced a very deep, and, I trust, in some cases, a very salutary, impression on many of its readers. I here insert the fragment, in the hope that it may still farther excite to fervency in supplication for the conversion and sanctification of men. Its estimate of the times will be admitted to be judicious, and such as could have been formed only by a mind much occupied in the contemplation of God's providential dispensations in general. The heavenly exercise for which it pleads, was one in which the writer engaged with an application and importunity seldom surpassed, but which it is the duty of all to practise.

ON PRAYER FOR THE PROSPERITY AND EXTENSION OF THE CHURCH.

. . . . "While we admit the fact in general, that every Christian yields a voluntary assent to the efficacy of prayer, and can trace some of the highest and purest enjoyments to those moments in which he engaged in its hallowed exercises, we conceive that in regard to some of the *objects* of prayer, there exists a shameful culpability, and a vagueness and generality, which ill accord with the examples recorded by the inspired penmen, or by those

holy men, who, in subsequent times, drank from the living fountain of inspiration, and received the waters of immortality pure and unsullied from the source. We might enumerate several of these objects, but shall at present confine our attention to two; namely, the circumstances of the Church in countries where it has been established for ages, and that portion of it planted in heathen lands, where its enemies say, 'Raze it, raze it to the foundations,' and where its members are exposed to the galling yoke of persecution and scorn.

"The Church, it will be admitted, is to individual believers what the body politic is to the members of a State, or to those who are the subjects of its government. It is not alone the well-being of individuals that is concerned in its existence and security,—the glories of the Sovereign, the stability of the laws, and the perpetuity of order and harmony throughout all the dominion, are alike involved in it. A befitting and loyal subject of the State feels that his interests are embarked in it, and identifies himself with his country's glory and renown. When calamities overwhelm her, or when the spirit of dissent stalks abroad to excite commotion and turbulence within her borders, he feels sensibly wounded, and calls forth his utmost energies to render more secure her bulwarks, and to turn the battle from her gates. If such be the case in regard to kingdoms and governments, whose glory is so evanescent, that to-day they may appear to be consolidated, and to-morrow may be broken and dispersed like the leaves which an autumn wind has scattered abroad, in how much higher and nobler a sense ought the Christian to identify *his* interest with that kingdom and government over which Christ is the divinely constituted head, and whose dominion and power shall endure through eternal ages! In the Church's security and glory, the personal happiness and comfort of believers are not alone concerned: the honour of the Sovereign, to whom they owe unbounded allegiance, is also involved, and of that Saviour who purchased it with his own blood, and who has now passed into the heaven of heavens, to be its High Priest and Representative, till its anticipated splendours shall be accomplished, and it shall be presented a glorious Church, 'not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.' We are now called to view the

Church in the wilderness, exhibiting a warlike attitude, encompassed by the thickest battalions of her foes, and often destined to sustain a severe and protracted warfare with the enemy who has encamped within her walls, as well as with her numerous adversaries without. Every Christian professes to have stepped across that line of demarcation which divides the Church from the world. His all is embarked in her, and he ought to feel that oneness of interest which would lead him to rejoice in her triumphs, or to sorrow in her defeats. Every mean or instrument which Providence has put into his hands, ought to be sacred for her defence; and, if prayer be one of the most efficacious of these means, that by which such splendid achievements have been wrought for her in the ages that are past, ought not intercession to be made unceasingly in her behalf? When Zion languishes, therefore, or when her enemies obtain a temporary triumph over her, those who love her should mourn because of her oppressions, and should lift to heaven the voice of entreaty, that God would avert the tide of her calamities, and cause the day-star of hope again to arise and cheer her with its rays. When her joys abound, and when new accessions are made to her strength and to her numbers, the song of praise should ascend from his heart, and, with uplifted voice, should he ascribe the honour and the glory to Him who guides her with an unerring hand, and whose agency is continually exercised in her behalf. Such was the case, in an eminent degree, with those devout and holy men, whose conduct and actions the pen of inspiration has recorded for our use and pattern. The patriarch Abraham prayed for the righteous few in that devoted city which had sealed its own vengeance, and upon which fire from heaven was soon about to descend. Moses, the man of God, when about to engage in an arduous enterprise, when leading the chosen people through the wilderness, or when witnessing the tendency which existed among them to depart from the Lord God of Israel, lifted up his soul in supplication to God; and so intense was his ardour and his devotedness, that we find him forty days and forty nights falling down before the Lord to entreat for them. Samuel, Hezekiah, and many others, engaged in similar exercises. The prophets, whose vision was not bounded by a little territory, nor confined to existing events,

and who could look from the Church's captivity and desolation to the period of her release from Babylon, and to the unbounded liberty which awaited, were not indifferent to her present necessities, but, in language the most sublime and impassioned, besought for her the control and the interference of the Almighty. They knew, indeed, her security, and sang in joyous strains of the coming glory, when her gates should be open continually, and when wasting should no more be found within her borders; but this certainty only inspired them with new fervour, leading them to exclaim, 'For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.' 'O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence!' In regard to Daniel, so fervent was his prayer for Jerusalem, the holy mountain, and for the sanctuary, which had become desolate by reason of the sins of the people, that, whilst he was yet speaking, the Lord heard, and sent his angel to 'declare unto him the vision, even the number of weeks determined upon the people, and upon the holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sin, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision, and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy.' In the apostolic ages, we find that prayer was wont to be made without ceasing for the churches, and for those individuals by whose conduct they were likely to be affected. The churches planted at Rome, at Corinth, and at Ephesus, are all specifically mentioned by the Apostle of the Gentiles, as having formed the subjects of his unwearied intercession; and some of the signal deliverances, which he himself obtained from impending evil, are by him ascribed to the prayers which were offered by his fellow-believers in Christ. In subsequent eras, every revival of the Church's glory, and every renewal of life from the dead, has been characterised by the outpouring of the spirit of prayer. Those intrepid and holy men, who dared to encounter the horrors of persecution, and to sound the note of alarm in times of general apostacy and guilt, were not only heroes in the field, but, in the secrecy of their own chambers, they were men who

wrestled with God. With skill and unappalled courage, they fought the Church's battles; with strong crying and tears, they made intercession on her behalf. The walls of their prison-house, or the solitudes of the desert, where they were sometimes compelled to take shelter from the relentless persecutor, witnessed the unabating fervour of their petitions and desires. When the crown of martyrdom was about to encircle their brow, or when torture had exhausted its devices, and the innocent victims, worn out with exhaustion and suffering, were ready to sink into an untimely grave, the honour and welfare of the Church were still their glory and their theme. She was dearer to their hearts than the ties which bound them to the world,—than the sacred affections of kindred; and, when sealing their testimony with their blood, their last solemn prayer was generally offered up for her welfare. We have an example still more powerful than these, to which we can make our appeal,—that of our blessed Saviour himself, who declares that he prayed not for the world, but for those who had been given to him out of the world, and who, in view of the fearful temptation which awaited Peter, prayed that his faith might be sustained by divine energy, so that it might not fail in the hour of trial.

"Let us now inquire if we imitate the example set before us by these holy men, and do what is not only sanctioned, but expressly commanded, by the injunctions of holy writ? We live at an eventful period of this world's history. The wheels of prophecy are carrying us rapidly forward, and, although we cannot point with unerring certainty to the precise place which we occupy on the prophetical chart, we know assuredly that we stand on the verge of a great and terrible crisis. Events have of late taken place, which the most sagacious and quick-sighted politicians could not have predicted, and which have baffled and defeated their calculation of chances. By these revolutions, the Church's weal or woe may be powerfully affected; and it becomes us to examine what peculiar aspect she now presents, that our petitions regarding her may not wander among fruitless generalities, but may be directed to specific objects, respecting which the Lord Jehovah will hear us, and will approve. We can now look back upon the Church's history through a period of adverse and

of propitious circumstances. We have witnessed her long and painful struggles, her wastings and blightings, her conquests and her rejoicings. We have seen her in the cloud and in the sea, in darkness and in tempests, and in the midst of the burning bush, while she remained unconsumed by its flames. We have witnessed her emerging from obscurity, and, like the glorious sun, which gilds with glowing lines the clouds around him, till they are dispelled by the effulgence of his beams, we have beheld her in her morning and in her noon-tide brightness. Our faith, if sincere, should be strengthened by such a record, and our obligations to fervent and persevering prayer mightily increased. Have we not, however, reason to believe, that a fatal indifference exists among many respecting the interests of Zion, whose supplications, when offered up for personal and family blessings, are characterised by animation and fervour? They mourn not when the Church's banner is torn and despoiled of its glory. They have no longings of soul after Zion's prosperity; and, instead of that impassioned ardour which rises to the heights of poetical conception, and embodies itself in imagery the most sublime and splendid which nature presents, their aspirations are feeble, and summed up in a few brief and hurried expressions. They recognise not that community of interest, nor those claims to affection which are involved in the very existence of a Church, and which are necessary to constitute its unity and its perfection. This argues a low or diseased state of the spiritual life. It is portentous, as it affects the Church, whose security depends upon the well-being of its particular members, and, if not speedily rectified, may spread such a tide of desolation around us, as it will require ages to repair. Let us endeavour, by earnest supplication, to rectify the evil ere the vials of the divine judgments are fully poured out. In almost every country of Europe, a dark cloud may be seen hovering over the Church, of which it may be yet said,—she is trodden down by the enemy. In courts of law, in political assemblies, in the administration of order and justice, there is no full or distinct acknowledgment of her claims. Learning, philosophy, and poetry, whose ethereal touch can spiritualize the soul, and waft it to regions whose forms of beauty and of goodness are not subjected to the influence of cold decay, are as yet

leagued against her. Infidelity, the most dangerous, because clothed in some of the attractions of truth, is secretly endeavouring to undermine her foundations. We see not infidelity, it is true, in its naked form, as we were wont to see it; but we can trace its features, and ascertain its identity, in those ingenious and fine-spun theories which the neologists of England, of Germany, and of France, have bequeathed to the world. Within the bosom of the Church, ancient heresies have been revived; new dogmas have been engrafted upon the old; and established principles have been so tortured and misapplied, that there is nothing absurd in reason, or dangerous in theology, which they have not been adduced to support. The spirit that reigns among Christians has also become narrow and impolitic. Where is that intrepid avowal of opinion, that fearless boldness, which carried the lantern of truth into the councils of nobles, and made it bear upon their actions and their designs? Where are those palpable proofs of the divinity of our holy religion, which every Christian was wont to carry about with him, and which might be inferred from the self-denial and heriosm of the man of God? The Church has now lost, in some degree, her distinctiveness, and merged into the world. Her spiritual glory is lessened, and many of her institutions have become corrupt. Those voluntary associations, by which a concentration of effort might have been obtained, and incalculable good accomplished, though professing to be formed upon her principles, have also forgotten their legitimate functions, and are acting on the principles of worldly expediency. Some of them have swerved from their integrity, and been guilty of delinquencies the most appalling and base. The tide of corruption seems to be advancing onwards, and to be carrying us rapidly towards the time of those terrible plagues and judgments which are to precede the millennial glory.

"Notwithstanding this corruption, events are taking place in rapid succession, which will ultimately facilitate Christ's reign and dominion upon earth. His kingdom has in these latter ages been greatly extended; and, through the preaching of the Gospel, such mighty transformations have been accomplished, as to exhibit, in partial fulfilment, the glories of the latter day. We can now point to lands,—whose ferocious and prowling in-

habitants were addicted to every species of superstition and of barbarism, who were literally men of blood, and whose habits of cruelty and oppression filled with terror and dismay those who approached their coasts,—presenting a lovely specimen of moral excellence, where peace and social virtue have found their abode, and where science and the arts begin to spring up and to flourish. We can also point to other places,—where the seed of the Divine Word was sown in sorrow and watered with tears, where the materials seemed so unproductive as to baffle every attempt at culture, and where the labourer, worn out with his repeated efforts, was about to resign the ungrateful task,—becoming fruitful as the garden of the Lord. The mind is regaled by the contemplation of moral beauty in the desert, as the eye of the traveller, who has passed through burning sands, or traversed mountain solitudes, when he unexpectedly alights upon some scene of tranquil loveliness, or when he beholds vegetation and bloom in places where all before was desolation and sterility. The present period is big with important events. We cannot look to a corner of the world where the moral elements are not in a state of commotion, and where there is not some presage of revolution and of change. That old hideous fabric of superstition, by which so many millions of this country's population have been kept in thraldom, and which is so incorporated with every form and mode of their being, as to have become the foundation of their literature, of their laws, of the whole system of their polity, has been shaken from its foundations, and will, ere long, crumble and fall to the ground. The same remarks may be extended to other countries, and to other systems of religion and of superstition.

"We know not the consequences and issues of these approaching revolutions. But shall we sit still and wonder? Shall we be unconcerned spectators of events in which we are concerned, and which must bear so closely upon the Church's destinies? Prayer is within our reach, and we know not what good may be accomplished through its instrumentality. Let Christians arouse themselves from their fatal indifference. Let them remember that they are 'kings and priests unto God,' and so must be intimately connected with his designs and purposes. Let

them bear in mind, also, that they are workmen within the gates of Zion, and that the weapons which infinite wisdom has decreed for her defence, must be wielded by them with skill and with dexterity, if they expect to secure the victory, and to be honoured with plaudits, and with the rewards of conquerors.

"However defective and culpable some Christians may be in their prayers for the Church in general, and in lands where it has been long established, we apprehend that they are equally, if not more so, in regard to that interesting portion of it which exists in heathen lands. It requires little reflection to see that the Church is there exposed to peculiar temptations and hardships; and that the beautiful and affecting imagery of the prophet, when he likened it in his own time to a besieged city, to a cottage in the wilderness, and to a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, is here peculiarly appropriate. We are apt to suppose that they who have been brought out of heathen darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the Gospel, will be so overpowered by the transition, as that they shall attain at once to the expansion of intellect, to the elevation and purity of affection, and to the ardour and devotedness of purpose and of design, by which some, in the favoured lands of our nativity, have been distinguished at the very commencement of their Christian career."

Deeply do I regret that the idea expressed in the concluding sentence of these remarks was not fully illustrated by the writer, when her feelings were excited in the manner in which this fragment shows them to have been. It is one which is most just, and which ought not to be overlooked, either by the conductors of missions, or by those who contribute to their support. The Christian converts in India have far too little of the sympathy of their more highly favoured brethren, who, not unfrequently, expect from them an almost instantaneous maturity of Christian character and experience, if not something little short of a miraculous fitness for the exercise of the Christian ministry. But their peculiar circumstances ought to meet with a sober attention. They come out from the grossest darkness, and their visual orb is at first so tender and infantile, that it admits comparatively little of the Gospel light. Superstitious feelings and

habits, almost independent of their faith, which is changed on their conversion, have become to them a second nature; and they are frequently influenced by them, without being conscious of their actual existence. They live in a polluted and pestilential moral atmosphere. They do not see those great movements around them which have been witnessed in some heathen countries, when attention was generally awake to the subject of religion,—to deepen their impressions, to increase their holy anxieties, to inspire them with ardent courage and noble resolution, and to determine them in the eager pursuit of knowledge and the propagation of the truth. They witness, even among professing Christians, little that is calculated to illustrate their faith, and to urge them to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset them." They have but a very limited Christian society, from the paucity of their own numbers, and their intercourse with their European brethren is but partial and restricted. They are exposed to much opposition, if not persecution, from their benighted countrymen. The Bible, whether read in English or in the native translations, which are as yet but imperfect, requires for them not a little explanation, which their teachers have not always leisure to impart. They have nothing like a Christian literature, from the stores of which they can draw mental and moral nourishment in their solitude. The most tender interest, consequently, should be manifested in their improvement; and prayer and intercession should be made for them continually, that they may shine with the effulgence of personal holiness, and that the Word of God may sound out from them throughout the provinces in which they dwell. The grace of God is sufficient for them. "If it be said that the Hindú character is griping and avaricious, divine grace is stronger still, and is able to conquer it. If it is yielding and fickle—aye, fickle as the shifting quicksands—divine grace can give it consistency and strength. If it is feeble and cowardly, divine grace can make the feeble powerful, and convert the coward into a moral hero."* If it is unchaste, divine grace can make it pure and holy. If it is addicted to falsehood, divine grace can inspire it with the love of truth, and impart to it a faithfulness which

* Dr Duff.

shall stand every trial. If it is apathetic, divine grace can melt it with the love of Christ, and impart to it all the sympathies and tendernesses of his true followers. Let that grace be constantly and earnestly implored for them.

We must now continue Mrs Wilson's correspondence.

To her Sisters and Brother. "Bombay, 21*st July* 1830.

"With feelings of the liveliest gratitude and affection, I now sit down to write to you, and to thank you for the many delightful epistles, which, like winged messengers, brought tidings of peace from our beloved and far-distant home. You cannot transport yourselves in imagination to the East, as we can to the scenes which were once familiar to us, and around which memory casts a soft but deepening radiance, like the glowing tints of sunshine, when the orb that reflects them is no longer visible. Your pictures may possess greater vividness of colouring, and indicate more skill and execution than ours, but they want reality, and cannot bring to your minds those mountains whose summits inspire us with sentiments of magnificence, or the smiles of those known and well-loved countenances which gladdened alike in joy and grief. It is indeed with trembling interest that we break open the seals of your epistles, but hitherto, our causes for gratitude have been unspeakably great; and, while death has been making his ravages near you and around you, he has left untouched that little circle nearest and dearest to our hearts. O that our gratitude bore some proportion to the number and variety of our blessings; and that, as sweet incense, it was hourly and momentarily ascending towards the throne of God! Every breath that ascends heavenward bespeaks our high origin, and intimates the unseen but glorious destiny which awaits us in the regions of purity and bliss. Every thought, on the contrary, which grovels among the things of earth, reminds us of our fallen humanity, and of that curse which has blighted and withered the fairest of earthly joys. I, as an individual, have seen the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. He has brought me back from the gates of death; but, instead of praising him with songs of deliverance, I am often found following after vanities, and offering incense to strange gods. This is the very

sin of idolatry, which we have come to destroy, and which has shed around us a moral darkness, so thick and impenetrable, that no light can dispel it, till that glorious Sun arises, which shall lighten every land, and the resplendent beams of which scatter the shades of night. My health is now quite restored, and I have been enabled to return to the study of the language, and to the work to which I desire to devote the remaining energies of my life. My leisure for study is now very limited, as I have six female schools, which require vigilant superintendence, and occupy a great proportion of my time. Much of it is also taken up in the regulation of household affairs, and in attendance upon my little boy, whom I dislike to leave alone with the natives. The little darling is every day becoming more and more interesting. Sometimes he looks so deeply reflective, that he is like a little philosopher, who has just come into the world to speculate upon causes and effects; and at other times, when he is animated by some strange sight, or when any thing amuses him, he laughs so much that he makes every one around him merry. He now begins to manifest a predilection for some objects in preference to others. He is now very fond of getting out; and, when we take him to the verandah, he is quite impatient till he gets farther. He looks with great delight at the flowers and shrubs, and is so *aspiring*, that when little birds pass him, he watches their flight, and stretches out his arms as if he should like to follow. Some of the first words we shall teach him to lisp, will be the names of my beloved sisters. His nurse, rather more imaginative than his papa and mamma, declares that he already says, '*unco! aunt!*' but as this precocity would have in it a little of the *marvellous*, I think you had better not credit it.

"Mr Wilson's time is so entirely occupied, that he has scarcely a moment's leisure to devote to writing letters. Bombay though an interesting, is a very laborious sphere of action. The large mass of its inhabitants, the number and variety of superstitions prevalent, and the diversity of languages spoken, render the calls upon a missionary many and great. It is not so difficult to obtain an audience here as it was in the Konkan; and, though vice and infidel principles, which have in some cases supplanted

the old and bigoted adherence to Hindú customs, may not, to human appearance, seem favourable to the introduction of the Gospel, they have broken down some of the walls and fences which formed insuperable obstacles to its progress. Mr W. has been the means of communicating a powerful impulse to the religious public in Bombay by the magazine. . . . . He has also disturbed the death-like repose of the natives, by a public discussion which took place lately at our house; and, if he has not produced a revolution, or an earthquake among them, he has at least caused them to feel those quakings, and to see those terrible signs, which precede the dreaded catastrophe. Already we have had some inquirers, and I trust that some who are dissatisfied with their own religion, and in whose minds doubts have been excited respecting the validity of its claims, will ere long relinquish their dumb idols, and turn unto the living and true God. Aware of the prejudices of the natives regarding the sacredness of their own religion, and the crime of having it exposed to ridicule and contempt, we did not expect more than twenty or thirty Bráhmans to answer the challenge given them by Ráma Chandra, or to encounter the argument of such an antagonist. But, at the hour appointed for meeting, we were astonished to find that upwards of a hundred Bráhmans had assembled, besides common Maráthás, Parsís, and a few Jews, belonging probably to one or other of the ten tribes.* The scene was interesting beyond conception, and resembled some of the pictures which imagination has furnished of Paul's preaching at Athens. Ráma Chandra stood forth as a living witness to the truth of the doctrines which he was about to propound, and, if sincere in his professions, was ready to testify concerning them, though death and imprisonment might await him. His countrymen came together, breathing out threats against him ; but it was the voice of truth which was then sounded in their ears. Some of their darkened minds it may, perhaps, have penetrated ; and it will continue to extend its triumphs till He, who has upon his head many crowns, shall assume his kingly dominion, and rule with undivided sway. We

* After much inquiry, I have come to the conclusion that the opinion here expressed is correct. My reasons I have stated in a paper lately read before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. (*Feb.* 1839.)

have at present several very hopeful inquirers; one of these is a teacher in one of our schools, and will in all probability soon be baptized into the Church. He has hitherto manifested great humility, as well as a striking desire to receive instruction. He has come to Mr Wilson every evening for a long time past; and, though it is now the monsoon, and there have been some tremendous storms of rain and thunder, we seldom or never miss him at the accustomed hour. He is reviled and persecuted by his own people, but does not seem to be intimidated thereby. When you pray for us, pray also for the unbefriended and persecuted converts, who are the especial objects of our anxiety and care. They stand in jeopardy every hour; and, as their temptations are many, they need to be warned, instructed, and protected, in a way of which few can form any idea. All departures in principle, or in conduct, which they make from the paths of purity and of uprightness, are so many blows inflicted upon our little church, which is as yet but a 'besieged city,' a 'cottage in the wilderness,' a 'lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'* It stands alike exposed to the scorching sun, and to the beating tempest. The materials out of which it is constructed, are in themselves frail and imperfect; and, were it not for the skill of the Master-builder, who stands by and prevents the attacks of its assailants, it would speedily go to decay. On His wisdom and strength let us place unwavering confidence. Christ is the head of all things to his Church; and, though still oppressed and trodden down of her enemies, she is now becoming, what she will more fully be in her millennial glory, 'the fulness of Him who filleth all in all.' Oh that we could more fully realize her endearing and glorious relation to her invisible Head; and, in the faith of it, cherish the assurance that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, and that ere long she will put on her beautiful garments, and go forth to meet the bridegroom !†

* Such a lodge is frequently to be seen in India, and is not only small and solitary, but formed of the most slender and frail materials, generally a few branches of trees stuck in the ground, and twisted together. It is scarcely a sufficient shelter or shade for the gardener who sits in it watching his plants.

† It may be observed, in relation to one of the above quoted scrip-

"The account which you gave of your visit to Elgin was truly delightful. It awoke a thousand emotions in my heart, and brought back the memory of scenes which had almost passed into oblivion. The magnificent ruins of the Cathedral, with its Gothic arches, and the pale moonlight streaming upon its walls, recalled to my mind the enthusiasm with which I have gazed upon it, forgetful of all the moral lessons which it conveyed, and viewing it only as an exhibition of grandeur in decay. The College is associated in my mind with much that is interesting in friendship. . . . .

"Your letter, my dearly beloved C., was also much prized by us both. It gladdens us to think that you identify our interests with the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and with the advancement of that reign which you have longed and prayed for with such earnestness of desire. Your entreaties to live upon the Redeemer's fulness were truly precious, and made us feel that affection, when it flows in this holy channel, is more to be valued than gold. Your letters, dearly beloved M. and I., were very precious to us. Let us know more and more what you feel, what you think; and be assured, that, as often as we approach the mercy-seat on our own behalf, we shall not be unmindful of your peculiar circumstances. Let me exhort you, my dear sisters, to live as it were at the footstool of mercy. For every breath that we draw, we are dependent upon it; and, if we look forward to a life which cannot die, and to an eternal abode in the heavens, the hope itself, and the objects expected, are to be traced to the same source. . . . . What shall I say to my beloved brother? . . . Nothing will give us greater joy, than to hear that you are a labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Tarry not, I beseech you; time is short, and, like a river, ever flowing, but not yet full. It bears

tural expressions, that the authorities of the towns and villages, in different countries of the East, commonly assemble at the *gates* for the purpose of deliberation. Hence the trope as to the consultative powers of hell. The phrase, "gates of hell" may be properly and literally rendered the "Darbar of hell" in the Persian and Indian languages. The best English translation would be, the "Court of hell." The original use of the phrase is still preserved in the designation of Sublime *Porte*, conferred on the seat of authority at Constantinople.

us, as it has done the fleeting generations of past ages onwards to eternity. How vast and boundless are the prospects which there open upon us! A soul saved, involves in it an extent of happiness commensurate with eternal ages; one lost, an amount of misery which we attempt in vain to conceive. . . .

"My heart turns to you all with an affection so intense, that it amounts to agony. How sweet is the peace of heaven! what a contrast to the turmoil of our best and purest earthly love! Ever, ever yours.—MARGARET."

To the Rev. R. Nesbit, Harnaí. "*August*, 1830.

"My dear Friend,—I cannot express my feelings on reading the interesting and affecting details contained in your letter. Our hearts respond in sympathy with yours; and I trust they also participate in the joy which gladdens you under the painful bereavement, and amid the allowed and natural expressions of sorrow.

"You sorrow not as others who have no hope. The endeared object of your earthly affections, whose parental kindness has oftimes soothed your sorrows, and whose presence may have lent a charm to your bygone existence, is not dead but liveth, and has only gone before you to the kingdom and city of her God. She has exchanged a world where sin and death, through so many ages, have been extending their triumphs, and where our sorrows multiply as the days and years of our earthly pilgrimage increase, for a city which cannot be moved, and where purity and peace hold an undivided reign. Among the glorious hosts of the redeemed you may now contemplate her, holding in her hand the palm of victory, and having upon her head a crown, which she will delight to cast at the feet of her Saviour in token of her entire subjection, and of his unlimited dominion over all worlds, and over the countless host of the redeemed. There, every element of moral happiness is complete, every obstacle to the flow of pure and of elevated affection is taken away. With intellect expanded beyond what we can imagine, she understands those high and glorious relations of truth which are as yet but dimly revealed to us. She beholds God face to face; and, in the beams of his quenchless and unfathomable love, she experiences those transporting emotions which find vent in the shoust

of victory, or in those lofty ascriptions of praise described by St John in the Apocalypse. These considerations, and many more have, I doubt not, enabled you to lift your eye from the gloom and desolation of the sepulchre to that eternal life, and to those mansions of blessedness which Christ has secured for his followers. Every friend gone before us to heaven, is the loosing of those cords which bind us to earth, and opens up new relations to that invisible company, whom no man can number, and who have become more than conquerors through Him who loved them. Your dear mother is *now* one of the cloud of witnesses, whereby you are compassed. The hope that victory has been secured, and that her redemption is now complete, will cheer you in the midst of sorrow, and will, I am persuaded, quicken you in your aspirations after holiness, as well as inspire you with fresh courage for the conflict in which you must yet engage. You, my dear friend, are a workman employed in the building up, and in the beautifying, of the spiritual Zion. This temple, unlike those which claim for their possessors earthly princes, is not subject to ruin or decay. The materials out of which it is constructed are imperishable, and, although around it we may see nothing but rubbish and desolation, we know not but that out of these rude and unseemly materials may come forth stones fitly set and ornamented for the building. We see not as yet the harmony of its design, nor the full extent of its glory. O that we could realize our high calling, and feel that we are not only fellow-workers with the saints, and of the household of faith, but that we are identified in interest, and in employment, with Him who is the head of all things to his Church, which in her glory is represented as the fulness of Him who filleth all in all?

"It is now more than time that I should thank you for your three delightful letters, which I have perused, and reperused, with increased interest. My tardiness in replying to them forms but a sorry contrast with the pleasure which they afforded me, and with my gratitude for unmerited favours. It is said, 'that a woman is made up of inconsistencies.' This charge you may fasten upon me, and I am willing to bear it, provided it be given in its *general form*, with certain modifications, and allowed to be applicable to the species generally, as well as to *our sex*

individually. I am, indeed, so deeply in debt to you, that I think it better to declare myself bankrupt at once, and to sue for a compromise, or at least for such a prolongation of time, as will enable me to pay you bit by bit, according as my exhausted and scanty resources may admit. These are at best limited, and so drained by recent demands, that they will require time to recruit. I hope this admission will not have the effect of making you more remiss towards me, but that, on the contrary, it will lead you to confer new favours. My time, you know, is very much occupied. I have six female schools, which daily require about five hours' superintendence; while living in Bombay is so enormously expensive, that the minutest attention to economy is rendered absolutely necessary. This unavoidably consumes a certain portion of my time, so that, with what is given to the study of Maráthí, which has been too much neglected by me of late, and the attention bestowed upon my beloved babe, who would otherwise be neglected, and whose mind may already become the prey of influences which are evil, my energies are completely exhausted, and I feel a truly painful inaptitude for exertion. Mr Wilson's time, again, is still more occupied. . . . Two of my schools are doing better than I had dared to anticipate. The others are in a more fluctuating state, and I have been much tried by the teachers. In one of these schools I had two grown-up females, Bráhmanís. One of them learned the alphabet in four days, and, before a week had expired, they could both repeat the Lord's Prayer, and answer many questions from the Catechism. The pantojí have given up the school, and they have gone away; and, among the huge mass of inhabitants which Bombay contains, I fear we shall have much difficulty in finding them out. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs Cooper, Harnaí. "Bombay, 30*th September* 1830.

"My very dear Friend,—Our hopes have been alternately raised and depressed, by the varying accounts which we have from time to time received of you and your little darling Maxwell. Though absent from you in person, you are almost constantly present to my mind, and the sympathy which your situation has awakened, has, I trust, led me to the throne of grace in earnest supplication for the bestowment of those spiritual

blessings which God, in his infinite wisdom and compassion, frequently reserves for the hour of nature's suffering. I cannot express to you the relief which Mr Wilson and I felt on hearing of your determination to remove to the Nílagiri Hills. I trust this step will, through the blessing of God, prove the means of restoring you and your beloved child to health. In the mean time, it is delightful to repose an unlimited confidence on the wisdom of the Divine determinations, and to believe, that, according to the purpose of grace, all things are yours, whether life, or death, things present, or things to come. The absence of you and your dear partner will involve the temporary suspension of your labours; but, during the cessation of more active services, may not your faith be enlivened and cherished, and your supplications rendered more fervent and availing in behalf of the miserable victims of superstition and idolatry? Amidst the surrounding darkness, a bright star may arise to cheer and illumine your path; and however dreary or long continued may be your night of darkness, you know assuredly, that joy will come in the morning. Our prayers are, that the blessing of God may be abundantly poured out upon you, and that the anticipated change may prove the happy mean of restoring you and your dear child to wonted health and usefulness.

"With very much love, I am, my dearest Mrs Cooper, ever yours,—M. W."

To Mr and Mrs A. Wilson. "Bombay, *9th October* 1830.

"It is now a very long time since you heard from us, my beloved father and mother; but I hope that tidings of our welfare have been conveyed to you, from the different individuals to whom our last letters were addressed. Our hearts have been from time to time cheered by the favourable accounts which we have received of your health, and other circumstances connected with you, which possess a deep and intense interest now that we are so far separated from you, and denied the privilege of a personal intercourse. John and I have abundant reason to bless God for preserving our health in this sickly and dying clime, and for the degree of favour and countenance which he has vouchsafed to us in our important work. I trust the blessings which we now enjoy will long be continued with us, and that we shall be enabled

to consecrate our time, talents, and influence, to the service of Him who is supremely entitled to the homage and the affection of his creatures. The service to which Christians are called is not one of bondage, but of glorious liberty; and though some of its requirements may prove offensive or burdensome to their earthly and sinful propensities, they are congenial to the principles of their renewed natures, and prepare them for that glorious state in which they shall be joined in ineffable union to the source and fountain of all blessedness, and where they shall serve God without interruption or disquietude. Our high calling, as heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus, and the prospects of unspeakable joy and bliss which await us, if we are found faithful, may well reconcile our minds to the endurance of temporary privations, or to death itself, if such be the will of our heavenly Father. Since our arrival in Bombay, your beloved son has been arduously and constantly engaged in the duties of his important office. They admit of no cessation; and were he not sustained by unwearied zeal for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and by the appearances of success which present themselves amid surrounding discouragements, he might sink under their accumulated weight. You could not form any idea of these duties, unless you were present to witness his various occupations, or to see the perverse and degenerate character of the people among whom we sojourn. Their religion, though a tissue of absurdities, is founded upon principles so base and so sinful, that it perverts their understandings, and destroys the best affections of their hearts. There is nothing to prevent the exercise of deceit, and every evil propensity; and these, accordingly, find such a place in their actions, that in our dealings with them, we make discoveries that might chill our efforts for their reformation, had we not the record of God, and its divinely inspired promises, for our support and encouragement. We can also look to many signal trophies of the power of God in the ages that are past, as illustrations of the Spirit's working. . . . John is at present engaged in the study of three different languages, and intends soon to begin the Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Hindús, in which all their poems and religious books have been written. He has been very successful in the study of the languages, and is able to

preach and to converse in Maráthí with great fluency, which gives him a considerable degree of influence with the natives. He addresses them very frequently, both in the house and in the streets of the city. We have reason to believe that his efforts have, in several instances, been blessed to the benighted heathen; and what we have already witnessed is, I trust, but as the early rain, or as the first fruits which precede the abundant harvest. Amid the surrounding darkness, some rays of light may be seen breaking upon our horizon. O that it may be the first beams of that morning which is to usher in the glorious day of prophecy, which shall become brighter and brighter till it hath filled with its glory the whole earth! Let us, my beloved friends, live in the exercise of a constant and holy dependence on God, and seek, by prayer and supplication, for the accomplishment of those predictions which refer to Zion. We have at present fourteen schools. Six of them are female, of which I take the superintendence. The others are boys' schools, and taught by teachers to whom John communicates Christian instruction at our own house on the Sabbath. He has written three tracts in Maráthí, which are considered very correct and idiomatical. One of them is already in circulation, and is eagerly perused by the natives. It contains an account of a public discussion which took place lately at our house, on the subject of the Hindú and Christian religion. Many of those who heard it were compelled to admit the falsity of their own religion, and I trust the reading of the tract will be blessed to many more. Our dear little Andrew is a most interesting child. . . . I am sure both you and my sisters would welcome the little stranger with joy, if it be the will of God that he should ever arrive on the shores of our beloved native land. . . . . We know not what lies hid in futurity, and dare not anticipate with confidence any human event; but it is a precious privilege to be enabled to look to God as our reconciled Father, and to believe that he sits at the helm conducting and ordering all things in infinite wisdom. . . . . May the blessing of God rest and remain with you.—M. W."

"Bombay, 30*th November* 1830.

"My dearly beloved Sister,—You expressed a wish that I should write to you individually; I therefore begin with you.

But in what terms can I thank you for your delightful epistles, so reviving, so truly precious to my heart? I might in vain attempt to describe what I think, and feel, and suffer, when the remembrance of you throbs in my heart, or when it is rendered more vivid by the expressions of your affection, which come like the lightning's gleam upon the dreary and sterile waste. In thinking of you, I again feel something of that vernal bloom in which our imaginations clothe every object when life is in its springtime, and before the tints of summer or autumn have mellowed our hopes; but in our severed existence, occupation, and mode of living, I am constantly reminded that we live amid a scene of moving events, and that our purest enjoyments are reserved for that state of cloudless felicity, where we shall meet as one blessed family, and unite together in one harmonious note of praise. God has, indeed, put a crown of glory upon our heads, in permitting us to be fellow-workers with Him now, and to cherish the glorious hope of reigning with Him hereafter. Oh that we could make his honour and his glory more exclusively the object of our desire, and identify every thing that we do and suffer with the interests of his kingdom and with the extension of his reign. My beloved sisters will be happy to learn that our health has been preserved amidst much surrounding sickness and mortality. . . . .

"We are very happy in Bombay, and continue to look upon it as one of the most important and promising stations in the whole Presidency. Were there nothing in the present aspect of things to excite hope, the Word of God, and the record of missionary success in other countries ought to prevent our advocating a suspension of effort: but the finger of God has touched our hemisphere; and whether we look to the breaking down of caste, to the ease with which we can prevail upon the natives to peruse our books, and listen to religious instruction, or to the actual success which has, in some instances, accompanied its communication, we have ample grounds for believing that the work has commenced, and that a bright and glorious day will, ere long, shine upon its yet dark and cloudy places. The inquirers of whom we formerly wrote to you, are still hopeful, and several new ones have been added to their number. Some of

them are living in the house with us. There is a very interesting Jew here at present, who lately came from Arabia. He was brought to us by Mr Wilson's Hebrew pandit, who told us that he was desirous of becoming a Christian. At first, he could understand no language but Arabic; now he is learning Hebrew, English, and Hindustani. He is so anxious to be esteemed a Christian, that he has laid aside the Arabian garb, and put on the European. He follows us to every place of worship; and although he does not understand English sufficiently to catch the scope and meaning of what is said, his looks and gestures show that he is not indifferent to what is going on, and that some objects of importance engross his mind. He generally carries a paper in his hand, for the purpose of preserving new words and ideas; and his eagerness to acquire them is not less amusing than the ludicrous use which he sometimes makes of them. He studies Hindustáni with our munschí; but his complaint always is, that the pandits will not teach him enough. Oh that it may please our heavenly Father to bring this lost sheep of the house of Israel into his sheep-fold, and to make him the instrument of declaring to others of the wandering tribes the Saviour of lost sinners!* John is becoming a proficient in the Hebrew, and will, I trust, be useful among the Beni-Israel. He taught me to read a little without the points, but my time is so much occupied that I have not leisure to go on with it. We are at present busy with Hindustáni. . . .

"Andrew is now nearly eight months old, and every day becoming more engaging and attractive. He appears to us a little wonder; and you may tell sweetest H., that the *beautiful bud of being*, which she apostrophised so tenderly, has now become such an exquisite flower, that, if she could see it, she would instantly grow poetical, and celebrate its beauties in song. . . . Mrs Money's

* This Jew was the most accomplished hypocrite whom I ever met. After conducting himself for some months apparently in the most appropriate manner, he thought fit to help himself to a considerable number of my books, and to walk off with them. I afterwards learned, that, previously to his coming to Bombay, he had been condemned to death at Bagdád as a malefactor, and had only escaped the gallows by declaring his conversion to Muhammadism!

father died lately. His death is a great loss to India, as he was one of the most efficient chaplains in the Presidency. He had acquired two of the native languages, and had undertaken to educate a native prince, to whom he might have been of eminent service.*

"We have been much pained by the accounts which have from time to time reached us of certain heresies lately crept in among

* The Rev. James Gray, formerly of the High School of Edinburgh, and author of "A Sabbath among the Mountains." His character as a poet, is thus set forth in the Queen's Wake :—

"The next was bred on southern shore,
Beneath the mists of Lammermore;
And long, by Nith and crystal Tweed,
Had taught the border youth to read:
The strains of Greece, the bard of Troy,
Were all his theme, and all his joy;
Well toned his voice of wars to sing,
His hair was dark as raven's wing;
His eye an intellectual lance,
No heart could bear its searching glance,—
But every bard to him was dear:
His heart was kind, his soul sincere.
* * * * *
Alike to him the south or north,
So high he held the minstrel worth;
So high his ardent mind was wrought,
Once of himself he scarcely thought;
Dear to his heart the strain sublime,
The strain admired in ancient time."

Mr Gray's views of divine truth were greatly improved about the time of his coming to India, in 1826. He became a warm friend of evangelical religion; and, though well advanced in years, entered on his duties with all the ardour of youth. The natives shared in his benevolent aspirations; and, to qualify himself for usefulness among them, he studied the Hindustáni, and the Kachí, the Patois of the province in which he resided. Into the latter dialect he translated the Gospel according to Matthew,—a small edition of which I edited in 1834 for the Bombay Bible Society. I presented a copy to his pupil, the Ráo at Bhúj, to whom I was introduced by Colonel Pottinger in the following February. His Highness spoke with great respect and affection of his former tutor, and has erected a handsome monument to his memory, which did not,

our brethren at home; and I know not whether the human mind, as it here presents itself, chained in superstition, while its moral energies are sunk into a death-like apathy, or as it exists among some in our own country, amid elements of discord, and the rejection of every established principle of belief, exhibits the more melancholy picture.... Mr Irving and his followers seem to have wandered from heresy to heresy, without any knowledge of the devious tracks which they were pursuing, and without being at all aware that they were attacking the sacred foundations of truth. India has its prophets and workers of miracles, as well as its modern incarnations. When we have listened with mute astonishment to Shástrís and learned Bráhmans, asserting their belief in these impositions, little could we think that their credulity should find a parallel among the wise and intellectual of our own land! One of the 'Spectators' contains an account of Náráyan Báva, which, I am sure, you will be much interested in reading.* His fame has spread as far as ——'s, who has been flourishing in the Bombay newspapers, making the learned laugh, and filling with derision the opposers of truth. Such things

however, at the time of my visit, bear any inscription. Mr Gray's death was declared by Sir John Malcolm to be a "public loss." That eminent individual remarked to me, that he was ashamed to think that none of the chaplains, from ignorance of the native languages, could occupy his place, and that his zeal in the cultivation of the native literature was most exemplary.

* Náráyan Báva was born in the family of a Kunbí, or agriculturist, in the village of Pimpurdi, near Sátárá. When about nine years of age, he attracted attention by his great dexterity in catching venomous serpents. The Kulkarní (clerk) of the village entered into an arrangement with his family, with a view to the extortion of money, and gave it out that he was an incarnation of Náráyana, born to rid the country of the English; and appealed to his tricks with the serpents as the proofs of his divine mission. The credulous Hindús were easily deceived, and thousands and tens of thousands flocked from all quarters to pay him their devotions. Miracles of different kinds were attributed to him; while prophecies, said to refer to him, were forged in abundance, and attributed to different native authors long since removed from the world. When his fame was at a great height, he perished by the bite of a snake; but the credence of his followers did not end with his death. They eagerly expected his reappearance; and even alleged that he had

prove powerful engines in the hand of Satan; but the foundation standeth sure, and the counsel of the Lord will prevail over the works of darkness.—M. W."

To Mrs Cooper, Utakámand, Nílagiris. "Bombay, *Jan.* 1831.

"My dear Mrs Cooper,—We had become very anxious to hear about you, when Mr Cooper's kind and deeply interesting letter came to hand. It was, therefore, with gratitude and delight that we perused its contents, and that we marked the providential circumstances which accompanied you throughout your long and hazardous journey. I trust you and your darling child continue to experience the beneficial effects resulting from change of climate, and that you feel the invigorating influence which a restoration to health imparts to the frame, when it has been worn down by oppression and sickness. How much you must have enjoyed the magnificence and beauty of the scenery through which you passed! Mr Cooper's eloquent description quite inspired me, and made me feel something of that glow of enthusiasm which I have had when gazing on the hills, and lakes, and beautiful mountains, of our native land. It was also gratifying to know, that, in the moral desert, there were some parts to be found upon which the mind could repose, as the eye does upon a spot of luxuriance, amidst general sterility in the natural world. The account which Mr C. gives of Cannanur is most deeply interesting, and shows what God can effect, by the mighty working of his Spirit, upon minds deprived, in a great measure, of those means of grace which, in other cases, he makes the channel of spiritual blessings. We rejoice also that Mr Cooper has such prospects of usefulness on the hills. Providence, in shutting one door of usefulness upon you, has opened another; and this, my dear friend, should reconcile you to a temporary absence from scenes where your dearest affections centre.

"I would willingly tell you of your *little flock* at Harnaí,

been seen in different parts of the country. Thousands to this day, in all parts of the Mahárâshtrá, believe in his divinity; and worship is regularly performed at his tomb, to which not a few, at different seasons, have the folly to repair! It is strange that all this delusion should have taken place in our day; and still more wonderful, that it should have had nearly a parallel in our own native land.

knowing how much interested you are in them, did I possess the requisite information; but all that I know is, that Mrs Mitchell is there at present, and that she has been attempting to collect them together. The accounts which we from time to time receive of Mr Lucas' servants continue to be of the most favourable kind. O that grace may be given them to make a public profession of their faith in Christ, and to witness a good profession before many brethren!

"We are looking forward with solemnity and interest to the approaching Sabbath. Mr Wilson has at present seven candidates for admission into the Church. One of these is the Hindú female who has been living at P.'s house. You know something of her former history, and of the circumstances in which she has been placed. She has made very great progress in knowledge; and both from our own observation, and the testimony of P., we have been led to infer that her conduct, on the whole, has been consistent. She seems to be impressed with the solemnity of the circumstances in which she is placed, and with the criminal course which she formerly pursued. From the circumstances of her past life, I was slow in coming to a determination respecting her, and felt afraid to trust, in any degree, to the seeming depth of her impressions; but from the last conversations I have had with her, and especially from a very affecting interview which she has just now had with Mr Wilson, my convictions are altered, and I think it would be wrong to exclude her any longer from the Church. The other individual is a man from Kach, whose circumstances are peculiarly interesting; but of him Mr Wilson will write you a full account afterwards. His term of probation has been much shorter than Mr W. intended, but his case completely justifies it. There is one thing very remarkable about him,—the entire want of worldliness which he has manifested, and his determination to renounce his own religion, notwithstanding the loss which he incurs by it. He was connected with a mercantile concern here, and in consequence of the change in his religious views, his partners have dissolved all connection with him. They are, however, still friendly towards him, and have given him 200 rupees. They are respectable people, and one of them, with whom Mr Wilson has had an interview, pro-

mised to read the books which he gave him. How delighted we should be to have you and dear Mr Cooper with us on this solemn occasion, to mingle your prayers, thanksgivings, and humiliations with ours. O that it may be a day of refreshment, and of the mighty working of God's Spirit, in the midst of us! The converts will often be remembered, my dearest friend, in your prayers; and if they are indeed the children of God, they are united to that family of which they in heaven and on earth are one.

"We are again anxious to hear of you, and of our dear friends the Robsons. I hope soon to hear either from them or you. . . . My health has been uncommonly good for the last few months. . . . Andrew has not had an hour's sickness since he was born.—Yours most affectionately.—M. W."

To one of her Sisters. "Bombay, *7th January* 1831.

"It is now very long since I addressed you individually; but when you reflect on the variety of duties which we have to perform, you will not wonder that we should find little time to hold converse with our beloved and far distant friends. The circumstances in which we are placed are so different from what you are accustomed to, or we were wont to conceive of, that it is impossible for me to convey an idea of them. You must, however, think of the work in which we are engaged as demanding our undivided time and energy; and our remembrance of home and its endearments, though undiminished in intensity, is that of those who bear upon their minds a burden too weighty and important to permit them to do more than only at distant intervals, and by sunlight glimpses, to muse upon the future, or call back the events of the past. Your letter, my dear sister, was gladly received and most highly prized by us. . . . We were much gratified by all the information contained in it, and especially by that part which referred to your and dear Mrs B.'s endeavours to instruct the benighted and ignorant children around you. You will, I doubt not, feel your happiness increased by these labours of love; for it is a beautiful part of the Divine administration, and in accordance with the analogy of God's other works, that our personal happiness, as well as our moral improvement, is dependent, in some degree, on the efforts which we make to benefit others. Realize more and more your obligations to redeeming

mercy, and the transcendent relations in which the love of Christ has placed you to created intelligences, and you will become conscious of the honour and dignity conferred upon you, in being engaged in a work to which all the events of time are subservient, and the consummation of which will constitute the perfection of this world's glory and happiness.

"My beloved John and I are at present in the possession of excellent health. Our ties to India are becoming stronger and stronger; for, although every thing around us wears the aspect of a foreign country, and of a distant clime, and although there are here no objects to remind us of the scenes of our youth, or of those whose presence imparted happiness, we are constantly reminded of being in that very land of which the Lord hath said to us, 'Go ye up to possess it.' We have also a standing memorial of the Divine faithfulness, in the existence of that little church which He has formed amongst us; and, though it is the object of care and of agonized solicitude, to those who have been instrumental in planting it, and who know the number and hostile array of its enemies, this circumstance, like the watching and solicitude of a tender parent, deepens their affection to the helpless and unprotected objects of their love. You know how dear the missionary cause is to the heart of my beloved husband, and with what persevering and unabated zeal he has devoted his time and talents to its advancement. Before leaving Scotland, he once said to me, that he thought the joy of being instrumental in bringing one of the deluded children of idolatry to the knowledge and belief of the truth, would be too much for his feelings. This joy he has already experienced, with the additional satisfaction of having formed the converts into a regularly organized church, subjected to the laws and discipline of Christ. Of three of the individuals whom Mr Wilson has been instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth, you will see some account in the annual report of the Bombay Auxiliary Society, now publishing.* Another individual, who is one of our teachers, and of whom you have heard before, was baptized after the report was written. On Sabbath last, Mr Wilson administered the sacrament to the

* "It is with the desire of expressing heartfelt gratitude to God, that, on giving this report of my first missionary labours, I am able to

converts. It was a solemn, but, I trust, a joyful occasion to us all; realizing, in some degree, the glories of the prophetical age, and emblematical of the time when the general assembly and church of the first-born shall meet in heaven, and when people of every country, and tongue, and nation, shall unite with one heart, and in one voice, to sing praises unto Him who was slain, and who has washed them from their sins in his own blood. Our thoughts were brought into peculiar contact with heavenly realities, and our little assembly was, if possible, rendered more solemn, by the presence of one of the American missionaries, who, on the day preceding, had been bereaved of his endeared partner, the companion of his missionary toils, and herself an able and efficient labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Mrs Allen died on the morning of Saturday, after giving birth to a child. Her death will be severely felt by the mission to which she belonged. She had made considerable progress in the language, and was very zealous, not only in her schools, but also among

mention, that I was lately graciously permitted to receive three individuals into the visible Church.

"The first person to whom I refer is of African descent. He was baptized in his youth. About eight months ago, I found him in a state of great ignorance. During the interval, he has daily received instruction from me, and made such a progress in knowledge, and evinced, on on the whole, such a consistency of profession, as were viewed by me as a warrant to admit him into Christian communion.

"The second individual is a Hindú merchant from the kingdom of Kach, who has for several years followed his avocation in Bombay. He was a worshipper of the god Vishnu. Having occasion to give him a few Gujoráthí tracts, which appear to have been beneficial to him, I invited him to come to my house for the purpose of hearing the Gospel of Christ. He listened to me on several occasions, before I was struck with any thing peculiar in his attention or apparent understanding. I soon perceived, however, that he manifested an unusual interest in what was passing; and, on interrogating him on the subject, I found that he readily declared that my doctrines were true, and that they 'stuck to his mind.' From this time he was accustomed to spend almost the whole of the day with me, and to accompany me when I preached to the natives. The people of his caste soon took notice of him; but they could not induce him to abandon inquiry, or forsake instruction. His partners insisted on his separation from their concern, but allowed him

the degraded females around her, in making known the unsearchable riches of Christ. A very affecting service took place in the afternoon at the American Chapel, and we all accompanied her remains to the cold and silent tomb. The burning sun had gone down, and there was a solitude and stillness in the scene which resembled a summer's twilight in our native land. There is something appalling in the sight of an Indian grave, and in the people of strange countenance, and of a strange tongue, who surround it. I trust, however, that on this occasion, the thoughts of all present were wafted to the regions of glory, and that, when they sang a hymn, before departing from the sepulchre, descriptive of her joy and blessedness, they thought of those hallelujahs which will be sounded in louder strains, and without interruption, through the ages of eternity. It was delightful to follow her, from the toil and the sorrows of earth, to the rest and the repose of heaven; and from the labours of missionary enterprise here below to the possession of a missionary's crown, and of an abode in the heavens which sin and suffering cannot invade. May we, my beloved friends, be, like her, found ready, when the Bride-

a small sum of money, and an equivalent for his share in their commodities. He became very eager in his desires for baptism; and as he appeared to look forward to his reception of the ordinance, not only as a public declaration of his attachment to the Saviour, but as a means of convincing his friends that it was in vain to reclaim him, I complied with his request last Lord's Day.

"The third person is a Hindú woman. About eight months ago, when labouring under a severe illness, she expressed to a European, who brought her under my notice, a desire of being instructed in the Christian religion. When I examined her as to the grounds of her wish, I found her in all the darkness of heathenism, but with the persuasion that idolatry was vain and sinful. She readily received the instruction communicated to her by me and Mrs Wilson; but, for a considerable time, evinced nothing corresponding to suitable impressions. As her acquaintance with divine truth increased, however, a change began to be apparent, and latterly she afforded us hopes that she was really interested in the Gospel. One of the converts from Roman Catholicism, who has been mentioned in former reports of my brethren, and in whose house she has resided for upwards of six months, reported well of her conduct. Her baptism took place along with that of the merchant. She has made a little progress in learning to read Maráthí.—*7th January* 1831."

groom cometh to call us hence. The harvest truly is great, and many of its labourers have finished their work and entered into rest. Would that the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us,' were heard and obeyed by those who feel and acknowledge the claims of their Divine Master!—M. W."

Such are the most important parts of the correspondence of Mrs Wilson during our first year's residence in Bombay. The Lord had graciously supported her under some severe trials, imparted to her many mercies, enabled her to do great things preparatory to, or in furtherance of, the work for the sake of which she had to come to India, and had granted her the felicity of observing several important occurrences, calculated to sustain her hopes and strengthen her exertions. Her own unceasing labours she either scarcely notices, or she writes of them with a humility which cannot fail to attract attention, as the result of that deep piety by which she was characterised, and which she never ceased to cultivate and exhibit amidst the most pressing public engagements. Love to the Saviour was the spring of her exertions, and her sense of solemn duty to God rendered her superior, in a rare degree, to the applause of man. It was more an occasion of thanksgiving with her, that she had gathered around her the affections of a goodly company of poor native girls, of some of their connections, and of the few converts of our ministry, than that she was offered the approbation of such of her countrymen as were interested in the conversion of this great land. She wisely sought to be enriched with the prayers, rather than the praises, of her Christian friends. Happy are those who, like her, spend their all in the service of Christ, and have similar desires and endeavours. It matters not that they may be overlooked, or even despised by man. "Their work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, are in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father."

CHAPTER VIII.

DISCUSSION WITH MORA BHATTA—ADVANTAGES OF MISSIONARY TOURS—ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY FROM BOMBAY TO NASIK, BY WAY OF PUNA AND AHMADNAGAR, IN FEBRUARY 1831—LETTERS OF MRS WILSON, ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND IN HIS ABSENCE—CORRESPONDENCE WITH HER OTHER FRIENDS—DEATH OF MRS COOPER—CONTROVERSY WITH THE PARSIS—VISIT TO PUNA—TRANSLATION OF THE VENDIDAD SADE FROM THE FRENCH.

In the beginning of February 1831, I received a note from a Shástrí resident in Bombay, informing me that one of his friends who had lately arrived at the seat of the Presidency, conceiving that he was able to refute all the objections which had been, or could be, brought against the Hindú religion, was desirous of having an interview with me. Having immediately granted him the opportunity of conversing with me which he sought, I was not long in discovering, that he was extremely desirous to redeem the character of Bráhmanism by another public discussion. I readily consented to engage with him. The debate, as on the former occasion, was attended by a great number of respectable natives, and continued during six successive evenings. It referred, principally, to the character of the Divine Being, the means of salvation, the principles of morality, and the allotment of future reward and punishment. Mora Bhatta Dándekara, who was the prime mover of the discussion, received much aid from several of his friends; and he proved a very keen, though not a very ingenuous controversialist. I enjoyed the assistance of Ráma Chandra, and, on one evening, of Mr Farrar, while good order was preserved by Mr Webb. The Bráhmans were again the first to ask for a cessation of hostilities. The impression was very general among the natives that they had the worst of the argument; and the hints which they

received on this subject led them to determine on resorting to the press. I regret that a very interesting and animated account of the whole proceedings by Mrs Wilson is not forthcoming. Allusions to it, or to its results, in subsequent parts of the Memoir, require, in the order of time, this brief notice of it.

I have already declared Bombay to be a most important and promising field of labour; and the facts which have already been mentioned, must have clearly shown the correctness of my opinion. But, though I have ever viewed it as a sphere of missionary exertion, demanding the prosecution, with my best energies, of regular plans of labour, and sighed for the aid of other agents within its locality, I have thought it my duty to leave it for a short time, during several cold seasons, that I might minister in the adjoining districts and provinces. My first tour, commenced a few days after the letter, with which the preceding chapter closes, was written, extended over a large extent of country in the Konkan and Dakhan. My friend, Mr Farrar, of the Church Missionary Society's Mission, then at Bándará, who was just beginning to address the people, accompanied me. We proceeded to Násik, *via* Puna and Ahmadnagar, and returned to Bombay by the Tal-Ghát and Bhivandi. Mr Stevenson went with us from Puná to Násik. We had daily opportunities of proclaiming the glad news of salvation to large, curious, and attentive congregations of the natives,—of distributing about 6000 portions of the Scriptures and tracts, calculated to preserve the remembrance of our discourses, and to urge to and satisfy inquiry,—of visiting many of the native schools supported by the villagers, encouraging the teachers, and supplying them with suitable books,—of extending, by familiar intercourse with the people, our knowledge of the native languages, religions, manners, and customs,—of becoming acquainted with the institutions by which native society is most powerfully affected,—and of giving general intimation of our residence in the country, and the great objects which we sought to promote. My experience of the benefit of itinerancies warrants me to recommend them most strongly to my fellow-labourers, who may never have made them the subject of their particular attention. It is a great mistake to think that they are merely transitory in their effects, and unpro-

ductive of lasting good. The people of India have more copious elements of religious thought and language, though in a sadly disordered state, than those of most infidel nations; and they can learn more from a single discourse than can be imagined by those who have not witnessed them eagerly pressing around, or breathlessly hanging on the lips of the Christian preacher. The very opposition of the tenets of our true and holy faith to their monstrous and polluting superstitions, secures the remembrance of them, when they are propounded, to a degree seldom exhibited among partially educated Christians, who give little attention to doctrines to which they have been long accustomed to give an indolent assent. The polytheist understands the proposition, that there is only one God; his reason is compelled to assent to the arguments by which this essential truth is so clearly established; and his conscience, feeble though it be in its utterance, declares his own condemnation. The pantheist understands the declaration, that God is distinct from his work; and the appeals which are made to his own ignorance, sin, and suffering, compel him to doubt the identity of his own soul with the Supreme Mind, and arouse his fears of that coming day, when his soul will be exposed before its Maker, in all its nakedness, and with all its responsibilities, its guilt and impurity. The idolater can be made to understand the vanity of his stocks and stones; and seldom, after hearing it proclaimed, can he kneel before them with his former confidence and veneration. The legends of the Hindús, respecting various incarnations, though surpassing in every particular the boundaries of sober belief, nay, of ordinarily excited fancy, enable them to comprehend the terms which are employed, when the "great mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh," is the subject of discourse. Their penances, while they suppose the existence of guilt, can be shown to be unsuited to the end which they profess to have in view. Their ablutions, indicating the existence of moral impurity, can easily be demonstrated to be inefficacious for the removal of the defilement of the soul. Their belief in births and transmigrations prepares the way for the doctrine of regeneration by the Divine Spirit. No laborious processes are required to make them understand the letter both of the law and the Gospel, though nothing

short of divine influence, I allow, can make them feel either the condemning power of the one, or the peace and comfort of which the other speaks. Great effects, I am more and more persuaded, would follow a general announcement of the fundamental truths of Christianity, throughout the length and breadth of this great country, in every part of which the missionary may fully declare them, while there are none to make him afraid. Christian education, where it has been conducted, is, in general, a good preparative for his ministrations; but even its absence is no absolute preventative of his usefulness. Continued animated discourse, in the vernacular languages of the people, will never fail to awaken their attention and sympathy. When it is commonly resorted to, and this it can be without any injury to scholastic institutions, the leaven will quickly spread through the mass; and there will be that extensive movement, which will embolden individuals to avow their convictions, and disentangle themselves from the loosened bonds of superstition. The reflex influence of itinerancies, even on the peculiar sphere of labours, which I would ever wish to see have the principal attention, will be found to be in a great degree beneficial. Strangers from the country are induced to visit the missionary in the city; and the inhabitants of the town, again, in going to the country, are likely to have their attention favourably excited by inquiries respecting the Christian religion, and by finding that an attempt has really been made to rouse the people in general to a consideration of the claims of the Saviour.

Mrs Wilson entered so cordially into these views, as will immediately appear, that she not only cheerfully consented to my undertaking the tour to which I have alluded, but strongly urged me to enter upon it, and that, too, at a time when her own peculiar circumstances seemed to require particular attention. Her fitness to conduct for a season the affairs of the mission at home, and her eagerness to have the Gospel message more extensively made known, were my principal encouragements to proceed. Of my movements, she gives such a general account, in the following extracts, as will enable the reader to understand her communications to myself.

"Mr Wilson left me a month ago to proceed to the Dakhan,

on an extensive missionary tour. He is now among the distant towns and villages, proclaiming to countless multitudes the word of life,—that our God is king, and that the gods whom the heathen worship are no gods, but wood and stone, the workmanship of men's hands. His journeyings, labours, &c., have been fraught with peculiar interest, and will, I trust, accomplish, in some degree, the important purposes of his mission. He has transmitted to me a regular journal of all the principal events of the journey. I wish I could send it entire for the perusal of my beloved sisters and brother, as it would convey to them a just idea of a missionary's life, and of many of the customs and superstitions of the people among whom we sojourn. These are, in a great measure, unknown even to Englishmen residing in the country. That you may see the object which he had in view in his communication, I shall give you, *verbatim*, an extract from his letter. It was dated Panwel. 'I consider it my duty to keep a journal of this tour, that the occurrences connected with it, the scenes which I may witness, and the observations which I make, may be deeply impressed upon my own memory,—communicated to you, the beloved partner of my joys and sorrows, and preserved for future use, as illustrating the superstitions, delusions, and customs of the people among whom we have come to declare the Gospel. There are few who intimately observe the Hindús; there are few who take a Christian survey of them; there are fewer still who reveal their knowledge of them, for the purpose of exciting the zeal, and directing the labours of the people of the Lord. These considerations impose upon me a duty which I have kept in view ever since I arrived in India,—that of sending a Macedonian cry to Scotland, founded on a representation of *facts*.'

"In sailing to Panwel, Mr Wilson and Mr Farrar neared the far-famed Islands of Elephanta, Salsette, and Káranjá; but as John had recently visited the caves of the former, in company with Mr Law and Mr Webb, both of whom have a great knowledge of, and taste for, Indian antiquities, they did not stop at them. He gave me a fine description of the scenery, which is very beautiful, and exhibits a variety of wild and striking vegetation. Bent on one great object, they had no sooner arrived at

Panwel, than they went out to declare to the heathen the words of eternal life. John found many listeners; and, as his message was new, some were astonished, others seemed a little impressed, and not a few, while they wondered at its terms, remained insensible to its claims, and firmly entrenched in their own delusions. The party again went out by moonlight, and visited several encampments of native travellers, to whom they declared the Gospel. John spent the remaining part of the evening in explaining to two converts, who had accompanied him, the history of Abraham and his descendants, and in offering up that prayer of faith which I trust found acceptance at the heavenly altar. The next village they visited was Chauk. On Sabbath the 20th February, he says, 'I have spent this day in the midst of heathenism, but I trust I have had some heavenly enjoyment. I felt delighted with the solitude and leisure afforded me for communion with the Father of spirits. I invited the natives to come to worship; but my audience amounted only to twelve individuals. I preached from the words, 'God so loved the world,' &c. Reflecting, that the inhabitants of this village might never again have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel, he again went out in the evening, as if to compel guests to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Learning from Ráma Chandra, that a great concourse of people was assembled in the village, he accompanied him to the place; and, in order to attract attention, and to afford facilities for hearing, he mounted a small bank, and addressed them till he was exhausted. On their return home, two men came running up to them, declaring that their words were true. They belonged to a class of men called, in Maráthí, Kátkarí, who live in the desert.* They conducted Ráma to their huts, that he might declare to them again the glorious message.

"Leaving Chauk early next morning, and visiting, at the next village, (Khopuli,) a temple of Shiva, they met some Bráhmans, with whom they had a very interesting discussion. At four o'clock they began the ascent of the Bhor Ghát, or mountain. The scenery here is said to be very sublime and majestic, far surpassing the mountainous grandeur of our native land. Mr

* They are the preparers of the Catechu, and the most degraded tribe of aborigines in the north-west of India.

Wilson says, 'as we rose from the valley, a most majestic scene began to unfold itself. When I beheld hill rising upon hill, and mountain upon mountain,—the sun setting in glory behind the towering clouds,—the distant ocean, forests, rivers, and villages,—and when, looking around me, I observed, amid this scene of grandeur, a single stone usurping the place of Jehovah, the Creator of all, I felt and expressed the utmost horror at idolatry, and the baseness, guilt, and stupidity of man.' . . . . After visiting several other towns and villages, where they had many precious opportunities of declaring the Gospel, and where they met with very interesting occurrences, they proceeded to the city of Puná, one of the most extensive and curious in the Presidency. It is a very important missionary station, both from the immense number of natives which it contains, and from its presenting the aspect of an Indian city very little affected by European manners and improvements. It was, however, delightful to find, that, on comparing the merits of Puná and Bombay, as missionary stations, Mr Wilson gives the preference to the latter, both in respect of the number of inquirers, and the facilities for collecting audiences. Mr Stevenson, you know, is at Puná. John had a good deal of intercourse with Ráma Chandra's relations, and witnessed the dreadful opposition which he is called to encounter. His wife once threatened to desert him altogether, and it was only after the most urgent entreaty she consented to remain. When they went to baptize his child, John says, 'she abused us, she wept, she stamped. She was insensible to every argument, to every remonstrance. When I proceeded to administer the ordinance, she covered the child, and hid herself in a corner. It was with the greatest difficulty I could get the water sprinkled, and this was no sooner done, than she gave the alarm to the Bráhmans, some of whom had assembled together.' In this picture you will see a striking fulfilment of Scripture.* You, who live in a Christian land, witness nothing of such scenes. O, let your sympathy be excited and your most fervent prayers raised to heaven, for those who are the objects of such direful persecution and scorn. From Puná they proceeded to Ahmadnagar, and, owing to the state of

* Matt. x. 34-36.

the country, were obliged to be guarded by Ramoshís. These are a race of robbers who dwell among the fastnesses of the hills, and whose occupation is to kill and plunder travellers. They do not attack those who are guarded by their caste, and almost every European family in Puná is obliged to employ them as guards. One of our servants being behind Mr Wilson, was met and assailed by them; but, as he had no money, they desisted.* Their visit to Ahmadnagar was deeply interesting; but I have not room to detail the particulars. From thence,

* The country was at this time in a very disturbed state, Umájí Náyak, the celebrated Ramoshí, having taken to the fields with many of his retainers. An interesting account of the Ramoshís was published some time ago by Major A. Mackintosh. He shows, from a consideration of their ancient language, traditions, and movements, that it is extremely probable they are originally from the Telingáná country. They rank low among the Hindús, but have the precedence of Parwárís. They have several castes among themselves, of which the principal are the *Chawan* and *Jádú*. They are at present scattered through the towns and villages of the Puná and Ahmadnagar Collectorates, the territories of the Rájá of Sátárá, and the Pant Sachiwa. Several villages are held by them in *inam*. The whole population does not much exceed 18,000 souls. On the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief," many of them are engaged as village-watchmen; and some of them are agriculturists. As guardians of the peace, however, they are far from being faithful. They employ Mahárs to discharge such of their police duties as burden their consciences; and they betake themselves, when opportunities occur, and the *auri sacra fames* urges them, to the neighbouring towns, and to the wood and the waste, that they may attack the men of property with whom they may come in contact. They are, at the same time, not neglectful of their religious duties! They act, on the occasion of births and marriages, under the guidance of the stars, whose phases or motions are read to them, or directed for them by the village Joshí. They seem either to have come to the same way of thinking as the gods, or to have brought the gods to *their* way of thinking. At all events, they go hand in hand together, and mutually divide the spoil. Since Umají,—compared with whom Rob Roy might be reckoned an honest man,—was removed from the field, they have been rather more quiet. May they long see it to be their interest to cultivate the arts of peace! Some of them I have occasionally found to listen attentively to the Gospel.

they proceeded to Násik, a sort of sacred place among the Hindús, and the great stronghold of Bráhmanical influence. They visited many places by the way, preaching to immense multitudes, and sleeping all night in temples, or outside of them, with reeds for pillows. He gives me new and important information about the incarnation of the gods, and the worship paid to them. 'Some of the facts,' he says, 'are too horrible to relate. One temple has females of abandoned character connected with it;* but even this is not the worst of its hidden mysteries of wickedness.' His last letter was dated Násik; and they are now on their way home. I need not say what joy the return of my dear husband will afford me after these few weeks of separation. . . . . O it is sweet to repose on a Saviour's love, and to look, from this land of sorrow and exile, to the rest which remaineth for the people of God,—to the purity which will then be their portion." . . . .

"Násik," Mrs Wilson afterwards continues, "is a place classical to the Hindús and one of the strongholds of Bráhmanical superstition. They began their preaching in the principal bázár, at the Peshwa's palace. Their second place of addressing the natives was the bank of the holy river, (the Godávarí,) where the Bráhmans were performing ablutions. Here they had much discussion, but were prevented from finishing their discourse by the hisses and hootings lavished upon them by the Bráhmans. On their return home, they observed even the Muhammadans doing homage to this river, by pulling off their shoes as they approached it. On the following day, a great concourse of visitors came to their bungalow, and they had many opportunities of declaring the truths of the blessed Gospel. Even where a belief of the truth has not been produced, a general scepticism regarding the Hindú religion has been the consequence of their ministrations and discussions; and in this city, which is 'wholly given to idolatry,' without even one temple erected 'to the unknown God,' there has been an earthquake, and a shaking among the dry bones. John describes the scenery around Násik as

* Most of the temples of any note have them, as a regular part of their establishment; and this, too, supported by the British Government!

sublime and beautiful in no ordinary degree. The mountains are very majestic; but every thing is so associated with the reigning superstition, that one of these is called the bed of Ráma. On its summit, there is a piece of table-land, with an elevated portion at the extremity, which is supposed to be the couch of the god. The temples form fine specimens of Hindú architecture. The river is an object of great attraction. Besides the great Ráma-Kunda, or pool for bathing, there are eleven other pools sacred to some of the gods. John looks upon Násik as one of the most important places in the Presidency for missionary exertion. He says, however, that he would not wish to see any one there but a person deeply versed in the Shástras, and acquainted with Sanskrita, the sacred language of the Bráhmans.* He mentioned a circumstance which proved the ignorance of the Bráhmans, or how much the peculiarities of Hindúism have passed into oblivion. They revere, and are engaged in beautifying, the representations in some celebrated caves,† which are proved to be of Buddhist origin, and once held in the utmost detestation by the Bráhmans. Mr Wilson encountered a band of robbers on his way home, but escaped from them unhurt. In consequence of the fatigue of travelling and of constant preaching, he was taken ill on the road, and fainted from exhaustion. . . . . He arrived in Bombay on Saturday night, and you may judge what were our feelings of rapture on again meeting. I think his health has profited by the excursion; and he has made an immense accession to his knowledge both of the languages and customs of this people."

I now give copious extracts from Mrs Wilson's communications to myself, written when I was absent on the tour now mentioned.

"*February* 20, 1831.—I have just now received your delightful and animating letter of the 18th, and am truly grateful

* The station is now advantageously occupied by the Church Missionary Society's missionaries, whose labours, though conducted under considerable opposition, afford good promise, and testify to both zeal and fidelity.

† At Lená, about six miles from Násik.

to the God of Providence for conducting your movements, and for affording you so many opportunities of declaring to the heathen around you the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"I felt an indescribable dulness and solitude after you left me, which showed me how deeply interwoven you are with all the desires and affections of my heart. . . . . I followed you in imagination to Panwel; but it was a mere excursion of fancy through unknown regions, and had a vagueness and indefiniteness about it very different from the reality. You may judge, therefore, of the degree of interest with which I perused your descriptions of the scenery and the people, with other details equally important and affecting. I am truly pleased that you intend to keep a regular journal of your proceedings, and to transmit it to her who is indeed the sharer of your joys and sorrows, though unworthy to be called a fellow-labourer in the great work of making known the Gospel to the heathen. Your observations will, I doubt not, possess a degree of accuracy seldom to be found, and throw light on that tremendous fabric of superstition, many parts of which yet remain to be illustrated. I would unite my prayers with those of my beloved husband, that the scenes which he witnesses, and the discoveries which he may make in the course of his journeyings, may deepen our impressions of the fearful responsibility of our office, and present to our minds, in glorious contrast, the triumphs which the Gospel has achieved over superstition and delusion. Your absence has led me to think more than ever of the dreadful condition of the heathen, and to recall in solemn remembrance those arguments, and that train of events, which led you to devote your talents and your life to them. In looking back upon the past, we must be compelled to say, that the Lord hath led us by a right way, and that the success which has hitherto accompanied your exertions is but an earnest and pledge of what the Almighty hath yet in store for you. The Divine power, which has already been manifested in the conversion of a few, may, by its wonder-working energy, convert many; and the beamings of that glory, which we have but dimly seen, may burst upon our view in brighter and more glorious manifestations. I could not help feeling to-day, when Apá was addressing the people, that this

power, though silent and unperceived, is at present at work in the minds of some of those who have heard from your lips the words of eternal truth; and I was still more impressed with the belief, when the little Hindú girl, who has been so much with me of late, came to me after dinner asking to be instructed. She went over some of the parables of our Lord, and also several other parts of the Scriptures which she had heard you explain, with an accuracy which quite astonished me. She said the love of Christ was so great, that it quite overwhelmed her, and that she could not help telling all the people she is acquainted with, that there is no Saviour but Jesus Christ, and that all who worship the gods of the Hindús will perish. This I believe to be true, for I overheard her the other day arguing with one of the Pantojís. When they say to her, You never saw the true God, and therefore cannot know that the others are false, she gives them an answer from the little Catechism respecting the nature of God, and says, that if she could see him with her eyes He would not be the God she reads about in the (Christian) Shástras. I have not time to tell you all her remarks; but I never heard any thing from the converts that affected me so much as some of them; and she several times shed tears. The Hindú woman was present, and seemed to be much affected. I must not forget to tell you, that she also has given me great satisfaction, and seems more desirous of instruction than formerly. It is delightful to think, that out of the mouths of babes and of sucklings God may ordain strength; and that they who were before outcasts from society, may be made living pillars in that building of which Christ is the head."

"*Monday morning.*—Mr Webb came in last night to take me to the chapel, and I was so delighted with your letter, that I could not resist the pleasure of giving it to him to read. . . . . The Moneys have been very kind to me, and wish me to be constantly there. I could not go out on Saturday, and they all came in to spend the evening with me. . . . . I could not get off on Friday, and dined there with a very large party. I came home at 11 o'clock; but though every thing looked serene and beautiful under the shadows of moonlight, I felt quite sad at the idea of being separated from you. I was, however, comforted by the

assurance, that the sorrows and the separations of time are but momentary, compared with the joys of heaven, and with that exalted and enduring fellowship which awaits us in the kingdom of our Father and of our God. Beyond the scenes and the shadows of the material world, that glory will be unveiled,—that happiness experienced, of which we cannot now form an estimate. The contemplation of it gives importance to all the events of time, and should lead us to view every thing that befalls us as part of that moral discipline by which we are to be skilled and trained for its enjoyment. Oh for greater degrees of holiness, that we may live above the world, and that our zeal and ardour in the Divine service may know no decline, till we shall behold the King in his beauty, and stand among the ransomed throng who praise God day and night in his temple!

"The little darling has been very good since you left me, and is making daily acquisitions in knowledge. He has, like papa, been making some additions to his vocabulary; and when I say, Where is darling papa, Andrew? he points with his little finger, and calls out, *gaiá*. He was this morning stretching out his hand for a book, and having attempted in vain to seize it, he got hold of the word *kitáb*, which he continued pronouncing several times, laughing, as if proud of the acquisition. When I say to the hamáls, *sáf kar*, he takes his frock and begins to rub the table: but I am growing foolish, and deserve a scold."

"25*th February* 1831.—I have just received your two last letters, and have read them over and over again with a pleasure which I cannot describe..... I have not time to dwell upon the different parts of your letters, all of which were so deeply interesting; but they are engraven upon my memory, and will be afterwards the subject of conversation and of grateful remembrance, if it be the will of our heavenly Father again to unite us. Every thing is going on as usual, and both Apá and Hírchand continue to give me satisfaction. We have generally pretty large assemblies of people at the morning worship, who seem to be very attentive; and Apá and Hírchand go out regularly to address the natives. The latter is almost constantly engaged in reading; and I am happy to observe the earnestness and frequency with which he peruses the New Testament. I

told them that you intended to write to them, and they seemed quite delighted at the thought of getting a letter. I have been much tried with the Pantojís of the different schools. They seem to think that, as you are away, they are under a *different* government, and may form new laws for themselves. A female reign in the mission is something like one in the State. Our authority is not respected, and, although our code of laws may be good, we find many obstacles to its ministration.

"I am comforted, in this dreary period of separation from the beloved object of my affections, by the belief that I am able to accomplish a little in forwarding the plans, and in perpetuating the arrangements, which he has laid down with so much wisdom. I feel that I am indeed an inefficient instrument; but I trust this sense of impotency leads me to realize my dependence upon God, and upon an agency which can render the feeblest efforts availing. This [Holí] festival has also blighted my hopes in regard to the female schools. What a dreadful prospect does it present to the mind, of the sin and impurity of idolatry, and of the atrocities which it sanctions and allows! The scene of magnificence and beauty, which you witnessed from the ghát, deformed by the symbols of idolatry, and by the usurpation of that power which called it into existence, was not more affecting to your mind, than the events which are now taking place are to mine. O that my soul were bowed down because of the wickedness of the land, and because of the multitude of its idols? It is our duty also to rejoice in the blessed prediction of prophecy, and in the blessed spectacles which will be exhibited by this world in her latter-day glory. The political revolutions which are shaking the nations, and the word of life which you are now sowing in the waste places of the wilderness, are alike contributing to bring about these results. . . . . You will be happy to hear that the discussions are still a topic of conversation, both among Europeans and natives. They say you have made quite a *commotion*, and inspired fear and anxiety in the minds of the natives. O that out of these troubled elements light may spring forth!

"A letter arrived yesterday from the Konkan; but, as it is not on subjects of business, I shall not send it to you to-day. It

was brought by one of Mr Lucas's servants, who is now come to Bombay, and it referred chiefly to them. They continue to give great satisfaction, and the wife of one of the servants, along with five of their children,—two belonging to the one, and three to the other,—have been baptized.* Mr Mitchell hopes that you will soon have the pleasure of baptizing the other woman. I was out when the man brought the letter, and did not see him, but I have told Apá where they reside, and have asked him to go and converse with them."

"*26th February* 1831.—After I had despatched a letter for you yesterday, my heart was cheered by the arrival of your last interesting epistle. I was happy to find that you had reached the great city [Puná] in safety, after a journey so fraught with important and interesting events. The result of your labours, and the accessions of knowledge which you have acquired, cannot be justly appreciated now, but it is delightful to meditate upon their probable results, and to know, that, over a territory where delusion and superstition hold their undisputed reign, and where multitudes of immortal beings are hurrying along the

* The baptism of the persons here referred to is thus noticed in a communication of Messrs Mitchell and Cooper, dated Harnaí, 31st December, 1831, (Mr Nesbit, who had aided in their instruction, having previously joined Mr Stevenson at Puná) :—"From February 1830 to January 1831, they continued serious and progressive inquirers. Prejudices and difficulties, one after another, yielded to the force of truth. They parted with their gods, and abandoned their superstitious practices. Instead of falsehood and cruelty, truth and mercy appeared to distinguish their character. Their master gave them an honourable testimony as diligent and faithful servants. They were well acquainted with the 'truth as it is in Jesus,' and appeared to feel its power. They professed to renounce all dependence on themselves, and to rest wholly on the Saviour for pardon and every spiritual blessing..... The two men were accordingly baptized on Sabbath the 16th January 1831, and on the evening of the same day sat down at the table of our common Lord..... They are of the lowest caste of Hindús ; but their quickness of apprehension, soundness of judgment, and independence of spirit, are seldom to be found among natives of much higher rank. On the 13th February 1831, the five children of these men, together with the wife of one of them, were also admitted into the Church."

stream of time to the retribution which awaits them, you have been the means of disseminating the word of life. You have made an invasion of Satan's territory, and, though he may gather his host to battle, and put forth a thousand influences whereby he shall endeavour to regain his ascendancy, the blow has been struck, and the conquest begun, which shall level his power to the dust, and erect upon its ruins a kingdom and a dominion that shall have no end.

"Had Providence permitted it, how much I should have liked to have been your companion on this very interesting journey! but you judged wisely in deciding that I should remain at home; for, when I think of all that has taken place in connection with the schools, and of the constant superintendence required in almost every department of our labours, I am persuaded that every thing would have been involved in confusion without the presence of one of us. The path of duty is the path of happiness; and, when I see so many sacrificing their personal enjoyments for some petty design of avarice or ambition, I feel ashamed to complain of the temporary privations which I now endure. My heart, however, continually turns towards you as the dearest object of earthly attraction; and, when I am reminded by the events that are taking place around us, that death must sooner or later sever the ties which unite us so closely together, the thought would overwhelm me with dismay, were I not permitted to look forward to a reunion in a world of glory. If such enjoyment springs from the exercise of our affections, where sin mingles with them, and impedes their pure and uninterrupted flow, what shall it be in heaven, where love is perfected, and becomes the presiding principle of the soul? 'God is love;' and what a glorious manifestation of this Divine attribute do we behold, when we contemplate it in the work of redemption—as the spring of every act in God's moral administration of the universe—and as the cementing principle by which the whole household of faith is united and built up. These manifestations we may behold in part now; but their full and transcendent glory shall not be unveiled till we see God as he is, till we know even as we are known! ETERNITY is a word so full of import, that it may well abate our regard for the objects of time, except in so far as

they are connected with its momentous transactions. The work in which you are employed has an especial reference to these; and I feel a delight, which I never experienced before, in identifying every thing that you do with its rewards and its enjoyments.

"Your letters are full of interest. Continue to write to me as fully as you have hitherto done. Independently of personal considerations, they form one of the most interesting documents which I have seen connected with India. I have *pored* over every sentence of them, till I can almost repeat them by heart and I have taught the little darling to kiss them, so that instead of exercising his *organs of destructiveness* on them, as he was prone to do, he now begins to kiss every letter he can get hold of. I was very anxious about him yesterday—he was in such pain from teething: but I am happy to say he is now much relieved, and beginning to play all his little tricks again. He seems to be daily making new discoveries; and, although we do not know their precise nature, I do not doubt, they afford him as much pleasure as the discovery of gravitation, or some other law of nature, did to the philosophers. He has *begun* the *Maráthí alphabet*, and seems upon the whole better pleased with it than with the English. Is that good taste?"

"*Sabbath.*—No letters have as yet come to hand; and as you will be anxious about little Andrew, I shall send this letter by to-day's post. I met our little English congregation this morning, and had much delight in uniting with them in prayer and reading the Scriptures. How delightful this day of sacred rest,—this earnest and pledge of the joys of heaven! I had been sitting alone in the verandah, and was meditating upon that glorious Sabbath which the apostle spent in the Isle of Patmos, when my thoughts were interrupted by the shrieks and howlings of idolaters. A train of melancholy musing was then suggested to my mind respecting the abominations of the heathen, and the insults which they offer to the God of purity. When will their abominations come to an end, and the standard of the Cross be everywhere established? We came from Mr Money's last night during the eclipse. The evening was so beautiful, that I could not help feeling entranced by the prospect which sea, earth, and sky presented. The partial obscuration of the moon seemed to

give an additional charm to the scenery, and rendered the repose of nature more deep and tranquil. In observing such a phenomenon, we naturally think of the wisdom of the Divine Being, and of the harmony of those laws by which he conducts the economy of nature. Our thoughts may even rise to a consideration of the infinity of his works and of his ways, in the creation and the government of innumerable worlds; but, in driving along, my thoughts were directed to different objects, by the sight of innumerable groups of idolaters uttering their unmeaning incantations, or fanning the dying embers around which they were seated. During the night, the noise was so dreadful that I could not sleep.* Apá was so ill, that he and Hírchand remained in their own house, and, notwithstanding injunctions to the contrary, several of the hamáls deserted us. This morning they look the very pictures of dissipation, and, although Apá was here before nine o'clock, none of the little children appeared but the little girl that I told you about.

"Miss Gray is still with me, and is very kind. When I am ill she nurses me, and amuses my little pet much better than the servants do. Again, adieu. May you be in the Spirit on this holy day! Let our souls commune together in prayer and communion with God; and may the contrast which our holy religion presents to the sin and delusion of idolatry, deepen our impressions of that love which hath made us to differ!"

"1*st March* 1831.—We are all going on better than I could expect, considering the suspension of labour and the dissipation of mind which this festival occasions.

"On Sabbath evening, after returning from the chapel, I was seized with a violent pain, which continued during the night and all yesterday. . . . . Dr Smyttan, who has been very attentive, assures me that every alarming symptom has gone off, and that, if I adhere to his injunctions, there will be no danger of a relapse. I trust you will feel no uneasiness on my account. I feel quite

* *Grahan*, the Sanskrita and Maráthí term for an eclipse, means literally a *seizure*, which the natives think is effected by the Asuras, Ráhu and Ketu, laying hold of the sun and moon. The universal cry of the superstitious people, who fear that these luminaries will be devoured by the devils, is, Let go! Let go!

well, and I experience the fulfilment of that promise, 'He will keep them in perfect peace whose minds are stayed upon Him.' O the unspeakable blessedness of feeling our dependence upon God, and the endearing nature of that relationship which recognises him as our Father! All things are ours. Life and death are in his hands; and, though the latter may be an object of terror to the wicked, to those who wait for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, it must be an object of joy and delight, as they know that it introduces them into a state of pure and never-ending felicity."

"*Thursday, March* 1831.—I am happy to relieve your anxiety, by assuring you that I am now almost completely recovered, and that I am regaining my strength more rapidly than I could have expected. By the doctor's express injunction I am still obliged to confine myself to bed, and not allowed to exert either my mind or body; but this is a *precautionary*, or, more properly speaking, a *preventive mean*, and will soon, I hope, become unnecessary. . . . .

"What reason have I to magnify the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord, in sparing one so unworthy of his mercies, and so unmindful of the great and paramount obligations which are laid upon me to devote myself to his service! Would that the dispensations of God's providence, so beneficial in their tendency, and so intimately linked with the designs of his moral government, were more faithfully observed, and more accurately interpreted by me; and that I could gather from them new and more powerful motives to constant and willing obedience! The events of days and hours, many of which are allowed to pass into oblivion, or are viewed as the rising and setting of the sun, part of an ordinary succession of things, would thereby become important, and point to a hand-writing on the wall, full of meaning, and invisible only because of the dimness of our perception. I have felt this period of comparative cessation from worldly cares, as my beloved John did the Sabbath which he so beautifully described on his journey. The communion which we enjoy in solitude with the Father of our spirits, has something in it more sublime and heavenly, more allied to the pure and the undisturbed enjoyments of the heavenly state, than that which we enjoy at intervals, and amid the cares of the world. The latter

is, however, in accordance with our state of warfare, and with that feeling of exile we must experience till we arrive at that blessed home which Christ has prepared for those who love him, and where they will behold the full vision of his glory.

"I received your letter on Tuesday, and read it with increased interest and delight. Many thanks for all the information which it communicates, and for the sweet and tender affection which it breathes towards me and our little pet.... I am quite delighted to find that he does not belong to the *stoic race;* for, although I admire philosophers who can reason, I am inclined to give the preference to *men* possessing the benevolent and refined feelings of the heart.....

"What you say of the comparative merits of Bombay and Punâ, as missionary stations, made me greatly rejoice that our lot has been cast in the former. The leadings of Providence in bringing us hither were certainly very remarkable; and I can now see the meaning of that strong bias which led you to prefer it, when circumstances seemed to combine against it. We are now on the field of battle, and upon that very place of the enemy's territory which you think most advantageous for commencing hostilities. Be it our earnest prayer, that He who has upon his vesture and upon his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords, may be our leader and guide in the glorious enterprise! Without *his* skill and enterprise, what were our feeble endeavours? Without the goings-forth of his power and of his Spirit, how feeble is the machinery which we can put into execution! He has manifested his love towards you, as well as displayed his sovereignty and independent control over the hearts of men, by the success which he has made to accompany your exertions. O that we may feel it an argument for increased dependence, and for greater confidence in the promises of his Word!....

"....I have been endeavouring to divest myself of anxiety, by committing you to that God of love, and of infinite compassion, who is ever near to support and to comfort his people, amid all the exigencies of their condition, and the many privations to which they may be exposed. But notwithstanding my most strenuous efforts, anxiety at times steals over my mind, and

harasses me with a thousand suspicions regarding your comfort, and the ills which may betide you on your journey. Fear has an *iron key*, which shuts up the treasures of consolation, and excludes hope from that supremacy which she justly claims as her lawful possession. I feel so sad to-day, from not having received a letter, that I must end all attempts at being *poetical*, and write in plain prose. I trust no danger is to be apprehended from the distracted state of the country; but the idea of Umájí and other desperadoes, infesting the road, or sheltered among the fastnesses of the mountains, is to me very formidable..... You have a strength independent of all earthly resources. The arm of Omnipotence is your defence; the strength of Jehovah is your safeguard; and that eternal wisdom, by which all things were planned and conducted, the tower and rock of defence to which you may repair in the time of trouble. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.' With such assurance, you may be happy in every situation, knowing, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, that every event which befalls you will contribute to your good, and to the furtherance of the Gospel. I know so little of the route you had to take, that I am very desirous to hear what were your opportunities of preaching, and what objects of interest presented themselves to your view. I trust your journal will arrive by to-day's post, and, if so, it will give me ample information on all these points.

"I am now pretty well, but not allowed to exert myself in the slightest degree. My Maráthí and Hindustaní studies are consequently at a stand, but, having Miss Gray with me, we get on very well with English reading. I have read M'Crie's account of the Reformation in Spain a second time, and with increased interest. It is indeed a striking document of events, and as these have been hitherto unknown, possesses a value and an importance altogether new. It reflects such a majestic light on the principles of the Reformation, that I delight to familiarise my mind with its contents, and to recall, from that distant time, those sublime and devoted instances of martyrdom by which the faith was perpetuated, or the darkness of Popery shown to be

more formidable and guilty. We have begun Bishop Heber's Life. I shall send you a *critique* upon it, provided you be not yourself so *critical* as to *criticise* mine.—Very alarming accounts have been received of dear Mrs Cooper. Her illness has assumed a very hopeless appearance, and the fainting fits have become so frequent, that it is apprehended she will depart suddenly in one of them. How many warnings do we receive of the brevity of life! How many calls to diligence in the Divine service! O that our loins may be girded, and our lamps burning, and we found in readiness for the Lord's coming! I feel, at present, as if I were useless in the world. O let me remember that prayer may be of as much avail as active service, and that pain and suffering are the discipline which my heavenly Father deems fit for his rebellious and wayward child! This is not a resting-place, but, though a thorny path, it conducts to the land of pure and unfading delights. To that blessed country, I trust, we are travelling together. Let us keep its glories stedfastly in view, till they become ours in actual possession and enjoyment."

"*March* 1831.—I received your tenderly affectionate and sympathizing letter last night. . . . . I was much delighted with the continuance of your journal, and with the many additional opportunities which were afforded you of preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom. A variety of pleasing and solemn associations will often arise in my mind on remembering the places which you have visited, and the circumstances which accompanied your short sojourn among the inhabitants. The light which has fallen may yet become so glorious as to dispel all the darkness of heathen delusion; and the seed sown, though like a grain of mustard, may spring up and become a great tree, spreading its branches, and affording lodgment for the fowls of heaven. The accounts you give of Godnadí, and of the scenes on the streets, are truly affecting, and exhibit, in darker and more aggravated colours than mere theory could have done, the true nature of idolatry. O that I could feel as the prophet of old did, on a like occasion, when he exclaimed, 'Oh that my head were waters,' &c.; or when, in the exercise of holy indignation and wonder, he called upon the heavens to be astonished, and to be horribly afraid, because of the evils of idolatry! I suppose that scenes equally revolting

with those you witnessed, take place in Bombay, though attended with greater privacy. Our schools have been all broken up, and the teachers, no less than the children, look as if they were recovering from the effects of a strange and unnatural excitement. The natives in general were very riotous during the Holí, while poor Apá and Hírchand seemed to be listened to with little attention, and to be more than usual the object of their indignation and aversion. On Saturday evening, Mr Allen called to inform me that another of their teachers, along with his child, was to be baptized in the chapel on Sabbath morning ; and that, after the baptism, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered to the natives. Apá, Hírchand, and the Hindú woman, accordingly went, and partook with them of the sacred festival. A knowledge of this fact was conveyed to Hírchand's partners, and served to kindle anew their indignation against him. They have heaped all manner of indignities upon him, and annoyed him in every possible way. Apá says they turned him out of the house, carried away all his property, and threatened him with utter ruin. He was here all yesterday, and seemed very much agitated, but not at all inclined to retreat, or prevaricate. He had his Bible all day in his hand, and, I trust, was deriving strength and consolation from its sublime and exhaustless treasures. Two of his partners came here, and were a long time engaged in conversing with Apá about his apostacy. They accused you of having compelled him to become a Christian. Apá assured them that it was his own convictions of the truth; but, however strange this may seem, it was neither his profession of the Christian faith, nor his desertion of them, that seemed to arouse them so much as the circumstance of his having eaten bread and drank wine at the Sacrament.* If I may judge from

* The act of eating and drinking with Christians, &c., is that which particularly excludes from caste. Often have I admired the divine wisdom which has constituted the Lord's Supper one of the tests of Christian brotherhood. Participation in the ordinance in a social form, as among Presbyterians, &c., totally annihilates caste,—the most tyrannical institution ever framed by the adversary of souls. No convert can be confidently said to have entered the Christian Church till he has communicated with his fellow-disciples.

their countenances, they went away more pacified ; but neither he nor Apá has come to us this morning. Mr Webb will do all in his power for him.

"The American Missionaries have arrived. They were in the chapel last night, and spoke a little.* .... I liked the appearance of the ladies, and believe they are all very pious."

"10*th March* 1831.—Your last letter awakened in my mind alternate feelings of joy and sorrow, of gratitude and anxiety. When I thought of the pain which your ardent and susceptible mind endured on my account, and of the languor and fatigue induced by so much travelling, my heart was drawn towards you by an impulse of affection which I cannot describe, and which would have proved overwhelming had it not found vent in tears. This weakness of our nature, or of *womanly feeling*, ought not to be too much indulged in ; but, in a moderate degree, is not sinful, or any impeachment of that wisdom and goodness which guides the course of providential events, while it is one of the means by which sorrow or affection over-excited finds vent for itself. I rejoice in your *many* labours, and in that zeal which leads you to overlook fatigue, privations, and personal sufferings; but you must not forget, that, by expending your strength more than is proper, you may incapacitate yourself for future labour, and so shorten the term which you might otherwise possess for doing good. I know that you are, by constitution, ardent and impetuous in the pursuit of knowledge, and that the sublime and overwhelming nature of the work in which you are engaged has inspired a courage which may make such admonitions appear to be the dictates of selfish caution ; but remember, *they* are the best practical and political economists who regulate their expenditure and operations by a calculation of future probabilities, as well as of immediate results. Is not this like an Edinburgh reviewer writing about Malthus, or Adam Smith ; and not like one who enters into all your plans, participates in your labours, and rejoices that so many battles have been fought and won by an individual whom she so tenderly loves, and whom she would rather see clothed with reproach for the name of the Lord Jesus

* The Rev. Messrs Ramsay, Read, and Hervey, and their wives.

than clad in all the honours and splendours of earthly renown? Your letters have been especially valuable in deepening my impressions of the high dignity of your office, and of the incalculable value of missionary effort. Perhaps we could not have come to India at a more propitious era of its history than the present, or at a time when its after destinies will be so powerfully affected by what is now doing. Political rule is of incalculable importance in this respect, but dwindles into insignificance compared with what may be accomplished by the labours of a faithful missionary. Outward events may retard, or promote, the march of truth in the world; but nothing else than its entrance into the mind, producing a mighty change among the passions and opposing elements, can secure its establishment or perpetuate its claims. We have witnessed astonishing transformations in other countries; but although the principles and effects of idolatry have everywhere a common origin and resemblance, I can conceive of no moral change which has yet happened in the world equal to what will take place here, where every thing is reared upon, and incorporated with, a system of idolatry and superstition most gross and complicated. You are not only one of those warriors who attack the outward walls of the city, but you have entered within its precincts, and are engaged in pulling down and clearing away its towers and places of defence. I rejoice that I am permitted to be a feeble looker-on in the glorious conquest, and to assist, by my prayers and my supplications, in your behalf. With regard to our little darling and you, I have the feelings of that Roman wife and mother so touchingly alluded to in Mr James's missionary sermon. O that I had faith and spirituality of mind equal to the ardour and affection which I at times experience! I feel honoured in being a partner with you in this work, and adore that providence which led to a union so productive of our happiness. I have also joy in dedicating our unborn babe to the God who has imparted to us such innumerable blessings. My love for Andrew is every day increasing; but I sincerely trust that he will not occupy an undue place in our affections. May the conviction that he is born of sinful parents, and inherits, along with the evils, all the maladies of the fall, impress us with a holy fervour in his behalf, and with

an ever-growing confidence in the blessings of that covenant by which his salvation may be secured.

"Your account of Dr Graham was very encouraging and delightful. I trust your visit to him will be blessed. I read it to Mr Money, who was much gratified with the facts you mentioned, and also with your good opinion of his friend.* He and Mrs Money kindly came to spend the day with us yesterday, and, as you may suppose, your journeyings, labours, &c. &c., were our theme. . . . . The schools have all commenced again, and are beginning to appear rather more promising. I am not allowed to go out yet, although quite recovered; but, as this caution is said to be absolutely necessary, I deem it my duty to comply with it.

"... Hírchand received accounts of his mother's death, and has gone to Kach. I did not see him before he set out, but understand that he was very ill, and his fever still high. He is to return very soon. I trust his Almighty Saviour will be near to protect him, and deliver him from the temptations to which he may be exposed.

"The shigram will be sent off early to-morrow morning. Take care not to expose yourself to the sun, which is now very powerful. Adieu till we meet again. . . . . May the God of Jacob compass you about continually, and bring you back to us in peace." . . .

In these communications, there is the undisguised expression of the feelings of a most affectionate Christian heart. How refreshing they proved to me, frequently exhausted by travelling and labour at the time of receiving them, the general reader, I am sure, cannot well conceive. My dearest partner was not only supplying my lack of service at home, but urging me on to the discharge of my duties, and sympathizing with my trials in the high places of the field abroad. The Lord, in the exercise of his

* Mr Graham I found busily engaged in trying to introduce the cultivation of silk into India, and at the same time diligent, according to his opportunities, in the Christian instruction of the many natives over whom his influence extended. His views and plans he has since, while on a visit to Britain, submitted to the public in an excellent little work on the Means of Ameliorating India, published in Glasgow.

unchangeable faithfulness, was at the same time disciplining her own soul, and was advancing its sanctification by her personal afflictions. At these afflictions, however, she hinted only in the most delicate manner, lest she should give me distress. The following extract of a letter to one of her sisters, written a few days before my return to Bombay, will, in some degree, show what they were, and the meekness, patience, and resignation, with which they were borne, and the lessons of heavenly wisdom which she sought to learn from them.

"We are here by the mysterious providence of our Almighty Guardian and Friend, who has not only guided our steps through many perplexing and devious paths, but honoured us to come up to the battle, and to be heralds of his name and cause. Our warfare shall ere long be terminated, and you and we shall meet in our Father's house, arrayed in the robes, and having on the crown, of conquerors. To this glorious hope let us now direct all our desires and wishes; let our aims be lofty as the objects themselves; and, knowing that he who possesseth this hope purifieth himself even as Christ is pure, may we aspire after holiness, and the blending together of those virtues and affections which constitute its perfection and essence. The letter from Anna, dated 27th August, was only received a few days ago, but came a most welcome and joyful messenger from those to whom my thoughts were beginning to turn with intense and anxious solicitude. It arrived also in the absence of my dear husband, and when a temporary suspension from labour, caused by illness, had made me feel, for the first time, that I was alone and solitary in a land of heathen darkness. Some of the converts had gone with Mr Wilson. The remaining one was in a distant part of the city, exposed to the horrors of persecution by his own caste, who looked upon his apostacy from their religion as the most direful calamity which could have befallen them, and justly meriting the vengeance of Heaven. Here I was, with my dear infant, in the midst of a spacious mansion, surrounded by domestics of strange countenance, and still stranger sympathies, and speaking a language which bore no affinity to those well-known and familiar sounds which have so often soothed me, and which then, especially, would have conveyed gladness to my

heart. You can scarcely conceive the horrors of being obliged to talk not only in one but in several different languages, when sickness is preying upon you, and when every little want, instead of being anticipated and relieved, is unknown and unregarded, till repeated over and over again. But my heavenly Father was near to soothe my sorrow; and the book of inspiration unfolded to me those pure and exhaustless treasures which are adapted to every exigency, and to all the evils which may surround our path."

To her dear friend, Mrs Cooper, she sent a letter, during my absence, and part of it may be here introduced, as congenial with the sentiments now expressed.

"BOMBAY, 12*th March* 1831.

"Although you are almost constantly the object of my thoughts and anxieties, I feel afraid to intrude upon you by writing, lest the fatigue or excitement of reading a letter may prove too much for you, in your exhausted and feeble state. Our minds have been alternately cheered and depressed by the different accounts which we have from time to time received of you; but it is cheering to know, that, whatever be the discipline of God's providence towards you, every event is ordered in wisdom, and will contribute to your eternal well-being and happiness. All things are in the hand, and placed under the government, of Him who has the keys of hades and of death, and who, in virtue of that covenant which he has ratified with his people, will render all the afflictions of life subservient to their moral improvement, and to their training for that blessed world where sorrow and death shall be unknown. It is, indeed, through much tribulation that we enter into the kingdom of heaven; but as suffering is adapted to our wants and moral circumstances, so is it eminently fitted to withdraw our affections from the objects of time, and to render the purity and the joys of heaven more delightful and precious to the soul. A rest remains for the people of God; and though we can but inadequately conceive of that rest, where every holy and intellectual principle shall exist in full vigour, and in harmony with the ever-wakeful energies of the eternal mind, we know that there will be an entire freedom from sin, and a ceaseless repose from all those passions and anxieties which now disturb

and mar our felicity. Though not suffering as you do, my dearest Mrs Cooper, I feel that I am still a companion with you in tribulation, and that my heart is knit to you as one traversing the same path to the city and kingdom of our Father. O that it may be my earnest desire, as I feel assured it is yours, to evince the spirit of a pilgrim and stranger upon earth, and of a citizen of that country, the contemplation of whose splendours may well put to flight every unholy and sinful desire. Some of our fellow-labourers have finished their warfare, and entered upon this glorious state. Their removal was sudden and unexpected. They were on a field where much work remained to be accomplished, and where the seed which they had sown in hope, and watered with tears, seemed in some places ready to spring up, when God, in his mysterious providence, sent the messenger of death into their dwellings, and received them to himself. We know not how soon the same summons may be sent to us, or who among our number may be first called to the tribunal of our Judge. The death of our dear friend, Mrs Allen, makes a great blank to me in Bombay. You have doubtless heard all the circumstances of it from Mrs Graves, so I need not mention them. The short account of her which has appeared in the Spectator is drawn up by Mr Wilson, and is valuable, as containing, in her own words, a statement of her experience and feeling before and subsequently to having engaged in a missionary life. Yours ever.—M. W."

The following letter to one of her sisters contains a suitable expression of gratitude for personal and family mercies:—

"Bombay, *9th April* 1831.

"I wrote to my beloved C. about three weeks or a month ago, but as no English ship has left the port of Bombay since, you will probably receive both letters at the same time. I have now the pleasure of announcing, by my own hand, the birth of another little nephew. I was confined on the 27th of last month, and though previously much reduced by sickness, my recovery has been so rapid, that I am now able to go about; and I may truly say, that I have not felt so well since my arrival in India as at present. The little darling is also doing remarkably well. He is a captivating baby, very fair, and resembles Andrew. His expression, however, is milder, and there is a lovely smile on his

little countenance. Sometimes I think I can trace a resemblance between him and you; and at other times he seems like our beloved and sainted father, whose name he is to bear. I cannot tell you the thrill which was sent to my heart when his beloved papa first called him KENNETH BAYNE. My beloved sisters will participate in my emotions and sympathies, and understand the crowd of images arising from a retrospect of the past, a consideration of the present, and a view of the undefined but certain future, which at that moment sprang up in my mind. May he who has been given unto us be given unto the Lord, in dedication and in covenant, so that he may resemble, not only in name but in character, our dear father. You have no idea how sweet it is to see the two pets together. Andrew, at first, thought baby was a plaything brought to amuse him, and was about to pull off his cap, when he began to cry. Our cup of earthly bliss truly runneth over; but oh, if such be the intensity of our joy, when so many of its ingredients are polluted, and when we are as yet in a land of darkness and of exile, what shall it be when we shall drink of the uncorrupted Fountain—when we shall expatiate in boundless liberty among the glories and the inscrutable mysteries of the heavenly kingdom! It is sweet to contemplate the pledges of a Father's love; and it is sweeter still to take his most precious gifts and lay them upon his altar, saying, 'Lord, they are wholly thine: to thy boundless love, and to thy ever-watchful providence, I commit them. Thou art the arbiter of their destinies; and their eternal interests are secured, if they receive the blessings and the privileges which thou hast freely offered them.'

"I suffered so much from sickness and general debility, before both my confinements, that neither I nor the medical friends who attended me, thought I could have living children. God has, however, disappointed our fears, and exceeded our hopes. He has given me an unlooked-for demonstration of his love, and it therefore becomes me to bless his name continually, and to devote myself with more ardour and constancy to his service. How different are our thoughts and contemplations, in the prospect of death, from those of the benighted heathen, upon whom the day-star of the Gospel dispensation has not yet arisen, and to whom life and immortality have not yet been revealed. O that

their deplorable darkness, and the gloomy contrast which their circumstances present, to that of a believer in Jesus, would so impress me with zeal for their conversion, as that I could take no rest because of my intense longings, and of the ever-watchful inquiry—'Watchman, what of the night?'

"Our dear converts have all remained stedfast, notwithstanding the opposition with which they have been assailed. . . . The Bráhmans at Puná confined Ráma Chandra's wife, after Mr Stevenson and Mr Wilson left it. They shut up Ráma Chandra himself; but he escaped from them, and is now in Bombay. I have taken the Hindú woman to live in the house with us, and give her regular instruction in Maráthí. I must now conclude with the expression of much love to you and all. Yours ever. —M. W."

A change of air, for a short time, having been recommended to Mrs Wilson, she removed, about the middle of May, for a few days, to Bándará, on the island of Salsette, where she was kindly entertained by Mr and Mrs Farrar, and where the following letter was addressed to me:—

"You will be delighted to hear that my health is already much improved by the change to Bándará. The two babes are both quite well; and little Andrew is so full of fun, that it is quite amusing to hear him laughing. He seems to have caught new life from the change of scene, and is as much delighted as his mama with the view of the sea, and the little boats skimming along the waves. The scenery here is really quite splendid, and reminds me of one little spot in our native land, endeared to me by many delightful associations. It brings back some of the day-dreams of my youth; and even now, when the romance of life has passed away, I have feelings of rapture at the resemblance to that little spot.

"It has been delightfully cool since we came here. How I wish you were with us to enjoy the refreshing breezes and the fine scenes. . . . . How did you get on with the Pantojís?—with last night's meeting? In spirit I was with you, though separated in person; and I enjoyed the hallowed pleasure of approaching the mercy-seat, to supplicate the same blessings with yourself. O that, together and apart, we were more constantly engaged in

this delightful exercise! Then would our desires become more habitually holy, and our thoughts rise more frequently to those pure and exalted regions, where we hope to spend an eternity of bliss.

"I feel anxious about Rāma Chandra and the other converts. O that the Lord may keep him as the apple of his eye, and that, as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so may his favour surround them, and guard them from the attacks of their spiritual adversaries.

"Our trials in Bombay are great; but when I contrast your labours and prospects with those that here present themselves, I feel thankful that you have been called to that important sphere. The messenger is going off, so I must bid you adieu."

To Mrs Stevenson, Punā. "Bandara, 17*th May* 1831.

"Many thanks, my dear Mrs Stevenson, for your kind letter of congratulation, which I received some time ago. I have, indeed, much reason to bless the Lord for his great kindness towards me and my little baby; and I desire, with fervent gratitude, to adore and magnify his loving-kindness, and to devote myself anew to his service and glory. I seem to have been in deaths often, and yet it has pleased the Lord to spare me, while others better fitted for the work have been cut off. We had two remarkable instances of this in the death of Mrs Allen and Mrs Hervey, both of whom were possessed of great piety and devotedness. I was much struck with the piety of the latter, and hailed her arrival amidst us with very gladsome feelings. She said she had an impression, from the time she set foot on the shores of India, and even for a long time previously, that her life would speedily be terminated. I saw her several times before her death, and enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of witnessing her blessed and triumphant faith, and of listening to her dying testimony to the love of Christ, and to the important and momentous issues of that work in which she had hoped to engage, and for which she had made many sacrifices of a worldly kind. She expressed, from the commencement of her illness, a strong hope in her Redeemer's merit; and said, that if her death could teach those who are already on the missionary field greater devotedness, and lead missionaries at home to count the cost, and the societies to repose less confidence upon an arm of flesh, she would willingly

be made the sacrifice, contented to depart after having just surveyed the darkness and desolation of the land to which she had so long looked forward. As death advanced, she became more joyful, and seemed to obtain such a vision of the heavenly glory, as made her long to be with Christ. She talked much of the glory and infinity of the Saviour's perfections and works; and said, that in contemplating this glory, heaven had been brought very near to her, while she felt as if it were impossible for her again to dwell among the things of earth. I believe the last words she uttered were—'Glory! glory! glory!'

"We have since heard of the death of three other missionaries, Mr Pettinger of Ahmadabád, Mr Adam of Calcutta, and Mr Boardman of Barmáh. We are thus again reminded of our mortality, and of the necessity laid upon us to do whatsoever our hand findeth to do, knowing that there is no knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are all hastening. I hope you have had pleasing accounts of the dear children by some of the last ships. The aspect of Europe—I may say of almost every country in the world—is quite portentous at present. Surely some important events are at hand.

". . . . We were rejoiced to hear that your dear husband has the prospect of so soon adding another to our little church, and also of the other hopeful inquirers by whom he is surrounded. O that the work of the Lord may prosper yet more and more in his hands, and that many may be given him for a crown of rejoicing at the great day! When shall we all meet again? I hope soon, either at Puná or in Bombay. We came to Bándará a few days ago for change of air. I had fever before coming out here, but I now feel better. I am, indeed, almost quite well. Mr Wilson has only been once out, and that only for a few hours. He has just written to say that Mr Nesbit is with him, and that I must return immediately. I must therefore conclude, without giving you any home news. Tell me how your little darling is getting on, and also every thing about yourself. . . . . There is such a fascination about children, that we require to guard our hearts against the undue influence they are so apt to acquire over us. With very affectionate regards to Mr S. and yourself, believe me to be, yours, &c.—M. W."

On returning from Bándará to Bombay, Mrs Wilson was enabled, without any considerable interruption, to devote much of her time and strength to her schools, and to the other business of the mission. Leisure, in the common acceptation of the word, she allowed herself to have none, which she did not spend in exercises calculated to nourish the divine life in her own soul, and in the prosecution of studies calculated to sustain and increase her usefulness, as labouring for the conversion of the heathen, and as striving to encourage and assist her husband in the various duties which Divine Providence—palpable at this time in its indications—called him to discharge. Of some of her engagements and trials, and of her views of important dispensations connected with the church and mission, the following extracts will inform the reader:—

"Bombay, *4th August* 1831.

"My dearly beloved Sister,—I am so oppressed with business and with care at present, that I can only command a few moments leisure for writing to you. How gladly, had I time, would I pour into your heart all my fears and anxieties, all my sorrows and joys—the latter, as well as the former of which, daily multiply and increase; and with what interest would I dwell upon every part of your letters, so tender in their expressions and import! I need not say how dear you are to my heart, or how much associated with my remembrances of the past, when our spirits meet together at the same throne, to supplicate spiritual blessings for each other, and to enjoy an earnest and foretaste of that blessed communion which awaits us in heaven. Our joy and our grief alike point to that world where there shall be no death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain; but when, in full, transporting, and ineffable vision, we shall see God, and drink of that river of pleasure which flows from before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"I cannot express the sensation produced on our minds by hearing, in this far distant land, of Dr Andrew Thomson's death. Verily, a great man hath fallen! Truth hath lost one of the best, the ablest of her champions; but while we think of a family in tears, a church in mourning, a nation bereft of a part of its glory and strength, O let us think also of his crown and of his

reward. Let us dwell on his complete purity, his exalted knowledge, and that concentration of inconceivable and unspeakable excellencies which now meet in his emancipated and holy soul. I feel as if heaven were dearer to me, since he, and our dear missionary friend, Mrs Cooper, have entered into its glorious mansions; and when I attempt to follow them thither, my tears are those of gratitude and praise to Him who hath loved them, and redeemed them with his precious blood. The forlorn and desolate situation of dear Mrs Thomson, and all the children, who loved their father with such tender and touching affection, is constantly present to my mind. I dare scarcely think of the agony of their grief; but I trust He who has the hearts of all in his hand, and who can, in a manner mysterious to us, support the soul when nothing earthly can avail, was near to bless and cheer them. I feel desirous to write to them, but am afraid of adding to their sorrow, by causing the wounds, which may be partly healed, to bleed afresh. Do you remember me in love and in much sympathy to Mrs Thomson and the girls. It will perhaps gratify them to know, that their beloved father's death produced a most extraordinary sensation in Bombay, and that many, to whom he was personally unknown, participated in the grief experienced by his intimate associates and friends.

"Dearest Mrs Cooper died on the 4th of last month, at the Nilagiri Hills, whither she had gone on account of her health. Her sufferings were very intense and protracted—so much so, that the medical gentlemen who attended her said, several months ago, it was quite impossible for her to live. Although much enfeebled, she retained her consciousness to the last, and was enabled to give all around her a most wonderful testimony to the love of the Saviour, and to the power and omnipotence of divine mercy. I had a letter from Mr Cooper, dated the day after her death, in which he gives me a very delightful and affecting account of the state of her mind. She seemed, indeed, to be on the verge of heaven. She was most zealous and efficient.*

* The account alluded to was as follows:—

"Ootakamand, *5th July* 1831.

"My dear Mrs Wilson,—I write you at the request of my darling Jessie, who tenderly loved you, and who is now a holy, happy, glorified

"It will rejoice my beloved sisters to learn, that the Lord continues to bless our little church, and to add to its numbers. I send an account of the person last baptized by Mr Wilson:—'On Sabbath, the 23d July, as you are aware, I baptized a Hindú woman. She is the wife of one of the individuals who were admitted into the church at Harnaí about the beginning of the year. She had received considerable instruction from the missionaries in the Konkan; and since her arrival in Bombay, three months ago, she has been in the habit of regularly hearing the word of salvation from me and Mrs Wilson. Her seriousness latterly became very marked; and examination, with inquiries, satisfied me that it was proper to grant her admission into the visible church. I pray that the Lord may preserve her in the faith of the Gospel. About one hundred natives were present at the ordinance, though no public notice had been given of my intentions. They witnessed the services, and listened to the discourse, with much interest.'

spirit in the presence of her God. About three weeks ago, when death appeared just at hand, she one night spoke to me in the following words:—'I wish you, my love, after my death, to write my dearest Mrs Wilson, and tell her how much I felt her kindness in writing me the consolatory letter she sent me some time ago.... Tell her that I loved her much; that I die in peace. Tell her, also, that I have found the Saviour to be a faithful and precious Saviour to me; and not to fear a death-bed, for she will find the same.'

"Such a death-bed experience I have never witnessed. I shall send you particulars when time, strength, and spirits will allow. At present I am exhausted, not having undressed for six or seven weeks past. I send you a lock of hair, which Mrs Robson has just cut out, as a memorial, which I am sure you will not despise; and I may say to you, in substance, what my beloved addressed to myself,—'I know, my dearest John, that I am fast, fast going; but O, do not look so melancholy. When I am gone, and you look on my cold and pale countenance, do not think of me as dead, and descending to the grave, but as a redeemed soul in glory.'

"My dear friend, so say I to you. Take this memorial of your departed friend in your hand, and, when you do so, think not of death, think not of corruption, think not of the head from whence it was taken, laid low in the grave. Think of the spirits of the just made perfect, and of my now angelic wife amongst them,—of the immediate presence of God and the

The scene was altogether interesting, and such as I cannot describe. The address was peculiarly solemn and affecting. Many were in tears; and it seemed to be the general impression—drawn, I believe, from the solemnity and attention of the natives—that yet greater things are about to be accomplished in this benighted quarter of India.

"Andrew has been dangerously ill. Mr Wilson was also ailing; so that, with a little baby, schools, &c. &c., I have had a very great deal to do. Andrew is much better, and has commenced his little prattle again. He is, however, much weakened, and I dread the approach of another tooth, he has suffered so much already. The mortality among children in this country is quite appalling. Many parents have had ten or twelve, and lost them all in infancy. This ought to teach us daily and hourly to present them at the altar of God, and to be in readiness to resign them into his hands when we are called so to do. They are dangerous *idols*, they entwine themselves so closely around a parent's heart. . . .

Lamb,—of perfect knowledge, perfect purity, perfect felicity,—of a coming resurrection,—of the reunion of saints in glory, honour, and immortality. . . . What shall I say of myself, of my loss, my situation, my prospects in returning without the partner of my sorrows and joys. O, hush the tumultuous passions of my bosom! Is it not enough that all is the doing of my covenant God? Is it not enough that my better part is already in glory? Is it not enough that in God's good time my own pilgrimage will come to an end, and that then shall come to pass the anticipation of her who has gone before me,—'My darling John, when I learn that you are about to enter heaven, how my happy happy spirit will bound forth to meet you; with what rapture shall I welcome you, and conduct you to the Redeemer!' Here, then, let me rest; here let me stay my troubled spirit, and say, All is well.

"For the love I bear you myself, and for the great love borne you by my beloved Jessie, I shall, with affectionate remembrances to your dear partner, ever remain, your affectionate friend,

"JOHN COOPER."

The love which Mrs Wilson bore to Mrs Cooper, as she herself states, was of the strongest kind. It was an affection which was not misplaced. Mrs Cooper was highly distinguished for her Christian graces, and her unwearied exertions to advance the kingdom of the Saviour.

"I forgot to tell my dear sisters and brother, that Mr Wilson is engaged in a most important controversy with the Párs'is in Bombay, carried on through the medium of their newspapers. It is in the Gujaráthí language, and was commenced in consequence of the review of Vartan by him in the Oriental Spectator.* The Párs'is form a very wealthy and important part of the Bombay community. Their religion has been little attended to by Europeans, and has never before been attacked by the missionaries. I trust it will be blessed for destroying their superstition, and leading them to embrace the religion of Christ. Your very attached sister,—MARGARET."

To MRS STEVENSON, Puná. "BOMBAY, 14*th Sept.* 1831.

"I received your kind and very affectionate letter two days ago. Mr Wilson is very desirous to be present at the Missionary Union, and I have long looked forward with delightful anticipation to meeting you and your dear husband again, but at present it seems very uncertain whether or not we can be with you at that time. Mr W. is engaged in a controversy with the Párs'is on the subject of their religion, which he thinks it wrong to suspend for any time, in case of cooling their ardour. This might, perhaps, be carried on at Puná; but then he has the Hebrew

* The History of Vartan, and of the Battle of the Armenians, containing an account of the Religious Wars between the Persians and the Armenians, by Elisæus, Bishop of the Arnadunians; translated from the Armenian, by C. F. Neumann, member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, &c. The review of this work appeared in the numbers of the abovenamed Journal for July and August 1831. The first part of it, which gives a general account of the Párs'i sacred books, and some of the letters of the Armenian clergy, excited, as I expected, the attention of the Zoroastrians in Bombay, and, for the first time, involved them in a discussion of the claims of Christianity. The controversial letters and pamphlets, on both sides, would occupy two large volumes. Their effects have been most important, as far as a distrust in the *Avastá*, and a general respect for the religion of Jesus, are concerned. Though some of the Párs'is endeavoured both to bribe and frighten me into silence, I am not aware of my having lost the friendship of a single one of my antagonists, or their supporters, on account of the plainness with which I have been called upon to expose superstition and delusion, or the boldness and decision with which I have urged the claims of eternal truth.

Grammar,* and if not finished before that time, I fear it will be impossible for him to leave it. I shall, however, hope, that notwithstanding these obstacles, Providence will make a way for our being with you, and render our mutual intercourse the mean of animating our faith, and of exciting us to love and to good works. I shall be glad of the rest, for here I have so much to occupy me, that I am in a constant turmoil; and when I find any leisure for reading, or for attending to the languages, I feel so exhausted, that it becomes quite a burden to me.

". . . . Dear little Andrew was brought to the verge of the grave, but God has in mercy restored him to us again. O that we could feel thankful to the Almighty bestower of all our comforts, and be prepared at his summons to resign them again into his hand!

"Mrs Harris† has been a great invalid ever since she came here, and has required constant watching and care. . . . . We have another invalid at present, a Mr D——, who has been with us for nearly four months. You see, my dear Mrs Stevenson, how much I have had to do, and will, I am sure, pardon my seeming neglect in not having written to you sooner. Mr Wilson is still more busily engaged than I am, and unless I take the burden of *secularities* from off his shoulder, he could not stand the fatigue and anxiety which he is called to endure.

"We are glad to hear of your dear husband's success, and also of the means of usefulness which you enjoy among the children. The soldiers whom Mr Stevenson received into the church at Puná sat down with us last Sabbath at the communion table. It was delightful to have such an accession to our little

* The Rudiments of Hebrew Grammar in Maráthí, for the use of the Beni-Israel.

† The Rev. W. Harris, A.M., and Mrs Harris, destined for the London Society's Mission at Quilon, arrived in Bombay from England on the 30th May 1831. They staid with us during the monsoon. Mr Harris, whom illness soon forced to leave for his native country, and who died a few days after his arrival there, was a person of very decided piety, ardent zeal, strong good sense, and sound views as to the economy of Christian missions. We expected much from his labours in this benighted country, but God's ways are not as man's ways, nor his thoughts as man's thoughts.

number, and also to think of them as the fruit of Mr Stevenson's ministry. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

Before setting out for Punâ, to attend the annual meeting of the Bombay Missionary Union, Mrs Wilson wrote a Review of "Douglas on Errors regarding Religion," which was published in the Spectator for October 1831. This work she "much prefers" to that entitled Truths of Religion, from the same pen. She esteems it "truly philosophical in its design and its structure," and the production of a mind "richly stored with facts," and "exhibiting a power of analysis rarely surpassed." She gives a view of the general argument, without expressing, however, almost any of her own sentiments, except as connected with the systems of error prevalent in the East. Her expectations respecting the native mind in this country, founded on her own personal observations, probably led her to observe, that "the reign of Infidelity will be short." "Though an evil of frightful magnitude," she remarks, "it has generally preceded the march of truth. It has swept away the rubbish which ages had collected; and, like the lightning's flash, or the thunder's roar, though it has been accompanied by storms, and tempests, and partial devastations, it has prepared the way for the destruction of false religions, and the establishment of that kingdom which shall know no end for ever." It is a remarkable fact, that some of the best educated natives of India who have entered the Christian Church, had become infidels previously to their conversion; but it is a fact of very easy explanation. An intelligent and inquisitive mind cannot well rest satisfied with the low and vile superstitions of heathenism; and, if ignorant of the truths of Christianity, which are calculated at once to allay the fears of the conscience, to engage and ennoble the intellect, and to purify and exalt the affections, it must, of necessity, betake itself to the cold and cheerless regions of Pantheism, or undirected Deism. Infidelity, formed in ignorance of the Bible, and without the opportunity of becoming acquainted with it, it must be borne in mind, is a very different thing from that which originates in a wilful neglect of it, or from pride and appetite perverting the intellect, when sitting in judgment on its claims. Even the latter, however, that God who causes the wrath of man to praise him,

may make a prelude to faith. In this case, he gives the bitter taste of evil, that, under the agency of his sovereign grace and Spirit, there may be the subsequent choice of good.

Of our journey to and from Puná, the following notices by Mrs Wilson are interesting: "It was agreed, at the last year's meeting of the Missionary Union, that it should be held this year at Puná, and as both Mr Wilson and the children required a change of air, we all went thither, and remained for more than a fortnight. We were a fortnight on the way going and coming, which we also enjoyed very much. My dearest sisters have already had an account of the villages through which we passed, in the extracts which I sent them from Mr W.'s journal of last March. Our proceedings and mode of travelling were nearly the same as he describes. Much as I had heard of the scenery of the Ghâts, the reality far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. In order to avoid the mists of the morning, which were considered dangerous for the children, we rested at a little village (Khopulí) at the foot of the Ghât, which is finely situated, and commands a picturesque view of the road leading to Puná. There is here a sacred tank of considerable dimensions, and a temple dedicated to Shiva, or Mahadeva, 'the supreme god.' It was so cool, that, for the first time in India, I walked all round the tank at noon with little Andrew in my hand, who seemed much delighted with the number of people who were flocking to the waters, and with the birds of brilliant plumage, which he saw flying round the tank. We were met at the door of the temple by a devotee or priest, covered with ashes, and uttering some inarticulate words of Sanskrita. When I spoke to him in Maráthí, he stared as if I were a supernatural being descended from the skies; and, I doubt not, had I advanced claims to a divine origin, or told him of any thing but the religion of Jesus, it would have found a ready reception in his ignorant and wondering mind. He opened the door of the outer court of the temple for our reception, when an idol, of hideous form, presented itself. Some Hindú girls, adorned with flowers, were sitting opposite the idol. . . . . Their smiling countenances pleased Andrew, who wanted to sit down beside them. I felt at this moment how easily he might become an idolater!—and my beloved sisters

will sympathize in my feelings of joy and gratitude, when I thought of that sovereign grace which had made us to differ, and which had given us those great and precious promises, which are not only to us, but to our children after us. On our return to the bungalow, we found a large congregation assembled, to whom Mr Wilson and Mr Stather, an interesting and pious young officer, who had been visiting us from Puná, were declaring the love and condescension of the blessed Saviour, and the claims of his Gospel over every scheme which man in his pride and folly has devised. In the afternoon, we began to ascend the Ghát. When we had got a little way up, the view was grand and imposing beyond all description. Beneath us lay the little village of Khopulí, with its temple, the sacred waters reflecting, as in a mirror, the golden and fleecy clouds which floated in the sky, and the green and crimson plumage of the birds flying around. On every side of it, and far beyond, were hills of various forms and dimensions, on which an Indian sun poured its flood of radiance; while, before us, hill rose above hill, and mountain above mountain, in every aspect of magnificence and beauty. The depth and grandeur of the valleys and ravines exceeded any thing I had ever before witnessed; the foliage was in all its freshness, being so soon after the rains; and the sight of monkeys leaping from tree to tree, and playing their wild fantastic tricks among the branches, lent a novel effect to the scenery. We saw the sun set superbly among the mountains; and, as star after star, and constellation after constellation, rose in the unclouded heaven, we felt as if nature had a new voice given her, to utter forth her Creator's praise, and as if her magnificence seemed to stamp a darker and deeper shade upon the sin and folly of idolatry. We rested for some days at Khandálá, a small village at the top of the Ghát. This is such a place as you might fancy the muses had for their seat; but, alas, India has no poets, no philosophers, no sages, although there is much intellect among her untutored sons. Such is the effect of her debasing superstitions. . . . . We spent a Sabbath at Khandálá, and, in this sweet solitude, I trust we enjoyed an earnest and foretaste of the heavenly rest. Mr Stather alone joined us in the English service; but, on reading the 21st chapter of Revelation, I felt as if a vision of the heavenly glory had

beamed upon my soul, and as if I experienced a sweeter and more enlarged sympathy with those who go up in company to the house of God. . . . . Our Maráthí service was rendered peculiarly interesting by the presence of two Bráhmans, inquiring the way to Zion. One of them had followed us from Bombay, in company with some of our converts; and on this day, if not before, I trust there was joy among the angels of God on his account. He has been subjected to great annoyance and persecution from the Bráhmans, and has not yet made a public profession of the faith; but I trust the period for this is not far distant.*

" On the morning of the 6th November, we left Khandálá before sunrise, and reached Wargáum before eleven o'clock. The first part of our drive was very beautiful and varied, but the scenery afterwards became of a more monotonous character. It was, however, interesting, as it reminded me of objects once familiar, and now well remembered, in our native land. After dinner, Mr W. and Mr S. went to address the natives. I walked out into the village, and was much interested in seeing Mr W. sitting among a crowd of natives, who listened to him with apparent interest as he made known to them the truths of the glorious Gospel. Some of them had heard him before declare the truth, and remembered what he said to them. . . . . One old man was interested to know how his past sins might be taken away; and to him was declared the true atonement. We walked out before retiring to rest. . . . The immensity of creation seemed to shame the sin of idolatry."

* In a private memorandum, she offers up this prayer for my native auditors:—" O that the Divine Spirit may breathe upon their darkened understandings, and reveal to them the way of life through a once crucified but now exalted Redeemer." Respecting the Bráhman, who had come with us from Bombay, she thus supplicates:—" Blessed Jesus, renew him by thy Spirit! Make him one of the gems of thy crown! Give him a name and a place in thy kingdom; and O, do thou, in great mercy, grant that he may be made an instrument in turning many of his countrymen from darkness to light." The individual who awakened this interest was one of the teachers who had been employed by her in her schools. He soon afterwards entered the visible church, and is now in its communion a consistent professor of our holy faith.

" We visited, on our return from Puná, the caves at Káralí, which are much older than those of Elephanta, (or Gháripur.)* The excavation is very extensive, and the pillars magnificent. The figures are finely executed; and I looked with amazement and wonder, at those of the elephants peeping out from the rocks, and also of various persons sitting in the position of Jinas (or Bud'dhas) absorbed in meditation.

" On our return to Khandálá, we were alarmed by the approach of tigers to the very door of the bungalow. Two beautiful English dogs, (belonging to Captain Hewitt, with whom we were taking tea,) were sleeping profoundly by each other's side, when a tiger came and seized upon one of them. My sweet babies were sleeping very near the place—with the door and windows thrown open to admit the air; and a few hours before that happened, Mr Wilson and I had indulged our romance so far, as to sit in the ravine whence the tiger proceeded, till evening began to darken around us. We there saw the skull and bones of a man who had probably been killed by them." He had been carried from a native tent some nights previous to our discovery of part of his skeleton.

Mrs Wilson, on her returning to Bombay, found herself in the enjoyment of better than wonted health. The change of air was thus proved to have been beneficial, as it generally is to many Europeans, especially ladies, resident in India. Her accession of strength immediately told upon her work of faith and labour of love; but, perhaps, by over-exertion she made too speedy an exhaustion of it. Addressing one of her sisters, on the 22d of December, she says,—" I would gladly write to you all separately at present, and let the tide of my affections flow out into its

* The opinion here given is advisedly expressed and quite correct. The temples at Káralí, as is evident from the Dhágob, the arched roofs, and the ornamental and symbolical figures, must be attributed to the Bud'dhas. I have lately deciphered some of the inscriptions which they bear, and found them to be more ancient than the Christian era. The cave-temples of Elephanta (or Gháripur) are proved by their flat roofs, and by the images and emblems of Shiva, to be Bráhmanical, and must have been executed after the defeat of the Bud'dhas by the votaries of the present prevailing system of Hindúism.

natural channels,—but this is impossible. My hands are so full of work, and my head so busy, that, were you here, you would find me searching into ponderous volumes for Maráthí, Hindustání, Persian, Arabic, and Sanskrita words to express my thoughts; and after all, perhaps, only making havoc of the idea, or conveying it obscurely to minds shut up in the darkness of idolatry and sin. I am also engaged in translating a French work, which is itself a translation of the Vendidád Sádé, one of the sacred books of the Párs'ís. It has never been translated into English." This version of a work, which few would read for hire, but which she viewed as of the greatest importance for the exposure of the errors of the human mind, and for forming a shade to set forth the brightness of divine truth, she brought to completion. It was of great use in the discussion which I was conducting. The Vendidád Sádé, though daily used by the Párs'ís in Zand, is fully understood by none of their number, and very few copies of the Gujuráthí translation are in existence. The veneration entertained for it, I have always seen diminish on an increased acquaintance with it. An artificial mysteriousness, and an engrossing ceremoniousness, constitute much of the strength of superstition, as I have frequently heard admitted by priests of different sects and orders in India.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS WILSON'S ENGAGEMENTS WITH HER SCHOOLS IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1832—ESTABLISHMENT OF A SCHOOL FOR POOR AND DESTITUTE GIRLS—DEATH OF MRS MITCHELL—DISCUSSIONS WITH HINDUS, PARSIS, AND MUSSALMANS—LETTERS TO MR WILSON AT KHANDALA—CORRESPONDENCE ON THE REMOVAL OF MR COOPER, AND OTHER TRIALS OF THE MISSION—INTIMATION OF THE SUDDEN DEATH OF TWO OF MRS WILSON'S SISTERS—DEATH OF A CHILD—CORRESPONDENCE—JOURNEY TO PUNA—LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE DAKHAN DURING MR WILSON'S TOUR TO JALNA—CORRESPONDENCE IN BOMBAY.

"My dear sisters," Mrs Wilson writes, "will see from the date of this letter that it was written on the first day of the year (1832.) How much and how constantly have you been present to my thoughts, and how ardently have I longed for that eternal Sabbath, where the successions of time, and the revolutions which are associated with decay and death, shall have no more place. The sacred exercises of the day are passed with us, and you are now engaged in them. We have been in the sanctuary, where, I trust, our souls have been edified and expanded. We have been also in the valley of vision, where the bones appeared very dry; and where spiritual death, in its most dreadful aspects, presented itself; and we have been also with the *converts*, those few living in Jerusalem, whom we expect to see clothed in white, for they are worthy, and have come out of great tribulation, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he leadeth them. I could not help contrasting your sweet meeting around the breakfast-table, and your mutual congratulations of tenderness and love, with our occupations about the same hour. With a hundred little black children, almost naked, we were assembled in the lower hall, while a row of Pantojís, or teachers, occupied a position nearly opposite them. On another line, were the servants with the two little darlings, whose smiles seemed to attract the notice

of all the natives. Mr Wilson and I were the sole instructors, and the effort of *bawling* in Maráthí is greater than you can imagine."

The service which Mrs W. here notices, was intended more particularly for the elder boys of the schools under my care; and, as is here stated, she and I both took part in conducting it. Her own schools, at the same time, were six in number, and contained, as they had done throughout the preceding year, about 175 girls. One of them was kept under her own eye on the mission-premises, and was very promising. The scholars of the others, situated in different parts of the city, were, on the whole, making gratifying progress, under her vigilant superintendence and periodical personal instructions, which were more effective than those of their regular teachers, because proceeding from the energy and tenderness of Christian love, and directed by an enlightened judgment. She weekly assembled them together in her own house, the expense of their conveyance in native *gádís* having been at this time defrayed by the proceeds of ladies' work sent from England; and she sought, by a strict examination, and by an affectionate exhortation, to fix the truths with which they were becoming familiar in their understandings, and to impress them on their hearts. The most destitute class of the natives, whose poverty cannot allow them to send their children for instruction without that support which they earned by going messages, carrying small loads, or doing other petty services, attracted about this time her particular attention; and, encouraged by the promise of funds and co-operation from several Christian ladies in Bombay, she resolved to found a school for their express benefit, in which, what was needed to secure their attendance should be freely afforded. Great difficulties were experienced in carrying the design into effect: but care in explaining to the natives the objects in view, the visible comfort of the few girls who were at first admitted, and prayer and perseverance, ere long prevailed. The institution, which was the first of its kind in this part of India, has been remarkably blessed, and several of its scholars have been admitted into the visible church.*

* The following are some of the original regulations of the institution:—

The year 1832 was, in regard to trials, the most momentous to Mrs Wilson of any of her residence in India. They fall to be noticed in this chapter, according to the order of occurrence. The first of them consisted in the death of her dear fellow-labourer, Mrs Mitchell of Bánkot. This event took place at Dhápulí on the 17th of January; but, though unexpected, was not without those circumstances of alleviation which attend the removal of a true and devoted Christian. It was thus announced to her by Mr Cooper:—

"DHAPULI, 18*th Jan.* 1832.

"MY DEAR MRS WILSON,—Your letter, congratulating Mr Mitchell on Mrs Mitchell's safe delivery, has just come to hand. How different the one I am now called to write! But no. Let it not be different. Let us congratulate our dear departed sister, for she has entered the joy of our Lord. She expired last night about four o'clock; and O how peaceful, how blessed the end! I rejoice to tell you that she met death with a composure, a calmness, and a peace, truly astonishing, and which nothing but the grace of God could have imparted. When our dear brother shall have time and spirits, he will write you particulars; and, in the mean time, I may say, that on Thursday last she was seized with fever, after which followed inflammation; and although both were subdued, her strength failed, and she gradually sank. Mr Mitchell is greatly supported; and, indeed, who could witness such a truly calm departure, and not in patience possess

1. The object of the school shall be to afford support and Christian instruction to destitute native girls, particularly widows and orphans. 2. The school shall be placed under the care of a committee, consisting of Mrs Williams, Mrs Money, Mrs Webb, and Mrs Wilson; Mrs Wilson to act as general superintendent, and Mrs Webb as treasurer and collector. 3. The children admitted shall be decently clothed, and a small sum shall be allowed them for their food. 4. When the relatives are disposed to take proper charge of the girls, they shall be allowed to lodge with them; and, when the case is otherwise, and the girls are particularly destitute, some arrangement shall be made for their board. 5. When the girls have made a certain progress in reading, they shall be instructed in female work. Encouragement shall be given to such of them as may be disposed to become Ayahs, to acquire the requisite knowledge and practice.

his soul? The little darling is thriving well, as are also the dear children. What days for our mission! But God reigneth. Here let us stay ourselves. Affectionate remembrance from Mr Mitchell, and Mrs Malcolm, and myself, to Mr Wilson and you. In haste—yours very affectionately,—JOHN COOPER."

The bereaved husband sent us a similar, but fuller account of the death-bed scene. "While she was able to speak," he says, "she comforted us all exceedingly. She seemed to be the only one who was really *well*. When all were standing around her weeping, no tear flowed from her eye; she even addressed us, saying, 'why not rejoice?' Never did I see such a comfortable death. It impressed all who witnessed her cheerfulness with the importance and value of true religion. O with what love and gratitude did she speak of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! She had no hope or confidence but in Him: His righteousness alone was her boast. The greater part of her life she denounced as *vanity*, and even its better part she said had been unprofitable. Thus, you see how much prepared she was to say with yonder glorious company, 'To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.'"—"The detail of our beloved friend's experience in the prospect of death," wrote Mrs Wilson to Mrs Stevenson, in reference to the account from which this extract is taken, "is so much in unison with her general character, and forms such a beautiful illustration of her simple and unobtrusive piety, that you will be much affected in reading it. "Our mission," she continues, "has had singular trials of late; but we can contemplate such a scene as Mr Mitchell describes with a holy joy and resignation, while the case of —— fills us with indescribable horror and dread. I find it comparatively easy to participate in the triumphs of the redeemed in heaven; but not so, to turn unto the Lord with supplication and with weeping, and to feel that the insult offered to God and to religion by many professing Christians calls for a louder vindication, on our part, of the sublime purity and sanctifying tendency of the doctrines and precepts which we profess to believe." The mind from which this remark emanated, had no common concern for the honour of Jehovah and zeal for his law.

"My school for destitute girls," she writes in February, "was

getting on uncommonly well, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on its success, when all at once the Pantojí dispersed the girls, and gave up his situation. His alleged reason for acting so, was, that I admited Parváris* into the school, and that the other girls would not approach the place where they were sitting. This story I knew to be false, as, two days before, the girls told me that they had never objected to sit in the school with Parváris till the Pantojí suggested it to them. He turned the Ghoráwálá's wife out of the school, and told her never again to cross his path. The girls joined him in the abuse; but, when I told them what our Shástra says on the subject, and how absurd the thing was in itself, they all called out with one voice, 'Madam's story is true, and the Pantojí's false.' He, however, succeeded in his wicked device, by telling the parents or relations of the children, that we had a plan laid for making them all Christians, and that he heard Mrs Williams and me say in Hindústání, that we would take them by force, and have them baptized before all the people. We have now 23 girls, who are very poor and destitute. I have engaged another teacher, but I must wait to let the storm blow over before I attempt to bring back the girls who left the school. They were so rude when they came first, that they began to scream and howl like wild animals when I went down to see them; but, before they left the school, some of them were beginning to read, and to repeat the Catechism. . . . . Tell Mr Nesbit that I am *so wicked*, as to wish that he were here to encounter the infuriated Bráhmans with Mr Wilson. I know he has a great deal of *latent* courage, (if it is not as unphilosophical, in these enlightened times, to speak of latent courage as it is of passive power,) and is as much skilled in the attack and onset as in the defensive. Mr Wilson says he is well, but I am exceedingly anxious he should take a little trip, as he is looking pale and emaciated. Dear Mr Cooper has been very ill, as you have probably heard, but is now getting a little better. . . . .

"How is your little darling getting on? and are you doing any thing at the Maráthí? Tell me all about yourself and Mr S.

* The Parváris correspond with the Pariahs of the South of India, but they are not so degraded.

I have only five schools at present, so that I daily visit one or more of them; and on Saturdays, the girls who can read assemble at our house. Last Saturday, I had about forty. My time is sadly interrupted, and I find very little leisure for studying the language; but I read a little Maráthí and Hindústání every day." . . . .

The following letter, addressed to one of her sisters, is interesting on account of the facts to which it adverts, the sentiments which it expresses, and the affection which it unfolds:—

"Bombay, 21*st March* 1832.

"Four months of painful and anxious suspense have now passed away, since any letters from you have reached us, and these were of a very old date. They came by Mrs Rybot, who gave us a most interesting account of the visit you paid her. She was quite delighted with my amiable sisters, and in her philanthropic desires for the improvement of the East, she is very anxious that two or more of you should come out to India, as patterns to her fair countrywomen, who, in general, are contented to live a life of mere sensation, or of fashionable frivolity, notwithstanding the numerous and important motives to exertion. The intellect which might be comparatively active and vigorous in a European climate, is apt to become dull and sluggish here, for want of proper stimulants; and the enthusiasm which might burn with a steady flame, and lead on its possessor to deeds of usefulness, is apt to languish and die for want of materials to keep it alive. The modes of life in India are so strange and unintelligible to us, that the mind naturally revolts from them, and seeks repose amongst its own ideas and recollections. Spiritual conceptions and feelings alone can furnish the mind with adequate motives to exertion: viewed in the light of eternity, a change comes over the spirit of the scene. . . . . I am persuaded you will participate with us in the joyful assurance, that, dark as has been the past history of India, the era of its emancipation is at hand. We do not see her in the glorious and commanding attitude in which the inspired penman has described Ethiopia,—stretching out her hands unto God; but we have beheld the commencement of the battle, and heard a voice saying, 'Overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come to whom belongeth

the dominion.' I feel occasion of grateful, but I trust of humble rejoicing, that Mr Wilson has been honoured to take such an important and prominent part in this great work. He has been the first in the Bombay Presidency to attack the Párśís, Muhammadans,* and Bráhmans, in a sustained and systematic form, and to expose the more obscure and scholastic parts of their religion. The moral courage requisite for the attack can only be estimated by those who have come in contact with native prejudice, or know the deep-rooted aversion which they cherish to Europeans and their religion. This moral courage, as well as every other gift necessary, was given by God,—and to Him we would ascribe the glory. It has been rewarded in the spirit of inquiry, and in the great commotion, which it has been the means of exciting. My dearest sisters will have an opportunity of reading a translation in English of Mr Wilson's reply to the Bráhmans, with their tract prefixed.† You will there see the reasonings and opinions of men—on other subjects acute, logical, and intellectual—relative to the sublimest subjects which can engage the attention of man; and you will learn the impotency of human reason, and the magnitude of those discoveries which revelation unfolds. You may judge of the difficulties of com-

* The discussion with the Mussalmáns, which has not hitherto been noticed, originated in an expression adverse to the repute of Muhammad, which occurred in one of my letters addressed to the Párśís. Hájí Muhammad Héshim of Isfahan, and a learned Maulaví, challenged me to the proof of the licentiousness and imposture of the author of the Kurán; and I readily attempted to establish my position. After several letters had appeared in the native newspapers, the Hájí came forward with a pamphlet of considerable size in Gujaráthí and Persian, in which he evinces at once great sophistry and ability. This gave occasion to my "Refutation of Muhammadism," which was at first published in Gujaráthí, afterwards in Hindústáni, and lately in Persian, and which has been blessed to shake the faith of some in different parts of the country, and to lead at least one individual to abandon Islamism.

† First Exposure of Hindúism, in reply to Mora Bhatta Dándekara, who, instead of publishing an account of his debate with me, as he at first intended, came forward with a pamphlet, entitled, "The Verification of the Hindú Religion;" and, before witnesses, challenged me to write a reply.

posing such a work in Maráthí and Sanskrit,* when you think of the difficulties of eastern languages, and of the tribunal before which it was to appear,—that of the most learned Bráhmans in this and the other two Presidencies.† The effects of this controversy have already been widely felt among all classes of the Hindús, and many of them tremble for the coming storm, which is to sweep away their ancient superstition, and level their authority to the dust. Did they know the unfathomable love and condescension of Him who is 'a hiding-place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest,' how would their hatred be turned into love; and their cruel blasphemies of the name of Jesus, into praise and the loudest acclamations of joy! The period is fast approaching; and I felt a few evenings ago, when the converts were assembled for prayer in the upper verandah, as if we had in truth and in reality a foretaste of its approach. It was during the celebration of one of the most horrid and impure festivals (the Holí) observed in this part of India. The sound of their unnatural music, of their invocation of the gods, of their fierce and maddening shoutings and hallooings, contrasted strangely with the voice of lowly adoration and thanksgiving which rose to the throne of God and the Lamb. One of the little girls in my Maráthí schools, who has been much with me, and who has evinced a most uncommon natural understanding, with promptitude to receive instruction, wept when she told me of the delusion and wickedness practised at this festival. I once overheard her arguing with a Bráhman, her own guru or priest, in a manner that quite astonished me. She stated some of the arguments for the Christian religion as correctly as I could have done, and apparently with much more feeling. He persisted in saying that Brahmá, Vishnu, and Shiva, were the very same as the three persons in the Trinity; and that all the other gods were avatárs, or incarnations of these. She overturned his arguments with great truth and ingenuity. She once told me, that, when compelled by her relations to go to the Hindú temples, she shuts her eyes upon the idols, and prays, in her heart, that God would destroy the temple and the idols, and put his throne

* Only the passages quoted from the Shástras are in this language.

† Into some of the languages of these it has been translated.

in her heart and in the hearts of the people. Let my dearest sisters pray, that, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, God may give testimony to his truth, and perfect his praise in the earth. The little girl's name is Bái. She is very pretty, with clear piercing eyes, and not much darker than an Italian girl. She talks Maráthí and Hindústání, and is very anxious to be taught English, many words of which she has already learned, by hearing me talk to the darling *bábás*, as she calls them. My schools have not diminished in number, and I am now getting up an orphan school, to be supported by myself and the ladies of my acquaintance. . . . . I take the entire superintendence of the school, and consider it as affording a most valuable opportunity of conveying a knowledge of divine truth. I feel that every increase of occupation brings with it an increase of happiness; and I see, in this arrangement, a wonderful illustration of the goodness of God. Had I contemplated at a distance the number and variety of duties which now devolve upon me, I should have been appalled at the prospect; but, instead of lessening, they greatly add to my enjoyment. Truly my cup of bliss runneth over. I have all of temporal prosperity that I desire, in the society of my precious husband, and the two little children, who are every day becoming more engaging and endearing to us. I can scarcely believe that beings so interesting to us, and so fondly cherished, have never been seen by my dear sisters, who would love them for the sake of their mother. Anna was the first word that Andrew pronounced distinctly: and his example has been followed by Kenneth, who not only says but sings it in a soft and melodious voice. You will be finding a clue to this in the doctrine of *occult sympathies*, but I am sorry that I must dispel the illusion, by resolving it into a simple fact. Their Ayah, or nurse, has a little girl whose name is Anna, and whose childlike smiles and gestures found a way to their little hearts, notwithstanding the blackness of her countenance. She played with them both when they were infants, and her name was learned by them both, or as soon as mama's. The little dears are both well at present; and papa thinks, of course, they are the cleverest, wisest, and best children, the world ever saw. Mama's account of them is true, that they are little plagues, and

very fond of their own will. Andrew begins to assert his superiority over Kenneth, who has very extravagant ideas of his own importance, and is not disposed to yield a single iota to the other. . . . . They are both very sweet and gentle, though sufficiently spirited and lively. Their little prattle is very amusing —Andrew's being a mixture of English, Hindustání and Maráthí, with an utter confusion of all *grammar*. . . . . We intend to send him, and probably K., home in a few months. Our dear and truly kind friends, Mr and Mrs Clow, have offered to take charge of them, and the opportunity is too good to be neglected. They intend to leave India in the course of seven or eight months; but life is so awfully uncertain in this climate, that we dare not lay plans beforehand. You have heard of dear Mrs Mitchell's death. She soon followed our beloved friend Mrs Cooper to the realms of glory. We feel much for her sisters, to whom the blow must have been indescribably severe. I trust they have been supported by the arm of the Almighty, and enabled to say, 'Good is the will of the Lord.' The account which Mr Mitchell has sent home of their sister's anticipations of coming glory, and of the calmness and resignation with which she met the last enemy, will prove a solace to them in the midst of sorrow, and will, I trust, raise their contemplations to that state of blessedness on which she has entered. We hope soon to have Mr M. and the dear children with us in Bombay. God has been speaking to us in a most emphatic and solemn manner, by the death of missionaries and other eminent Christians in India. It seems as if the missionary field had been deserted, at the very time when the trumpet was sounding loudest for the battle, and when the most intrepid skill and courage were requisite for the attack. The cry, COME OVER AND HELP US, has met with no corresponding movement in our native land. Many are falling at our side, or fainting in the midst of the strife. Yet the Lord is carrying on his work, and saying, 'Behold me! behold me! to a nation not called by his name.' O what a lesson does this convey to us of the mighty agency of the Lord Jehovah of Hosts, and of his inalienable supremacy and glory! How does it impress us with the conviction, that, though heaven and earth may pass away, the word of the Lord, which is more

firm than the heavens, the pillar and foundation of his throne, shall endure for ever! Our sole security is in dependence on this agency, and in an entire renunciation of self.

"The changes which have taken place since we came to Bombay, among European families, make it like a new place of residence to us. Scarcely two individuals with whom we were wont to take sweet counsel, are now to be found; but it is an unspeakable blessing, that, though our former friends are gone, we have still a little society of Christians. . . . . Mr Webb, our dear and highly esteemed friend, has gone to England, for the purpose of recruiting his health. . . . . He expected to have been accompanied to England by another dear friend of ours, Mr Robertson, a young civilian,* who died a few days before the ship sailed. He was talented, very pious, and had passed in three of the Oriental languages, though only three years in the country. Our hopes were directed to him, as a living ornament to the truth, and our eyes fixed on him, as one of the future luminaries of the East, when it pleased God to disappoint our expectations, and remove him from the temptations of this world to his own eternal and unclouded presence in heaven. The light which shone so mildly, and yet so resplendently, has gone down in darkness, or rather it shines with increased brightness; for it has been translated to that glorious sphere where it shall no more go out, but shed its undiminished lustre through eternal ages. It was Mr Wilson's privilege to sit up with him the last night of his mortal existence, and to witness the triumphs of Divine light and consolation, amid the decay and ruins of the tomb. His agonies were extreme, and he had become a living corpse. His youthful strength was exhausted, the glowing fire quenched, and death had begun his terrible work upon the frail tenement which held his spirit enchained. Not a relation was there to soothe his agonies, or to minister to his wants. All was darkness and solitude; but upon this darkness a glorious light fell—the light of immortality; and he was not alone, for his Saviour was present; and in the intervals of his delirium, he had precious discoveries of the Divine majesty and grace. Many parents sigh for civil appointments for their sons in India, who are soon called

* Deputy Persian Secretary to Government.

to mourn their early doom, and to receive, when it is too late, this demonstration of the world's vanity. Dear Mr Robertson was much with us; and we feel his death exceedingly. . . . He told Mr W. on his death-bed, that he had been the blessed means of imparting spiritual refreshment and comfort to his soul, and left him his Sanskrita books. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

On the setting in of the hot season of 1832, I felt my health give way to such a degree as clearly evinced the desirableness of a change of air, of scene, and, as far as possible, of occupation. My engagements in connexion with the mission, however, seemed to oppose an obstacle in the way of my removal. But the necessity of the case, and the generous consent of Mrs Wilson to remain behind to superintend the different operations, unless my illness should gain upon me, determined me at length, in the middle of April, to proceed to Khandálá, on the top of the Ghát leading to Puná. On our separation, as might have been expected, she had unusual anxiety respecting me, while the duties which devolved upon her, in connexion with the schools, the press, the converts, and the inquirers, were numerous and urgent. Though she did not consider it proper to attempt to suppress the workings of natural and conjugal affection, she either strove to keep them under the control of Christian principle, or gave them expression either in messages of comfort to him whose sufferings she perhaps over-estimated, but could not, by personal ministration, alleviate, or in supplications for heaven's best blessings to rest upon his head. To the arduous labours of the mission, she devoted herself with a vigour and application, of which few indeed could be capable.

From her almost daily communications to myself on this occasion, I make a few extracts, principally illustrative of her many engagements.

"24*th April* 1832.—This house appears like a deserted mansion, when you are not here to invest it with a charm. Neither the children's prattle, nor Dr Smyttan's animated account of the *scene* at Bycalla, could dispel my gloom. I followed your skiff on the waters, and partook of the delightful emotions which you felt in looking at the varied scenery. I trust that you are now safely lodged in the bungalow, and will find that sleep which

God giveth to his beloved children. It is sweet to feel that you are safe under the covert of the Almighty, and that though separated from human care and tenderness, you are the object of his unchangeable love and ever-watchful providence. We admire the economy of nature, and the regularity and beauty with which one event succeeds and harmonizes with another; but surely the laws of the spiritual world are more glorious still, and better fitted to show forth the perfections of their great Author . . . I should think Mr Nesbit will be happy to join you at Khandálá.

"The little darlings are in slumbers deep. The Hamáls are prostrate at my side, in the most *unwarlike attitude* possible; so that, if a band of robbers attack us, I must turn *heroine*, and take up the sword myself." . . .

"26*th April* 1832.—This day has appeared very long, by reason of my anxiety to hear again from you. I hope you are by this time safely lodged in the bungalow at Khandálá, and that you enjoyed the magnificent scenery ascending the Ghát, as much as you did when we went up together. The afternoon has been somewhat sombre in Bombay, and the sky diversified by a variety of dark and crimson clouds. I have been picturing the effect of such a sky on the mountains, and the beautiful succession of light and shade which it would afford. I hope the mountain air revived your exhausted frame, and made the pulse of life beat stronger than before. Dr Smyttan and the Moneys have been here to-day to inquire about you; indeed, the number of messages I have had from all your friends, shows the deep interest they feel in you. Every thing has been going on with its accustomed regularity. Ráma Chandra has come yesterday and to-day, to read to the servants. The English and Maráthí schools are going on as usual; and I have paid the Pantojís and the expenses of the press.

"I send a note from Mr ——* to you, which will, I am sure, gratify you very much. It breathes the spirit of one who has been translated from the oppressive bondage of a false religion into the glorious light and liberty of the true God. What he says regarding employment, evinces a resignation and childlike

* The officer of a vessel in the Bombay harbour, who had renounced Popery in the mission-house.

simplicity which are very pleasing. I trust the Lord will make him an eminent mean of usefulness to those who are living amid the darkness of Popish superstition and error; and that he will be your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

"Have you given away many of the Exposures, and what effect do they seem to produce in those who have read them? I trust the Lord will be with you, and touch your lips with celestial fire, when you make known the message of his love, and the terrible sanctions with which this message has been accompanied. Take great care not to fatigue yourself by too much writing." . .

"*May* 2, 1832.—Yesterday's post brought me no letters from you. I trust to-day's will prove more propitious, and be the harbinger of good tidings.

"Thank Mr Nesbit for his very kind letter to me, and for the promptitude with which he yielded to our request. My prayer for him will be similar to Paul's for Onesimus, who refreshed him in his bonds. I would have written to thank him with my own hand, had I not an able and eloquent substitute in you to execute the task for me.*

* Mr Nesbit's letter, referred to by Mrs W. in the above paragraph, is well worthy of insertion in this place:—

"Puna, *Friday*, 27*th April* 1832.

"My dear Mrs Wilson,—I have just read your touching letter to Mrs Stevenson. I am sorry to hear that Mr Wilson is so low, and regret to hear that he should have persisted so long. But for the Sacrament of the Supper, which is to be dispensed here on Sabbath evening, I should have joined him to-day at Khandálá. . . . . I intend to leave this place early on Monday morning; and I hope to be with Mr W. either to breakfast or tea.

"What shall I say to soothe your mind in the mean time? 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. . . . There is a city, in the midst of which God dwells: that city shall not be moved; and the river, whose streams gladden it, shall never fail. Be *still*, and know that Jehovah is God. Jehovah of Hosts is *with you:* the God of Jacob is your refuge.

"Had you not faith in God, I do not know what, with all your acute and tender sensibility, you could do. You must certainly fall a sacrifice to your own feelings, and destroy yourself instead of benefiting the ob-

"I went to Mr Clow's yesterday. We had a large, but a very agreeable party. To me, however, it was dull, for it wanted the charm of your society. Instead of attending to what was going on, my imagination was picturing you and Mr Nesbit addressing a company of natives, or looking down on the ravine which inspires you with ideas of terror and sublimity.

"The baptism of the little baby was very solemn and affecting to me, as it recalled the feelings with which I dedicated our two sweet darlings to God, and the assurance I felt that He would not only bless them with the blessings of his chosen, but make them pillars in his church on earth, and appoint to them a place in the New Jerusalem, the city and kingdom of our God. Oh that wisdom from heaven may be imparted to them, to lead them

ject of your sympathies. How happy, then, it is, that you should have been endowed with principles and feelings of a higher nature, and possessed of an energy and authority sufficient to soothe and control them. You know by what means the power of faith and hope may be increased. They must be kept in contact with their objects; and this can be accomplished only by prayer, reading, meditation, and heavenly conversation. May the gracious Saviour enable you to profit by these exercises; and may he give you that trust in himself which shall 'keep you in perfect peace.'

"What arduous duties Mr Wilson has left you to perform! How can you view or encounter them? 'Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.' Even Joshua needed to be told to 'be of good courage;' and you need not wonder if you should sometimes quail in the presence of the enemy. But let Moses cheer you. Listen to the ancient champion's voice. Let Joshua himself cheer you from his death-bed. Hear him saying—'Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which Jehovah your God spoke concerning you: all are come to pass; not one thing hath failed thereof.' Let the 'cloud of witnesses' cheer you. Let Him, who looked to the 'joy that was set before him,' and endured all that was inflicted on him by infinite justice and power,—let Him cheer you. Hear him saying—'If you suffer with me, ye shall also reign with me. To them that overcome will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as also I overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne.'

"I feel great sympathy with you. Yours affectionately,

"R. Nesbit."

in the way everlasting—and to *us*, that we may bring them up in the fear of the Lord!

"I was much delighted with Mrs B. She is one of the most intellectual women I have met with in India, and the most zealous in regard to missions. I could not help thinking what a superior missionary's wife she would have been. . . . She wrote one tract in Tamál, and translated several. She reads Hindustání fluently in the native character, and was beginning to learn Sanskrita when she was taken ill. She had a private meeting every Sunday with all the females of the station, and as many males as would attend; and was so particular about her language, that she used to write out her addresses in the native character during the week. She had a school of her own, with which she had very great trials, and she gave me a mournful account of the native converts on the other side of India. They must be as bad as some here—I should think worse. She visited them at their houses, and found out things of which the missionaries were quite ignorant. . . . On parting with me, she was quite overcome. She said she had often thought of meeting you in heaven before she had ever seen you, and that, probably, our next meeting would be there. I gave her a copy of the Exposure. Mr Money has been here every day since you left me. I send you my yesterday's letter, which is in Hindustání. The munshí says it is beautiful. He did not write any of it.

"Hírchand,* who is here, sends his salám, and is very sorry that you are ill. I have great hopes that he is returning to the fold of the good Shepherd."

"*May* 3*d*.—I was prevented from writing to you yesterday by a slight bilious attack, accompanied by spasms. It confined me to bed a great part of the day, but is now entirely removed; and I feel as if I should be much better afterwards. I rejoice you have decided on remaining a little longer at Khandálá; but I should have rejoiced still more if your decision had been to go to the Mahábaleshwar Hills. As it is, I trust the result will prove favourable, and that you will return with new strength to the performance of your duties, and to declare to the natives that

* The convert who had proceeded to Kach, and who had been much intimidated by the persecution of his friends.

blessed Gospel, which is for the ennobling and renovating of our race in every region of the earth. The fitness of Christianity for universal diffusion, is certainly a most convincing argument for its divine origin. It claims no particular locality, but finds a habitation in every region and clime under heaven.

"I have read the Darpan, and now send it to you. You will be indignant at the proposal made to Hindúdharmadhwansak, and still more so, at the letter of D. K.* What a profound production!!! It savours of ——'s school, or rather of every school whose object it is to oppose the pure light of the Gospel. It has not the merit of being an *ex parte* statement, for it is altogether false. It embodies, however, the unphilosophical and antichristian sentiments of an immense number of people; and I trust it will be met with an able and argumentative reply. He has done well in referring you to the Abbe Dubois, whose contradictions and opposing statements form the most powerful arguments against the opinion which he promulgates, and are corroborative of those on the opposite side. I could almost reply to him myself, if it would not be unseemly for one of my weak sex, and still weaker capacities, to enter the lists with such a *rude* antagonist.

"Where are the most worthy and respectable Hindú families to be found? They must live in some *terra incognita*, for sure I am it is not in Bombay; but, perhaps, if D. K. had favoured us with a definition of 'worthy,' it would have made all clear, and corresponded with the definition of 'good-hearted' in the vocabulary of fashion—'the toleration of every thing dishonest, unjust, and oppressive'—with this added to it, 'a usurpation of God's honour and glory, by substituting in his place images of wood and stone.' How little does D. K. know of the sublime and holy religion of Jesus; and what a phantom, or airy nothing, in comparison, is that knowledge, the door of which he would open to the Hindús.†

* A letter attacking Missionaries, and extolling the virtues of the Hindús.

† Mr Nesbit and I sent in replies to this letter, which were never answered. Mrs Wilson also wrote the following note, which was duly published in the Darpan:—

"The sweet little darlings are quite well, but this weather makes them look very pale and languid. Did you make out the meaning of Andrew's sublime hieroglyphics? They are more intelligible to me than some of those in the study of which learned men are consuming their strength.

"I have written a long letter, and it is now only a little past seven o'clock. Mr Stone has sent me all the proofs to correct—I mean of your Catechism. I generally hear the boys in the

"Sir,—Female education is of great importance as it respects the moral and intellectual improvement of India; and I would earnestly solicit you to call the attention of your readers to it. I have had much pleasure in hearing that the Rájá of Sátárá has set a noble example to his countrymen in this respect, and has instructed his daughter in the elements of reading and writing. When his example is generally followed, many will hail the commencement of a brighter and happier era to the subjects of this vast empire. It is a fact, that, throughout the whole of India, no institution has been formed by the natives for the improvement and culture of the female mind; and that she, who was formed for endless happiness or misery, and 'who was originally destined to be the depositary of man's thoughts, his solace in affliction, his counsellor in adversity and prosperity, is reduced to the level of a slave, or of the brutes which he has domesticated for his service.' It is a received maxim in all countries, that nothing is unimportant which affects, immediately or remotely, the character and condition of man; and it cannot be denied, that to woman belongs, in an eminent degree, the power of imparting to the minds of her children, those impressions and associations which abide with them through all the changes of their history, and contribute, in a powerful degree, to the formation of their habits. Where the character of woman is degraded, we invariably find deceit, demoralization, and the absence of every domestic and social virtue. Where, on the contrary, woman has been elevated to a participation in the religious and moral privileges of man, as in every country into which the light of Christianity has penetrated, we find all that is pure in morals, exalted in feeling, and beautiful in the arrangements of social and domestic life. All the female schools at present in India have been formed by, or are placed under the superintendence of, missionaries, who have been ignorantly or designedly represented as shutting the doors of knowledge to the rising generation. They may be said, in an emphatic sense, to have opened wide the gates of her temple, and to be beckoning to all to come in, and receive of her boundless treasures.—*Mátá.*"

English school* read, and ask them questions. None of them came on the days of this festival; and the girls' schools were quite deserted."

"*Monday morning.*... I send you a Gujaráthí newspaper.† The editor has been sitting with me for nearly two hours; and he has promised to send his two daughters to me to be instructed whenever they are old enough. He says that he wishes them to know the Christian religion, and to be taught English, and to sew. Mr Money has seen him, and thinks him the most interesting and enlightened Pársí he has ever met with. His boldness and fearlessness are quite noble. He seems actually to long for the regeneration and ennobling of his countrymen. What might he become if religion took possession of his heart! I had a long argument with him, but he would not admit that the God revealed in our Scriptures is substantially different from that of theirs; and he said, that the miraculous conception of Christ, and the number of different religions professed by children whom God must love with an equal affection, as they were all his own, perplexed him."...

"This is *Friday*, and in a few days more, I trust, I shall have the happiness of welcoming you to your own home. My heart beats at the prospect, and every thing around me looks as if a brighter sun were shedding its beams upon my path. Hope is to our emotions and feelings like light to the varied objects of a landscape, without which we must remain ignorant of their charms; and, if its influence be so great when the uncertainties of earth attach to it, what must be its realization and result in heaven, where there is no uncertainty, and where the objects are infinitely more noble than we can conceive.

"Anna's letter (inclosed) has made me feel quite sad. It was

* The institution above mentioned I had only lately formed. It was entirely dependent for some years on local support; but since the transference of our Mission to the General Assembly, it has had its resources increased, and now promises to be the instrument of incalculable good, and particularly in the education of native missionary agents.

† The Harkára and Vartamán, which had been generated in the heat of the discussions with myself.

like a spell to awaken old associations, and to open anew the fountain of my tears. It recalled to my mind the sunny days of youth, when every thing appeared bright and glowing, because I had not tried and proved it vain. It made me happy, also, for it raised my thoughts to the contemplation of that blessed and joyful company who celebrate divine praises in an unceasing song; and gave me a new assurance, that many of those on whom my tenderest love was wont to centre are numbered among that glorious throng. May sweet little Kenneth Bayne resemble him whose name he bears; and, after having turned many to righteousness, may he be numbered with him in the kingdom of the just!

"I have corrected Mr N——'s paper in the Spectator to the best of my ability. . . . .

"Several new scholars have come to the English school. Harí is there, you probably know, at the request of Messrs Cooper and Mitchell. Mr Young gave him five rupees for this month's expenses. He asked me if I should give him more, but I said no."

"*Tuesday.*—It grieves me to think that your complaint still continues, although I know the cause of it. Let me entreat you to take more rest, and not to write so much at present. You know the monsoon is rapidly approaching, and, if you do not recover now, you will be in danger of having another attack. Let me know if Mr Nesbit is coming down with you,—if not, I shall apply to Mr Money for a Government boat, and come to Panwel for you. You must not say Nay; for, if you do, I shall say you know not what perils, by sea and by land, I could brave for the love my heart bears to you. . . . .

"Andrew is much better to-day, and as full of life as ever. . . . . Báí* has been a great comfort to me; and her attention to the children by night and by day makes me feel quite thankful to her. Nothing but religion could make her what she is. How grateful ought we to be to see some of your ministry walking in the truth; and how should it animate us to pray that the light of the glorious Gospel may be shed abroad more abundantly in their hearts.

* A Hindú woman whom I had baptized.

"Mr Stone sent me the last proof sheets of the Oriental Christian Spectator, and will probably send the others as they are printed. I shall do as you desire me. I selected the Hymns, but, alas, instead of the muse carrying me to Parnassus, a fit of bile conveyed me to my bed." . . . .

"*Saturday.*—I have just received your letter, which has relieved me from a great load of anxiety. It is the opinion of Mr Money, Mr Williams, Dr Smyttan, and all your other friends here, that you ought not now to be alone; and Mr Money has been so kind as get a Government boat in readiness to take me across to Panwel. As you request me not to come until I hear again from you, I have *reluctantly* made up my mind to remain; but remember that my first duty is to you.

"I have sent the MS. of the Catechism to Mr Stone; and I shall have much pleasure in looking out for some more simple and beautiful hymns to add to your selection.

"I had nearly sixty girls in the central school to-day, and they began and ended by singing a hymn. Their voices were rude, and there was little or no music in the combination of sounds, but it was sweeter to me than the finest melody, as it reminded me of the predicted time when the voice of praise shall be heard in every dwelling, and ascend from every heart.* I shall think much of you to-morrow. O may you be in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and enjoy such communion with the Father of your spirit as shall be an emblem and pledge of heaven.

"Mr Law has arrived. He called on me to-day, and was much delighted with the progress of the English school. He

* Mrs Wilson, it may be proper to state, was at this time making the attempt, which afterwards proved successful, to get all the children of her schools taught on the mission premises under her own eye. The expense of their conveyance from different parts of the city she defrayed from the school funds. When they had attended at the mission-house for some time, they agreed to walk, on condition that the money paid for their *gádís* should be distributed among themselves, which, for a few months, was accordingly done. The children, when assembled together, were under a more direct Christian control than formerly; and the time which Mrs W. devoted to their separate visitation, was more advantageously employed by her in promoting discipline and communicating instruction.

seems pleased with the prospect of being settled here. Hírchand has been sitting with me for a long time. I was much gratified and comforted by the things he said. I trust we shall ere long get him back among us.

"I send you the Darpan.—Mr Money has got the Record, containing an account of the formation of a new Bible Society, (The Trinitarian), and their reasons for separating from the old. Surely it should appear in the Spectator, as the event is so deeply important in the religious world. Mr Stone is against it, as all America has declared in favour of the old society. How extraordinary! Mr Money has promised me the Record. I shall bring it across to you."

As my convalescence was not so rapid as was expected, Mrs Wilson joined me at Khandálá, and remained about a month, till my return to Bombay. The change of air was favourable to the improvement of her own health, and her enjoyment of the magnificent views on the mountains,

> "——— where, retired
> From little scenes of art, great nature dwells
> In awful solitude,"

was intense and hallowed.

The two following letters, written after our return to the seat of the Presidency, appropriately notice both mercies and judgments connected with our mission and our respected fellow-labourers.

"Tuesday, *June* 1832.

"My dearest Mrs Stevenson,—I often wish that I could take a peep into your chamber, and get a view of you, and its other sweet occupant. May he be early adopted into the family of God, and may you and your dear husband be enabled to present him a sacrifice upon the altar! It is sweet to dedicate these our dear possessions to the service of Him who has bought us with such an inestimable price, and exalted us to such glorious privileges; and to feel, that, though storms may assail, or death destroy our mortal existence, they are safe under the shadow of the Almighty, and within the embrace of a Saviour's love. This ought to excite us to more ardent prayer in behalf of our little ones, that the love of Christ may be shed abroad in

their hearts, and that they may be chosen vessels in the temple of our God.

"Our dear Harnaí friends arrived in Bombay on Saturday. We were much affected with Mr Cooper's emaciated and worn-out appearance. His countenance is pale and haggard, and he speaks with great difficulty, from pain in his side and uneasy respiration. He was a good deal overcome on seeing me, and began immediately to talk of his dear wife. Recollection after recollection arose in my mind, like wave upon wave in a troubled sea, when he spoke of Harnaí; but the thought, that so many of our dear fellow-labourers are no longer tossed upon the sea, but have reached the haven of eternal rest, quelled every emotion of murmuring and regret. They are now dwellers in the kingdom and city of our God, and, ere long, we hope to be joined to their assembly, uniting with them in the anthem of praise.... It is the opinion both of Dr Maxwell and Dr Smyttan, that Mr Cooper should lose no time in proceeding to England, and they will probably go by one of the first ships. Maxwell is very like his mother, and the strongest looking of all the children. The dear Mitchells are fine children, and very easily managed. When I asked Willy if he remembered his mama, he said, 'Yes; God has taken her to heaven.' He repeated the same thing to-day in Maráthí, which was very touching. Our poor mission is sadly afflicted. May the Lord in mercy interpose for our deliverance, and teach us to turn to Him with our whole heart! We are a dispersed and broken army, but still on the battle-field; and, when we see our strength weakened, and many falling at our side, it becomes us to unite our forces, and summon all the strength which yet remains. We are called, in a peculiar manner, to look away from ourselves to the agency of the Almighty! and O! it is delightful to feel that the work is exclusively the Lord's, and that whatever woe may betide our mission, not one of the purposes of God will remain unfulfilled. It is also pleasing to feel that the day of the Lord is nigh at hand, though it may be accompanied by the outpouring of his judgments. The sun and the moon may be darkened, and the stars may withhold their shining; the Lord may utter his voice, and cause the heavens and the earth to shake; but, notwithstanding these calami-

ties, he will be the hope of his people, the strength of the children of Israel.

"Mr W. thinks me very inconsiderate in writing you such a long letter in your weak state; so I must conclude. We were sorry to learn that Mr Nesbit had been complaining. I trust he is now well again, and able to go on with the warfare. Mr Wilson still suffers from his complaint and general debility. I do not feel at all strong at present, but this I conceal from him, lest it should make him too anxious, and I do not exert myself more than is necessary. . . . Yours, &c. M. W."

"Bombay, 30*th July* 1832.

"My dear Mrs Taylor,—My time has been so incessantly occupied in consequence of Mr Wilson's illness, and the departure of our dear missionary friends to England, that it is only now that I am found thanking you for your kind and affectionate letter, received by me some time ago. Your friendly expressions of sympathy and condolence were truly gratifying to us in the midst of our affliction; and, had a change of climate been at the time recommended to Mr Wilson by his medical advisers, we should probably have availed ourselves of your kind invitation to take up our abode with you for a time. I am happy to inform you that the more alarming symptoms of Mr Wilson's malady have now disappeared, but it has been of so protracted and lingering a nature, that his general system has suffered considerably, and he is yet very far from having regained strength. It is probable a change to Mahábaleshwar will be deemed requisite, as soon as the weather will permit our proceeding thither. At present, he has great reluctance to travel, having suffered so much from a journey to and from Khandálá before the rains.

"We are happy to hear such good accounts of Mr Taylor's success among the natives (of Belgáum). May the Lord render him an eminent instrument in overturning the kingdom of darkness, and in erecting upon its ruins that kingdom of which there shall be no end! The present era may justly be deemed a season of hope to missionary enterprise. We cannot look at the political world, and mark the revolutions which are taking place in such rapid sequence, without feeling that they are preparing the way for mightier events than the overthrow or establishment of tem-

poral powers and dominions; and we cannot contemplate the undermining and gradual decay of so many systems of superstition and false religion, without perceiving that the once diverging lines of prophecy begin to approach a centre, and to point to one magnificent and glorious result—the conversion of all nations to the religion of Jesus. How divine and glorious will be the realization of this blessed event! They who wait for it in the assured hope of its accomplishment, ought to feel the sacred obligations which devolve upon them. They are fellow-workers with God, and, though the agency is entirely and exclusively in *his* hands, they must put on their armour, and go forth to the combat, as if conquest or defeat depended upon their simple exertions.

"I trust you will accompany Mr Taylor to Bombay at the next meeting of the Missionary Union, which, I suppose, will take place in the course of two months. It will give us great pleasure if you will come to us at that time. We have a large house, and shall have ample accommodation for all our guests. I hope Mr and Mrs Birdwood continue well. It must be a great comfort to you to have them so near you. I hope your other dear children are well also, and getting on with their education. My little ones have both been poorly, but I am thankful to say they are now better. We intend to send one, or both, of them home in the course of a few months. The trial will be great, but they have such delicate constitutions that we should dread detaining them long in India. We are reminded by every passing event that this is not our rest, and that the days and years of our earthly existence are fast hastening to their termination. May the salutary lesson be deeply imprinted on our hearts, and may we learn from it the necessity of promptitude and diligence in the work of the Lord! Yours, &c.—M. W."

In the preceding letter, the prayer is offered up, that the salutary lesson of the brevity of time might be deeply impressed upon the heart, and improved by promptitude and diligence in Divine service. Many occurrences, it is observed, were teaching that lesson: but it was the will of God to proclaim it to the subject of this Memoir with a voice of thunder. In the beginning of September, a roll, like that of the prophet Ezekiel,

wherein was written, "Lamentations, and mourning, and woe," came into my hands, from our native country, and I trembled when I was called to announce its heavy tidings. The substance of them I give to the reader in an extract from the Stirling Journal.

"Seldom has it been our painful duty to record a more heart-rending event than one which occurred on Tuesday forenoon, the first of May, near the Bridge of Allan. About three weeks ago, Misses Mary and Isabella Bayne, daughters of the late Rev. Mr Bayne, of the Gaelic Chapel, Greenock, came from Edinburgh with their brother, to reside at the Bridge of Allan for the benefit of the health of the younger sister. They lodged with Mr James M'Robbie, and their brother left them about a week ago, delighted with the change for the better that had taken place in Miss Isabella's health. On Tuesday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, the two sisters left Mr M'Robbie's, as if for the purpose of taking a walk on the banks of the Allan, and perhaps bathing. They were observed by the workmen of Airthrey Mills, in passing, to be lively and in good spirits, and little aware of the premature fate which awaited them. Little more than an hour afterwards, a young gentleman residing in Bridge of Allan, in going up the east side of the river with his fishing-rod, observed, at some distance before him, something that appeared like a towel, or small table-cloth, spread out on what is termed the *Fisher's Green*, at the head of a deep pool called the *Black Pot*, where the river is confined within high rocky banks covered with wood. Observing a boy fishing about fifty yards beyond it, he concluded that the towel, or whatever it might be, belonged to some of the anglers; so that, content with the transient glimpse he had of it, he pursued his course by the foot-path along the outer edge of the wood, with the intention of fishing this part of the water on his way homeward. On returning to this spot by the water-side, about half an hour afterwards, he found that what had attracted his attention going up was a quantity of female attire, which was recognised at a single glance as the dresses of the two young ladies whom he had seen the day before, and whom he knew to be strangers.—Aware of the nature of the place, he was led to dread the worst, and, on examining

the banks of the river, he observed the prints of their feet in the sand, pointing inward, at the deepest part of the pool, but no marks of their return. Their bonnets were set close to the rock, while the rest of their clothes were a little out from it on the green, so that it appeared, beyond all doubt, that the young ladies had perished while bathing. On the alarm being given at the Mills of Airthrey, a little way down the river, Messrs M'Robbie, accompanied by their workmen, and many of the neighbours, hurried to the spot; when it was ascertained, by means of a barge that had been kept for the repair of the dam-dyke, that the young ladies had indeed perished. They were dimly seen at the bottom of the river, within two or three yards of each other, in a place about eighteen feet deep. On their being brought up, a low murmur ran along the crowd who had assembled on the small green and banks above, and had witnessed the heart-rending spectacle. The younger was found in her bathing dress—the other in her usual dress, with the exception of her bonnet, shawl, and shoes, which were found upon the green along with her bathing dress. It is conjectured that the one, in going in had slid over a dangerous quicksand into the depth below, and that her sister, who was preparing to follow, on seeing what had happened, had rushed in to her rescue, but perished in the attempt. In a few minutes, the bodies were conveyed back to the Mills of Airthrey, to be stretched, lifeless, on the beds from which the young ladies had risen but a few hours before. All means were promptly used for their recovery, under the able superintendence of Mr J. Rutherford, surgeon—but in vain; for by this time they must have been at least two hours and a half in the water. Nothing, therefore, remained, but to communicate to their afflicted friends the particulars of this tragic scene. The deceased were in the bloom of youth. The elder had been left to take care of her sister; and her devoted conduct in the hour of danger showed how true she had been to her charge."

These tidings, affecting even to the general reader, were first conveyed to me in letters written in an appropriate Christian strain, by friends who were led to address us in kind consideration of our approaching trial; but it can easily be conceived that the communication of them, in any form, to her who was most

deeply interested in them, must have been to her a trial of no ordinary kind. As soon as she learned the particulars of the tale of woe, she exclaimed, with the consciousness that her own power and the help of man had failed, but with a confidence in her Saviour and the Divine promises, "Let us cast ourselves into the arms of the Lord, and feel ourselves sustained by his love and grace." When we had called upon Him who is "our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble," she felt and evinced, amidst an amount of natural emotion corresponding with the peculiar intensity of her feelings, a resignation of spirit, and, at the same time, a humiliation of soul, which betokened the vouchsafement of no ordinary spiritual aid. In the hour of her extremity was thus fulfilled the gracious declaration, —"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." In all her mourning, which the death of a beloved child, in less than a month after the grievous intelligence of the loss of her sisters reached her, rendered more sacred, and which terminated only with her earthly pilgrimage, she experienced a similar support. Into the habitude of her soul, however, no element of stoicism was permitted to enter. While she "fainted not" under her sore afflictions, she was far indeed from the opposite sin of "despising" them. Her tender heart most keenly felt the bereavements which it had sustained, and was led to address words of peculiar comfort to the mourners in another land. In reference to the mysteries of that providence by which she was so greatly afflicted, her language in the Divine presence was, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." When she looked to her remaining corruptions, she acknowledged her need of the Divine chastisement; and it was her confident hope, and of which her dying testimony was given to its realization, that the furnace was heated to purify, not destroy. Her beloved sisters, though suddenly removed from this vale of tears, she viewed as ransomed from all evil,—for of their trust in Christ, and consequent justification, they had given evidence in their heavenly peace and advancing holiness. The mercies of the Lord she viewed as likewise extended to the infant whom she had ever commended to his grace in fervent prayer, and in regard to whom she confidently cherished the hope, that he had been "sanctified from the womb."

But her own correspondence will best unfold both her sufferings and her consolations.

"BOMBAY, 29*th September* 1832.

"With what words can I convey to my beloved and afflicted sisters and brother, the emotions which agitate my heart in now attempting to write to them! Shall I tell them of the alternate agony, and suspension of sorrow by its own intensity, we experienced on first receiving accounts of the heart-rending catastrophe, by which our beloved Mary and Isabella were so suddenly and so mysteriously removed from them? Shall I speak of the blight and the desolation which this solemn event shed around us; or shall I tell of the acute pangs which dart into our souls at the remembrance of the loved ones who still weep in secret, and of the inexplicable longings which we at times feel, once more to mingle our joys and our sorrows with theirs around the family altar, or in that little apartment where the soul of our sainted Eliza winged its triumphant flight to the mansions of glory, and where we have so often mourned and rejoiced together? No, my tenderly beloved sisters and brother, these were inadequate subjects to dwell upon, and unbefitting the lofty theme which now excites the ardour, and absorbs the attention of the redeemed and glorified spirits who have gone before us to the dwelling-place of God—the home prepared for them by Jesus. They are now freed from the dominion of sin, and are inhabitants of that city where the concentrated perfections of the Godhead have their highest manifestation, and shine forth in their most resplendent lustre. They behold, with clear and unobscured vision, the beams of His glory; their day enjoys an uninterrupted and glorious splendour, and it shall never again go down in darkness, for the glory of God and of the Lamb doth lighten it. They shall drink for ever from the river of God's pleasures, even from that living stream which proceeds from the throne of the Eternal; and they shall eat, and be abundantly satisfied with, the fruits of that tree of life which grows and flourishes in the paradise of God. Our eyes will again see them, not with the symbols of this weeping mortality, but clad in their robes of white, with crowns on their heads. We shall see them in immortal beauty, bearing the image of Him whom they serve with seraphic ardour,

and among that countless multitude who sing, in loud and louder hallelujahs, the new song, 'Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' Let us wipe away our tears, and lift up the eye of faith to their secure and happy abode. Let us meditate on their high contemplations, their holy employments, till the sympathies of heaven descend into our bosoms, and till its glories come down to gild the horizon of our sorrows. That unbounded freedom—that holy joy—that constant communion with Jesus, which we pant after, is theirs in possession. Their trials are ended, while we are in the heat and bustle of the conflict; and they have reached their wished-for inheritance, while we are treading, by slow and weary steps, the path which leads to it. Do we not esteem those happy who have gained the prize and the possession? And shall we not, my dearest sisters and brother, rejoice that our sweet Mary and Isabella were so soon counted worthy to be admitted among the number? O let us hold communion with them now, and with Him who deigns to commune with us from his mercy-seat. It will be sweeter by far than our earthly friendship,—than the purest and most exquisite interchange of affection which we experienced with them, when dwelling together in cottages of clay. It will quicken our aspirations after holiness, and inspire us with zeal and patience to serve God on earth, till we shall be admitted into his blessed presence to dwell with Him for ever. We know not but dearest Mary and Isabella are the spectators of our sorrow, and that, could they address us in the language of mortals, it would be with astonishment and wonder at our overmuch grief. I cannot speak to my beloved sisters and brother in accents such as those in which they would speak. Listen, then, to the voice which speaks to you from heaven. Think of the angelic strains which they sing, and of the tide of blessedness which swells and deepens through eternal ages. Think, above all, of that Saviour who has redeemed them, and of our eternal obligations to serve and glorify him. Nature has her moments of agony, when she refuses to be comforted, and when she can only weep in anguish over the ruins of death. At this moment, all around me whispers of the departed, and conjures up a thousand remembrances of the past. My beloved Mary and

Isabella, shall I never again listen to your voices, which have so often gladdened me; never receive, in this far distant land, the assurance of your love! How often do I see you as in former times? But soon the delusion vanishes, and I remember that you sleep in the tomb! Death has entered our dwelling, and we know not where he may next alight. May each of us hear the voice of God in this solemn dispensation of his providence, and live in habitual preparation for our last and great change! Let us value more the hope of that blessed Gospel, which is as an anchor sure and steadfast amid the billows that rise and swell around us, and that bow of promise which is seen in the storm. Soon will the storm and the wintry clouds pass away, and the light of a glorious eternity circle us round with its glory. Our condition may well be contrasted with that of the heathen who know not God. No light penetrates their darkness, and their groans of despair, or yells of agony, have nothing to mitigate or relieve them, but the indefinite hope of passing, at death, into one or other of the animate or inanimate forms which they behold around them. Our purer light, and the short period allotted us to work the work of Him who sent us, ought to stimulate us to greater activity in our work.

"I felt, in a most solemn manner, the nearness of death when my precious husband was laid aside from his labours. The distant prospect of separation was more than I could endure, but God has in mercy restored him to me, and to the heathen among whom he labours continually, counting not his life dear unto himself. Our darling Kenneth has been for two months a severe sufferer; and that he is yet alive and with us seems to be almost a miracle. The dear suffering babe is now before me, and, when I look to his sinking strength, and lovely countenance, where the expression and features of darling little James are most strikingly depicted, I feel as if death had received his commission to execute his terrible work. We weep in anguish over the little sufferer, but there are moments when our sorrow is tranquillized, and when even a parent's heart is made willing to resign the cherished object of its affections, to that Saviour who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' How sweet, to think that he will be

received into the bosom of eternal love when removed from our weeping embrace; and, from being a sufferer here, will become a seraph in glory. The doctor says his recovery is possible, but the tone in which he has said this speaks no hope to the heart. 'Not our will, O Lord, but thine be done!'

"I should like to write to each of you individually, my precious sisters and brother. Two of you are gone, and we love with a more concentrated affection those who remain. . . . . O may God comfort you with his abundant consolations. May the blessed Saviour be near you in your sorrows, and may the Spirit of grace and supplication make intercession for you at the throne of God! Your ever affectionate,—MARGARET."

"BOMBAY, 10*th October* 1832.

"The account which we gave you, in our last letter, of our darling Kenneth's sufferings, has, I trust, prepared you to hear that the little sufferer is now at rest. Yes, my beloved sisters and brother, this cherished child, the darling of our hearts, and perhaps the idol of our affections, has in mercy been taken from us, and is now with our beloved Mary and Isabella in heaven, beholding the unveiled glories of the Saviour, and attuning his harp to the songs of angels. The day after your letter was written, his sufferings continued without any abatement, so that towards evening life seemed almost extinct, and we had committed him to God, patiently waiting the hour when his disembodied spirit should wing its flight to glory, and be welcomed to the embrace of the Saviour. In the morning, he revived a little, and, during the whole of that day, which was the Sabbath, the symptoms were so favourable that we fondly anticipated his recovery. I shall never forget the thrilling emotions of gratitude with which my beloved John and I received him back, as it were, from the dead; but our joy was of short duration, and even *with* his changed aspect, and the bright loveliness of his countenance, might have told us that he could not long be an inhabitant of earth. . . . . He knew us all to the last, and continued to lisp, in such accents as I shall never forget, his own little words and sentences. Some hours before his death, his eye became fixed, and three different times he looked upwards with a smile of joy and astonishment, as if some vision had burst

upon his sight. His expression reminded me of our beloved Eliza; and, could he have spoken to us, it would probably have been in strains similar to hers. He had a short struggle, but it passed away: and he fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or a pang, at the same hour at which she died. The agony of that hour was inexpressible, and we both felt that nought but an Almighty arm could have upheld us under the stroke. Our Divine Redeemer was with us in the furnace; and I trust he will 'sit as a refiner and purifier,' till the dross is consumed, and till the gold comes forth seven times tried. On Monday, the mortal remains of our dear Kenneth were committed to the dust. He was laid in a little white coffin, with his name, 'Kenneth Bayne Wilson,' and age, '18 months,' inscribed on it. He now sleeps in an Indian grave, far from you, and from those precious ones who so recently preceded him to glory. But his dust is not unnoticed by the Redeemer, who will guard and keep it till the resurrection day. . . . . We shall often revisit the spot where it is deposited; and, when they from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, shall be united in one blessed family, you will behold it in its reanimated form, a glorious body, 'without spot or wrinkle,' and clad in immortal robes.

"We had been staying with Mrs Col. H. for a few weeks, where we had better air than in our own house, and where every possible attention was paid to the little darling. Mrs H. and Dr Smyttan watched him as if he had been their own child. He was indeed so lovely and attractive that every one was interested in him. . . . . He was in disposition the happiest child I ever saw, and had a remarkable exuberance of spirits. Every new object seemed to inspire him with a delight almost unnatural in one so young. What, then, must have been his feelings of rapture, when his knowledge was expanded, and when the splendour of the heavenly state opened upon his view? We returned home after the funeral; but O the desolation, the anguish which we felt! I could not look upwards, or rejoice in his happiness, as I did at first. My thoughts dwelt among the things of earth; and I wandered from one apartment to another, as if looking for the object of my love. This affliction has opened anew the wound which the death of beloved Mary

and Isabella occasioned. I feel that nothing earthly can supply the blank. O Lord, fill it with the love of thyself, and give me greater ardour, with a more undivided heart, to consecrate myself to thy service among the heathen. . . . . Mr Wilson and I trust the next ship will bring us letters from you, and that we shall hear how wonderfully the Lord has sustained you in the hour of your bitter sorrow. O may he be very present with you; and may his love and faithfulness encompass you round about, and go with you through this wilderness. . . . . Your very attached,—MARGARET."

On the 6th November I set out on another long tour in the Dakhan; and Mrs Wilson, with one of our respected Christian friends, accompanied me to Puná. She notices only the incidents of our first day's movements. "The evening was beautiful, and the scenery looked so varied and picturesque in the moonlight, that Miss Stanley was quite charmed with it. The wind blew very hard for a little, and, owing to the negligence of the boatmen, we came upon a rock, which alarmed us all very much. The crash was so great, that I thought we were irrecoverably gone, but Providence interfered in our behalf, and ere long we were out of danger. Panwel was crowded with strangers; and, as the evening was so inviting, we pursued our journey to Chauk, where we arrived at three o'clock this morning. We intend to ascend the Ghát to-morrow morning. Miss S. is pleased with India travelling; and I am sure she will be delighted with the beauty and magnificence of the prospect."

The following letter addressed to Mr A. Simpson of Port-Glasgow, was written in the Dakhan :

"PUNA, 27*th November* 1832.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Accept our united thanks for your kind letter, and the valuable Memoir (of Mrs Simpson) which accompanied it. Without a reference to its intrinsic worth, which I consider very great, it possesses a peculiar attraction to me, from the well-known character of the individual, and from its allusions to scenes and occurrences so closely interwoven with the history of my past life. . . . . May the conflict which it describes, and the precious discoveries which it unfolds of the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, awaken many to serious

consideration! May it be to the faithful as a new monument to record the praises of their King, and may a blessing from on high accompany it.

"You will see from the date of this letter that I am at present in Punâ..... Shortly after the accounts reached us of the heart-rending catastrophe, by which two of my beloved sisters were so suddenly and so mysteriously removed from this world,... a lovely child was taken alarmingly ill. Death soon put a termination to his sufferings; and he is now numbered among those redeemed and sainted ones who stand before the throne of God, beholding his matchless beauty, and attuning their hearts to an eternal song of praise. The omnipotent arm of Jehovah supported us in a wonderful manner, and enabled us, like the Spartan mother, to rejoice more in being the parents of the dead than of the living; but the shock has since affected my health, which was previously delicate; and, as my dearest husband was about to proceed on a missionary tour among the distant towns and villages, I was induced thus far to accompany him..... The country through which we journey is (in a moral point of view) very barren and desolate. Sterility is its characteristic; and it is only the descent of the living streams that can make the land become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted a forest. *We*, in an especial manner, need liberal supplies of heavenly grace, for how can we water others, or plant the garden of the Lord, if our own souls are not watered. A missionary in India has trials and difficulties which Christians in England can but inadequately conceive of, and of which they must form a mistaken estimate. Much time, which we would willingly devote to other objects, must be spent in the study of languages which none can master without the most close and energetic application of mind. When we have acquired the languages, and begin to speak upon the sublime, but simple, principles of our faith, the ignorant and the learned alike misunderstand our meaning, for almost every word which can be found conveys to their minds an erroneous impression, from its connection with their absurd idolatry and superstition. Then come explanations and definitions, &c., till they discover that our religion is in direct hostility to theirs, and that the God whom we worship is as far as possible from him whom

they ignorantly designate by the name of the Supreme Being. . . . . They love to hear of the character of Jesus till they are told that he is the only true incarnation, and that there is no salvation but through Him; and then their love is changed into hatred. . . . . They hate His Gospel; and, though they may love the person of His messengers, for this unwelcome message they would persecute them. If the belief of the truth forces itself upon their minds, as it very frequently does, they use every expedient to put it away, for they are naturally timid, and shrink appalled from the view of the dreadful persecution to which an avowal of it would expose them. These are but a few of the difficulties which we daily encounter. Still we have reason to rejoice, for the 'kingdom is the Lord's,' and he will, ere long, assert his prerogative, and take unto himself the dominion and the power. The glorious work of conversion has begun around us; and we cannot look upon the stir and the tumult, and the intense inquiry which now prevails among all classes of the Bombay community, without feeling that the name of the Lord will be great among the heathen, and that incense and a pure offering will ascend unto Him. Our hearts have been cheered by the increase of our little church. The Sabbath before we left Bombay, Mr Wilson baptized a Bráhman who has for several months avowed his belief in the Christian religion. A great number of natives had assembled to view the spectacle; and standing in the midst of them, he threw down his Bráhmanical string, and proclaimed aloud his belief in the true God. He was examined by Mr Wilson as to his belief in the doctrines of the Bible, and gave a satisfactory answer to each question. The Lord has eminently blessed my beloved husband's labours in his vineyard. . . . . He is at present among the scattered villages of the Dakhan, proclaiming the word of life. The poverty of the villagers is very great, in consequence of a scarcity of rain; and they are sunk in the lowest state of degradation and ignorance. Let us pray that they may receive the hidden riches, and that the word of the Lord may grow mightily among them. . . . . Believe me to be, &c.—M. W."

Of the letters addressed to myself during my tour, the following are extracts :—

"Puna, *November* 26, 1832.—We were all delighted with the plan of your route, and with the other interesting communications contained in your letter. Inánoba has excited great interest here, from the novelty of his character.* I trust Tukobá and he will unite with you in overturning polytheism and idolatry; and that, having been of old fired with the love of learning, they will now applaud and smile upon your endeavours to propagate it among their votaries!

"Mr Nesbit has given up all intention of joining you on your route; and, as we have not yet derived sufficient benefit from change of air, we have agreed to remain another week at Puná. . . . . My thoughts follow you in your wanderings; and, when the hour arrives at which I fancy that tired nature is seeking repose, or that you have found a temporary oblivion from the toils and labours, the fatigues and agitations of the day, my mind fixes itself more intensely upon you, and I commit you with more beseeching earnestness to Him who keepeth Israel, and who slumbers not nor sleeps. I felt happy last night in looking upward to the magnificent vault of heaven, and feeling that the

* Of Inánoba, whose shrine Mr Mitchell and I had visited, I had taken the following notice:—"Inánoba is unlike most of the other gods of the Dakhan. He is a literary character, while his fellows, with the exception of Tukobá, are warriors and robbers. While he sojourned in the *bhuloka* (world) he had really a considerable taste for Prákrita poetry; and he translated the Gítá, and several other works, into a peculiar kind of verse. He was treated with respect during life, and after death he was made a god. I do not think that he desired this honour, for, in some of his verses, in my possession, he appears to condemn idolatry and polytheism. His favourite shrine is in Alandí: and his votaries, during the Jattrá, which was almost concluded when we arrived at that place, were estimated at a lákh. His divine presence, however, does not appear to diffuse an overplus of religious veneration. It appears to be most propitious to mercantile speculation, and absurd diversion and amusement. A peep at the god,—a short prayer for money, rain, and children, and an humble prostration, were all the services which were rendered. The *feet* of his Highness, which have walked from his body about a kos on the road to Puná, seem to be peculiarly lovely in the eyes of his friends. The osculations were all bestowed upon *them*. Hundreds were flocking around them, and forming small piles of stones in their neighbourhood."

inexplicable power and wisdom which conduct the movements of its glittering hosts, and prescribe laws to each star and planet, from which it cannot swerve, are in a special manner pledged for your support and guidance. You are the messengers of His word, the bearers of that embassy of reconciliation which has issued from His eternal throne to the guilty; and, though the pillars of the universe should be shaken, and system after system fall into decay, His word shall endure for ever, and find its complete and glorious accomplishment through eternal ages.

"I trust you are as comfortable in regard to external things as when you wrote me from Shikrápur, and that still more favourable opportunities have been afforded you of preaching the word of life. We all thought of you yesterday, and felt the reality and grandeur of that passage, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,' &c. Mr Nesbit gave us a good sermon.*

"I long to get your lines on dear Kenneth. I feel his death more than I did at first; but, oh, he is not dead; he is more emphatically alive than before, and is numbered with that blessed throng who sing the praises of Him who loved and redeemed them.

> "Sweet babe no more, but seraph now,
> Before the throne behold him bow;
> To heavenly joys his spirit flies,
> Blest in the triumph of the skies."

"What shall I say to you! You will imagine more than I can express. May the God of Jacob be near you."

"29*th Nov.* 1832.—A week has elapsed since you left us, and I have only received one letter. The epistle sent by a *friend* has not yet reached us, and where it is to be found, or what may yet be its peregrinations, we are unable to divine. As you may suppose, I feel very anxious. Reason frowns upon my fears, and pronounces them groundless; but affection has a language of her own, and refuses to listen to its dictates. I trust, however, that you are safe and comfortable, and that the presence of the Lord

* Preached on the occasion of the ordination of Captain Shortrede and D. A. Eisdale, Esq., as elders of the Mission Church in Puná.

has been vouchsafed to you in a remarkable manner. Perhaps you have been made to drink of the bitter waters of affliction, that you may drink more deeply from the living stream of God's consolations, and that you may value more highly that water of life which can alone cause the desert around you to bud and blossom as the rose. It is delightful to think, that, as you are now a fellow-worker with Christ in laying the foundation of his widely extended empire, you will ere long be a partaker with him in the glories of his reign. May this consideration sanctify all your employments, and shed a lustre around your path, however humble and insignificant it may appear in the eyes of the world. . . . .

" Your precious letter has just come to hand, and one from Mr Mitchell.* How truly do you express my feelings when

* This I insert as illustrative of our mode of travelling, and our missionary operations.

" JAMGAUM, 26*th November* 1832.

" MY DEAR MRS WILSON,—I know that you are anxious to learn how your dear husband is getting on; and as I fear that there are some points which he may but slightly, or not at all, touch on, which you may reckon of much importance, I will try to make up the defect. We have hitherto taken short stages, not more than from 10 to 14 miles *per diem*. We generally get up before day-break, have a short prayer, take a cup of coffee and biscuit, get on our horses, and move to our ground before the sun has got much heat. We then sometimes, if the people are near, give them a short address, by which time we find breakfast ready, as we always send on one of the servants with the *náshtá ká sámán* in the evening. The rest of our things come up by 11 or 12 o'clock. After breakfast we read and pray together, in which exercises you, and our other dear friends, are not forgotten. Should either of us then feel inclined to rest, he lies down on his couch, whilst the other is engaged in conversing with such of the people as have assembled, after which the readers are supplied with books, and sent away to tell their friends that we will see them and give them more books after dinner. We dine between two and three, and then, for two hours or so, labour in the village. Our audiences are generally very good, and we have not remained long enough in one place to excite opposition. The route we have taken is an excellent one, in order to meet with large audiences. But to return: we have tea, then write and converse till near bed-time,

you say that separation is necessary to show us the *strength* of our love. It is indeed a *giant's strength*, and might crush us to pieces, could we not anticipate a reunion beyond death and the grave. In heaven we shall meet never to separate. There we shall be united to Jesus, and to those beloved ones whose society on earth was so sweet and endearing."

"1*st December* 1832.—It is now nine o'clock, and you have probably reached the place of your destination. I fancy I see the Bráhmans flocking around you, and hear you exposing the absurdity and wickedness of their superstition, and declaring to them the pure and holy religion of Jesus. May the Lord give testimony to his word, and grant that many may turn from their dumb idols to the service of the living and true God! My precious husband is constantly before the eye of my mind, and with intense earnestness do I commit him to the love and protection of our covenant God and Saviour. Though distant from each other, we are one in Him, and united, in desire and affection, to that blessed family who reciprocate his love, behold his unclouded glory, and are assimilated to his likeness. They are in heaven, and we upon earth; but they mark our progress, and, perhaps, rejoice that every step of it is bringing us nearer to the fruition of our joy, and to that pure abode prepared for us in heaven. Angels and redeemed spirits look with intense interest on that kingdom which God is establishing in the world. They delight to contemplate its increasing subjects, and the widening extent of its dominion. They see eternity stamped upon it, and all the perfections of the Godhead manifested in and by it. They who are appointed to build up this kingdom must be, in an especial manner, the objects of their delight. They hover around your path, watch your movements,

which is about nine o'clock. We end the day, as we began it, with God.

"We know no want, and have health to enjoy our mercies..... We do not find the nights at all uncomfortably cold, as the places we have been in were well sheltered. I may say, in conclusion, that we are just as comfortable as we can be in the absence of such dear friends as yourself. Love to you all. Yours most sincerely,—JAMES MITCHELL."

and see a glory in what has been achieved by your instrumentality greater than all the splendours of the world. These thoughts console me in your absence." . . . . .

"KHANDALA, *5th Dec.* 1832.—We arrived at Khandálá this morning.

"Your delightful and interesting journal I received before leaving Puná. The details were so interesting, that I read them aloud to several of your friends, who were all much gratified, and united with me in gratitude to our heavenly Father for opening so wide and effectual a door to you for proclaiming the glad tidings of the Gospel. I was thankful to learn that your health has improved by travelling, and I trust you will continue to gain farther strength. I felt anxious for you the night you were at Jámgáum, and had an apprehension that you were either in danger, or actually suffering from some calamity that had befallen you. My imagination did not picture your guard of Rámoshis, Bhils, and Mahárs, or I should not have felt so anxious. The impertinent Bráhman at Nimbudera, who wished to drive you from the only shelter which the place afforded, roused our indignation; but we were thankful that he did not succeed. How truly has the declaration been fulfilled in your experience, 'Greater is He that is with you than all those who are against you.' We were much pleased with Dájí Sáheb, (of Wámburí) and also with the interview which you had with Muhammad Kaim, (of Hiwará.) May they discover, in the precious books which you gave them, treasures greater by far than those earthly ones of which they have been bereft,—treasures which moth and rust do not corrupt, and which thieves do not break through to steal."

"*8th December* 1832.—We arrived safely in Bombay last night, but for once, *home*, so sacred to us in absence, and, when present, a place in which many of our associations centre, seemed dreary and desolate. . . . . So many *mementos* of our never-to-be-forgotten Kenneth presented themselves to my view, that I should have given way to overwhelming sadness, had I not been enabled to realize the object for which we are separated, and the ineffable glory, dignity, and felicity, upon which our beloved child has entered. Ours is the sorrow of separation; his is the

joy of a union with his Saviour and God,—of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,—of a felicity which arises from the union and concentration of every excellence,—and from beholding, without a veil, the splendours of the Godhead. We shall think more frequently of heaven than we did when our precious child, and our beloved sisters, were sojourners with us upon earth; and, when we remember that their happiness and joy arise from nearer communion with God, we shall pant more earnestly for the glory now in part revealed to us, but not clearly known, till mortality shall be taken away, and we shall see it in the light of heaven. . . . . .

"I found my little 'Destitute' School in good order. Apá* did not succeed in retaining his girls, and Manuel has placed him in this school. There was a little confusion at first, but now order is restored, and the girls seem to be as happy as they were with the other teacher. The attendance at the central school is much the same as when I left;† and the teacher of the English School says, that the numbers in it have not diminished since you left Bombay. For these things we ought to feel grateful."

"Bombay, *9th December* 1832.—I received your letter and journal by yesterday's post. I need not tell you how precious your expressions of affection are, or how truly they are reflected back from the mirror of my own heart; yours, however, bring them into a focus, where the light being more concentrated, they acquire greater intenseness than at other times. Your journal has been a source of great interest and amusement to us. We were much gratified with your account of the visit paid to Bábá Shástrí, and with your interview and conversation with him and the other Bráhmans. The caves of Ellora must be truly magnificent, and of marvellous workmanship. We long to receive a farther account of them, and to compare your and Mr Mitchell's opinions respecting their comparative antiquity. Miss Stanley and I shed tears at the account of your preaching in the temple

* A Bráhman convert.

† At this time, there were 176 girls in attendance in Mrs Wilson's schools, to whose instruction, after her return to Bombay, she devoted, as usual, much of her time.

of Kailás,* and at the affecting contrast which you drew between the magnificent, but now decaying figures and arches which constitute the glory of idolatry, and the works of Him who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and vieweth the inhabitants thereof as grasshoppers. The splendours of the Godhead, with the infinity, immensity, and purity which belong to it, must impress even the heathen with a conviction of the supremacy of our God, and his superiority to the gods whom they so ignorantly worship. I was distressed to hear that you had been so much exposed to the sun. Take care of yourself, and remember how many hearts are interested in your welfare. We had proof of this on arriving in Bombay, for we were scarcely out of bed in the morning when many, both natives and Europeans, came to inquire about you.

"The congregation on Sabbath was as good as usual, and Ráma Chandra was very animated. The schools are much as when we left. Mr Law has come every Sabbath morning since you went away, to hear the boys read, and to examine them. . . . .

"I have written thus far without telling you the object for which I write at present. It is to say, that Andrew has been ordered to Scotland. He had a slight attack of bowel complaint after returning home, and Dr Smyttan said, that though he did not apprehend danger, he would advise us to send him without delay. Most providentially for us, Mrs Clow informed me, on the same day, that Mr Clow has now determined to leave Bombay as soon as he can make the necessary preparations for their departure. It is probable they will sail in less than two months. This trial is great indeed, but I trust the Lord will give us grace to submit to it with Christian fortitude and resignation. Let us be grateful to Him for such a home, and such sisters, as we have."

"18*th December* 1832.—I have just received your very gratifying letter from Jálná. I need not tell you how much delight it gives me to know that you are in the midst of a circle so congenial to your taste and sentiments, and from whom you experience so much kindness. It is quite cheering to hear that

* The greatest of the *Bráhmanical* temples at Ellora or Verula. It received its name from the heaven of Shiva.

there are so many hopeful characters in that distant corner. I trust that your visit will be blessed in imparting clearer views of the Gospel, and exciting to greater zeal and devotedness in the service of Christ. A little band of faithful and zealous Christians, such as you describe, may achieve much good in the situation and sphere to which Providence has called them. They may attack the fortress of the enemy, and throw such terror and discomfiture into his ranks, as will lead to their dispersion and final extinction. They may be instrumental in building up the temple of the Lord, and in laying the foundation of that spiritual building whose stability and splendour will ever increase, and whose glory will become more resplendent as earthly kingdoms and empires successively perish and decay.

"The indisposition which I mentioned in my last letter is now almost wholly removed. It weakened me a good deal, but some remedies have had an exhilarating effect on my constitution. I feel wonderfully supported in the view of parting with darling Andrew. I trust you experience a similar consolation, and have been enabled to commit him to that God to whom we devoted him so solemnly at his birth, and in many successive periods of after life. When we formerly anticipated the pangs of parting with him, we expected to have had Kenneth to be a solace and comfort to us; but it has been the will of our gracious Father to remove him first. . . . .

"Dr Smyttan and Mr Law have been quite delighted with your journals. I have promised them to Mr Young to read. He regrets that he did not accompany you. . . . .

"———. Your letter from Jálná at once gladdened and depressed me. May the Lord bring to nought the machinations of his enemies, and defeat all their counsels! I look upon the persecution which you have received as a prelude to future success; for, if the garrison of the enemy were secure, his *sentinels* would not be so energetic and active as they have been in the present instance.*

"Your last letter has this moment come to hand. It has

* Allusion is here made to a foolish attempt by some of the military of Jálná to prevent our officiating among the natives within the bounds of the camp.

distressed me more than I can express. Would that I could fly to you! How agonizing to feel that I cannot be near to minister to your wants! I fancy my presence would relieve the pain;* but I can commend you to your God and Saviour, who is touched with the feeling of your infirmities, and who will make all your bed in your sickness. I feel so agitated that I cannot write more. I have sent to Dr Smyttan to ask what he thinks about the case, and, if he is apprehensive, I shall come to you without any delay."

"*December* 23, 1832.—I was prevented yesterday from writing by a slight bilious attack, which confined me to bed. The doctor said that it was brought on by anxiety of mind. I dreaded a fracture of your leg, and pictured you suffering from pain, and the fever which might be the consequence; but, from this agonizing suspense and dread, I was mercifully relieved by the arrival of Mr Mitchell's kind and affectionate letter. The picture which my imagination drew was reversed, when I read of your being engaged with Captain Tomkyns in the translation of a Hindustáni tract, and in comparing two Maráthí dictionaries. I feel truly grateful in marking the providential goodness of God in permitting this accident to befall you in Jálná, and not in some of the unfrequented villages, or by the road, where you would have been deprived of medical assistance, and of the care and soothing attentions of your kind and benevolent friends, to whom I feel truly grateful.

"This is the Sabbath morning; and I am about to go up to the courts of the Lord's house, to worship in the assembly of his people. You are in the solitude of your closet, but the Lord will be intimately present with you, and one spirit will, I trust, animate us both. Our hearts are one, cemented by a love which nothing earthly can destroy. We have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father, who is above all and over all; and we are animated by one hope, the glorious hope of eternal blessedness and affinity with Jesus, the head of his church—who is our elder Brother, our risen and exalted Redeemer. May the triumphs of his Cross, and the splendours of his kingly dominion, be this day greatly promoted! I believe that every

* Occasioned by a very severe injury which I received from a horse.

Sabbath is a day of his power, and that on it, more especially, his victories are achieved. I believe that every Sabbath which dawns upon our world brings with it an accession of joy to the heavenly hosts, and that it animates them anew to sympathies with the dwellers upon earth; and I believe, that to the Christian, in whatever circumstances he may be placed, it is the occasion of joy and gratitude—an earnest and pledge of the rest which awaits him in heaven. May we this day experience sweet and endeared communion with our God; may its exercises elevate our affections; and may it leave behind it a serenity of soul, and a glow of affection, like that of the setting sun when its radiance marks the pathway of his glory, and reminds us of the place where he had set!" . . . .

"26*th December* 1832.—I have just now received a note from Mrs Clow, informing me that they had fixed to go home in the Lady Raffles, which is to sail for London on the 25th of January. . . . . My spirits grew faint, and my heart beat with sorrow, when I received it, and felt that the time is approaching when we must part, perhaps, never to meet again in the world, with our dear and now only child. The darling was amusing himself at the tea-table, and his lovely little countenance was unclouded by any grief or anxiety. His smiles made him dearer than ever in my view; and I was afraid to interrupt the course of his enjoyment by shedding tears in his presence. I therefore retired to my own room, and, amidst the overflowing of natural sorrow, found near and consoling access to the throne of our heavenly Father.

"When we feel that every event is ordained by infinite wisdom, that it is regulated by unchangeable love, and forms part of that extensive plan by which our eternal well-being is secured and our final happiness consolidated, surely we have reason to mitigate our sorrow, and remove the darkness which may be impending over our minds. We know that the objects of our affection are safe under the shadow of the Almighty's wing, and that even a father's care and a mother's tenderness are but faint emblems of His. Life and death are in His hands, and eternity will soon decide the difference between the sorrows of time and the joys of heaven, proving the former to be light as the passing cloud or fleeting shadow, compared to that weight of glory and

blessedness which God has prepared for those who love him. May we dedicate our precious boy anew unto the Lord! It is sweet to think that we have done so together, and that we can do it again when he is on the mighty ocean, or far distant in our beloved native land."

"*29th December* 1832.—It rejoiced my heart to hear such good accounts of you, and to know that you were able to preach at Jálná. It is now noon, and I trust you are safely arrived in Nagar; and that the kindness and protection of our heavenly Father, during the journey, have furnished you with new occasions for marking his providential government, and glorifying his name. . . . .

"I forget if I told you that another Bráhman has been baptized in Calcutta. He had had no previous intercourse with missionaries, and was converted by means of perusing the Scriptures for himself, and by occasional conversation with Christians. He was baptized in the Cathedral.

"The children of the schools are very irregular in their attendance at present. The teachers of the female central school are constantly quarrelling. I fear we must go back to our old plan of having separate schools.* Apá has been very ill with fever, and his irregular attendance, in consequence, has almost destroyed my orphan school. Ráma Chandra has been ill too. The English school has been greatly broken up in consequence of the number of marriages; but I trust that in a few days things will begin to put on a more pleasing aspect."

"*Friday, January* 1833.—I cannot express the joy which I now feel in the near prospect of seeing you. How much have I thought of you during the past week, and of all the joy and the sorrow, the sunshine and the rain, which have alternately brightened or saddened our existence since we were united! This week has terminated an important era of our life, and ushered in another, which may be fraught with consequences equally solemn and important. The coming events of the present year are hid in futurity, but those of the past spoke to us in impressive language. Our beloved Mary and Isabella, our sweet Kenneth, and many of our dear friends, where are they? An echo from

* The division of the classes rendered the measure unnecessary.

the tomb, a voice from heaven answers, telling us of their ineffable bliss, and inviting us to fix our desires and bend our footsteps thitherward. How many of our resolutions have proved abortive! Our goodness has been like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon vanish away! Yet, how merciful and gracious has the Lord been toward us! how manifold have been his benefits! how great and innumerable the tokens of his favour and love! After drinking of the waters of Marah, our hearts have been cheered by the living spring which floweth from the rock; and, after viewing the solitude and desolation of the desert, we have obtained a gladdening prospect of the fertile plains and rich productions of the promised land. We have been enabled to sing a song of Zion amidst our captivity and sorrow; and the Lord has made you a chosen vessel to show forth his name among the heathen."

I close this chapter with the following interesting letter:—

To Misses A——, Edinburgh. "Bombay, 24*th Jan.* 1833.

"My dear Friends,—Neither my time nor strength will permit me to write to you separately at present, as I could have wished. I must therefore address you jointly, and thank you for your kind and affectionate letters, which were gratefully received and highly prized by me. Your tender expressions of sympathy and affection would be valued by me in any clime, or under any variety of circumstances; but much more so in this land of exile, where we are in a great measure excluded from the privileges of Christian society, and where the ties which bind us in affection to one another are so liable to be dissolved by separation and by death.

"You have, I doubt not, sympathized much with us in our overwhelming sorrows, and your tears have been mingled with those of my beloved sisters over the early and unexpected doom of those who were treading in the same path of enjoyment with yourselves, and entering upon the same career of usefulness. Did you not hear the voice of God speaking to you in this solemn dispensation of His holy providence? That voice speaks to us, alike in the thunder and in the calm, in the terrible storm and in the gentle zephyr; but, in the former, it sends forth a more solemn sound of utterance, and it is better fitted to rouse, to

animate, and to inspire us to action. I trust it has been so to you, and that, when you beheld the wreck of earthly hopes, and witnessed one of the most palpable proofs that could be given of the precariousness of life, and of the vanity of the world, you felt your hope of immortality becoming brighter, and were animated with more fervent desires to serve God upon earth, until his chariot comes to convey you to his blissful presence in heaven, where you shall see the effulgence of his glory, and dwell for ever within the splendour and security of his holy temple.

"It gives me joy to think you have both chosen that better part which cannot be taken away from you. Let no temptation ever allure you from the path of holiness; cultivate intimate communion with your God and Saviour; use all the gifts which you have received for his honour and glory; and never allow the dictates of a timorous and worldly prudence to prevent you from avowing your attachment to Christ, and your determination to number yourselves among his followers. How delightful for us to know that the path which we tread has been consecrated for us by the footsteps of Him who overcame by the blood of his cross, and who has undertaken to fight our battles, and to lead us on to victory and to the crown. Ere long the conflict will be ended, the victory secured, and we shall be conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him who loved us.

"This epistle will be conveyed to you by a little messenger from the East, whose language, I fear, you will not understand, if it continues as purely Oriental as it is at present. His English sentences are very short, and almost all in Hindústaní idiom, which must appear very amusing to strangers. We feel deeply at parting with him; he has been our little companion in sickness, in sorrow, and when worn down by fatigue and oppression. When we first came to the determination of parting with him, we expected to have had Kenneth for a solace. God has pleased to remove him first from our embrace; and, oh! can we repine, or be sorrowful, when we think that he now leans upon the bosom of his God and Saviour, that he is safely landed upon the shores of the heavenly Canaan, and that he unites his voice with those of the angelic choir in a full, rapturous, and adoring song of praise.

" This trial has, I trust, in some degree, weaned our affection from earthly objects. It is only when I look abroad upon the millions of perishing idolaters, and feel my heart affected by the appalling survey, that I am reconciled to life; but then the thought presents itself, What am I doing, or what can I do, in this valley of dry bones? Often I am cheered by the aspect of affairs; and, at other times, I feel greatly depressed. Continued exertion on our part is necessary, as well as simple dependence upon God. It is difficult so to combine the two together as that they shall exert their separate influence over our minds, and yet act in perfect harmony and accordance with each other. The schools under my care require great attention and vigilance; and I regret much that I cannot bestow more time upon them. If I relax my labours for even a few days, every thing goes into confusion. This is caused by the perfidy of the teachers, who are Bráhmans.

" I have a little orphan school, in the compound, exempt from several disadvantages which we have to encounter in regard to the other schools. The girls get on amazingly well, and understand the doctrines of our religion as well as European children. Pray that, from among them, some may prove the means of introducing light into the minds of their degraded fellow-country-women, and of breaking the chains of idolatry and despotism which now bind them.

" Mr Wilson has recently returned from a long and very interesting missionary tour. Mr Mitchell and he met with great encouragement, and I trust their labours have been crowned with success. They visited the splendid caves of Ellora, and were much struck with their appearance and exquisite workmanship. Within these sacred walls they preached the unsearchable riches of Christ, and invited the worshippers of dumb idols to forsake delusions, and to worship Him who created the heavens, with all the host of them. They contrasted the claims of their gods, whose fancied excellency consists in power, and whose works bear such evident marks of decay and imperfection, with Jehovah, the perfect and the immutable One, the God of nature and of providence, whose works are all-perfect, and whose acts and administration are past finding out.

"I have much to say to you,—but Andrew now demands all my remaining time. The sorrow of parting with him is great indeed! but I trust that strength will be given us to commit him to the Lord, who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hands, and anew to dedicate him to our covenant-Redeemer, in the assured hope that He will guide him by his unerring counsel through life, and afterwards receive him into his heavenly kingdom. . . . . With much love to you, in which Mr Wilson unites, I am, &c.—M. W."

CHAPTER X.

INDISPOSITION AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1833—DEVOTIONAL FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH HER BEREAVEMENTS, AND HER CHILDREN—RESIDENCE AT BANDARA—MEDITATION ON THE BLESSINGS OF THE SABBATH—CORRESPONDENCE—STUDIES—NOTICE OF HER REVIEW OF THE REV. MARCUS DODS' TREATISE ON THE INCARNATION OF OUR SAVIOUR, ETC.—CORRESPONDENCE—RETURN TO BOMBAY—CORRESPONDENCE TO THE CLOSE OF 1833, INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE MISSION.

Mrs Wilson's health, in consequence of the peculiarly severe trials which have been already noticed, and under which, if she had not been graciously supported, she must have altogether sunk, and her numerous engagements and arduous labours, which even the pressure of affliction did not lead her to intermit, was, at the commencement of 1833, far from being robust. She was called, however, to acknowledge the peculiar mercy of God during her greatest weakness and suffering. From allusions which occur in some of the following documents, it will be seen, that, while the goodness of the Lord affected her, in the manner in which her now matured Christian experience would lead us to expect, she saw and acknowledged it in what He had taken away, as well as in what He had given; and that, like the Psalmist, she could sing of "judgment," as well as of "mercy."

"*Wednesday, March* 27, 1833.—My spirit is sad, but deeply tranquil, this morning—it is the anniversary of our sweet Kenneth's birthday. Two years only have passed away since I became the joyful mother of that dear babe. . . . But he has now gone from our view. The memorials of his presence are one by one fading away, and the little grave, where his mouldering dust reposes in silence till the morning of the resurrection, reminds me that he has now become a prey to the Destroyer. I think of his lovely form, of his attractive sweetness of disposition, and

weep over the ruins of the tomb—but does he not live? Is that mind so full of promise, which had just begun to expand its energies—that intelligence which the breath of the Almighty had inspired—that flame which was lighted in his soul, been quenched for ever, or gone out in darkness? O no! It is only his mortal part that rests in silence; his spirit is with God in his temple above. He is one of the redeemed ones who now throng the courts of heaven, or surround the throne of the Most Holy. Boundless perfection constitutes his felicity—unceasing praises dwell upon his lips—his holiness is for ever perfected, and his affections are made to flow, in ever-during channels, toward the source of infinite perfection, and through all those subordinate streams whence it is distributed. His knowledge is expanded beyond our highest conception, and the sources of it are ever widening—ever increasing. The light of heaven encircles him, and its splendours delight his soul. His vision is unclouded, and penetrates into the deep things of God. Once he was a sufferer here,—now he is a rejoicing seraph. He has attained to the powers of *manhood*, possessing unbounded freedom, and delighting to execute the Divine will. I see him among the glorious throng, now bending in lowly adoration before the Majesty of heaven, now a commissioned messenger of mercy to other and far distant worlds. Perhaps he now hovers around our dwelling; perhaps he will stand at heaven's portals, and be the first to usher us into the presence-chamber of our King. Shall I then continue to shed the tears of unavailing sorrow, and selfishly repine at the short, the momentary, separation? He will never return to us, but we shall go to him. The joys and sorrows of our mortal life will soon be over; and, when 'this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' In regard to our beloved child, we can take up the triumphant song—'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!'—and to us, to every believer in Jesus, death is a conquered foe.

". . . Had our beloved child been spared, he would have, in all probability, been exposed to much sorrow, and to many disappointments in the world. He manifested uncommon maturity

for his years. His mind was framed for ardent affection, acute sensibility, and for all those tender and beautiful feelings which were so easily crushed by the rude blasts which blow upon them. They now flourish in a lovelier clime, where no storm or tempest can blast them. I trust that he was sanctified from the very womb; and that he who gathers the lambs in his arms has carried him to the green pastures and still waters, where he reposes in safety, and finds everlasting pleasures. Precious babe! can I mourn thy felicity, or seek to bring thee back to earth? I shall muse on what thou art now; and, when I can no longer clasp thee to my bosom, and weep over thy sufferings, so severe and so long protracted, my eye will penetrate within the veil. I will view thy surpassing glory, and see thee among that happy number who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Heaven possesses a new attraction to us, when we think that our darling is there. I feel my affections more disengaged from the world since the death of my beloved sisters, and of this precious child; but oh, there is much dross to consume, many lessons of heavenly wisdom to be studied, much that the Divine Spirit can alone implant in the soul, before I can become meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"God is warning us, by his providence, not to repose upon a shadow, or to plant our foot on the unstable sand. He has brought death into our dwelling, and is making eternal objects press upon our minds in all their importance and magnitude. O that they may displace earth from our thoughts, prove the means of rendering us more holy, and enkindle in our hearts a purer flame of love to God and charity to man!

"It is a privilege to live, if God make us the instruments of showing forth his glory, or shedding one ray of heavenly light across the darkness of heathenism. But, oh, it is a greater privilege to die, for then we shall serve God in freedom from sin. We shall be like him as he is; we shall see clearly in the light of heaven, and feel the gladdening beams of the divine presence ever animating and brightening our souls. A remembrance of the early and solemn dedication which we made of Kenneth to God, tends to stem the torrent of grief, and to reconcile us to the

all-wise allotment. This dedication was often renewed; and now that we have been called to resign the precious treasure, our language must be, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.' "

The preceding memorandum is expressive of the tender love which the affectionate mother bore to the dear child of whom she had been bereaved, and of the keen grief, and, at the same time, peaceful resignation, which she experienced in the remembrance of him. To her case, the remark of a late able biographer of Milton is peculiarly applicable,—"An imaginative mind does not grieve in the same way as a sterile one; it is not stunned,—it expatiates abroad,—it dwells on all the scenes in which it has been associated with the object of its loss. If it is full of tears,—those tears are gilded by hope." Imagination, undirected by revelation, however, could not have communicated the comfort which she felt. It was the result of Christian faith resting on the infallible testimony of God, kept in lively exercise by the Divine Spirit, and connecting the glories of heaven with the darkness of the grave.

The mind that was thus graciously exercised with the memory of the dead, was not less under the influence of holy affections for the spiritual interest of the living, as will appear from the following document:—

"*Thursday, April* 11, 1833.—This is the anniversary of our precious A.'s birthday. He is now three years old. Never shall I forget the joy and gratitude which I felt on first receiving him to my embrace, and making a surrender of him for time and for eternity to God. . . . He is now in a distant land, or on the bosom of the mighty deep. We know not what dangers may threaten, or what storms may assail him. We cannot inspect the map of his voyage through life, and we are ignorant of the rocks and the quicksands, the smooth seas or the dangerous currents, which he must encounter, and through which he must pass. We cannot tell by what combination of circumstances his character may be moulded, or his intellect developed, where his lot may be cast, how few or how many may be his days of sunshine, or his nights of darkness; but all will be well, if He who once said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' undertake to

be his leader. The Lord alone can lead him, and make his natural powers the means and instruments of showing forth His own glory in a dark and sinful world. On this day, I would dedicate him anew to God. Blessed Jesus! receive him into thy family: O make him one of the lambs of thy flock; and let thy benign and merciful protection overshadow him continually. Guide him by thy counsel while here, and afterwards receive him to thy glory. O grant that his heart may be enlarged, so that he may run in the way of thy commandments. Grant that thy love may dwell in his soul—that it may encircle him with its beams—and that it may abide with him until he reach his Father's house.

"Time is short, and I know not if I shall ever again see my darling child—ever enfold him in the arms of affection; but my love to him shall not grow cold in death. O, no! it will survive the ruins of the tomb. It will become a purer, a holier, affection of the soul, when purified from the dross of earthly feeling, and allowed to flourish and expand in the paradise of God. May this separation prepare me for parting with one still dearer to me—dearer than life itself—than all else in the world—when it is the will of my gracious Father to sever the ties which unite us together in such strong affection. Many and lofty are the considerations which should attract our hearts heavenward. There dwell my God and Saviour in all their essential and underived glory, in the fullest and brightest manifestation of all their divine perfections,—there are to be found sinless felicity, and unwearied activity in the service of God,—there, the choice of God's creation, an infinite variety of intelligences, all perfect in their nature, and all united in design and object, around the throne of the ineffable Majesty,—there are my beloved parents, brothers, sisters, friends; and there is the babe whom I loved so much, while he was on earth, and now love with a purer affection, because he is redeemed from corruption, and a seraph in glory. We see the glorious city, and the resplendent company. Their songs vibrate on our ears, and we long to take part in their hallelujahs. Soon the gate will be set open, and we shall enter in. The new creation, wrought by the Lord Jesus in our souls, will be perfected; and we shall dwell for ever in that temple which

hath no need of the sun or of the moon to lighten it, because the glory of the Lord is the light thereof. Lord, we are thy family. May we all meet ere long in heaven—redeemed and ransomed by the blood of Jesus!"

What might not be expected by believing parents, if their affection for their children always found an expression like this, in intimate communion with their covenant God, and in contemplating the relations in which they stand, on the one hand, to the demands of his law and grace; and, on the other, to the peace-speaking assurance of his promises? The love to children which does not urge us to carry them to Jesus Christ in our arms, that they may receive his blessing, however much it may have the appearance of disinterestedness, has actually mingled with it much selfishness.

The following letters and private devotional fragments were written at Bándará, to which Mrs Wilson again retired for a change of air, and in the solitude and peace of which she had, perhaps, more spiritual enjoyment than she had ever experienced in a similar situation:—

"14*th April* 1833.

"I received your note when I was sitting out enjoying the cool breeze, and watching the gathering shades of evening, which came slowly, like the gradual approach of death, first dimming the outline of the scenery, and then veiling it in darkness.

"My health, through the mercy of our heavenly Father, continues to improve. My appetite is increased, and to-day I have enjoyed almost entire freedom from pain, although I have had some uneasiness in my side. How many mercies and deliverances have I to enumerate! How much occasion have I to praise and magnify the goodness of the Lord!

"In consequence of freedom from pain, I have been enabled to fix my mind more constantly on spiritual objects, and to engage more fervently in heavenly contemplation. The solitude around me added solemnity to my feelings; and this has been indeed a day of rest—an emblem, I trust, of the repose and felicity of heaven! O that every returning Sabbath may be to us a jubilee, deepening our impressions of the glories of creation and the magnitude of redemption, and find us celebrating the

praises of our God; so that we may be better prepared for that eternal Sabbath which we expect to spend with him in heaven!

"I have been much pleased with the Bishop's discourses.* Though not original, he has certainly placed the arguments on the subjects which he discusses in a more luminous and powerful point of view than most other writers. His details are ample; his illustrations are all to the point; and he has rendered the discourses eminently practical. . . .

". . . . My spirit was with yours in the varied exercises in which you have been engaged. May He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, shadow you in His divine perfection, and watch over you continually!

"At two o'clock I went to instruct the Ayahs; and had no sooner sat down than I got a large congregation—all our own servants, and a number of other people. I began to shake when I saw them arrayed before me; but when I remembered that they were immortal beings, and knew not the precious Gospel, I went on, forgetful of language, logic, and even of good pronunciation. I have been very much pleased to hear the Ayah telling the people about Jesus. She is a much better *preacher* than I am, though she wants knowledge. Give my best regards to Dr Smyttan. I can never forget his kind and disinterested attentions. We owe him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. May the Lord reward him with blessings great and manifold!"

"*Sabbath, April* 14, 1833.—Bándará. How much reason have I to extol the goodness of my heavenly Father for permitting me to view the light of this holy Sabbath, and granting me such a cessation from pain as I now enjoy! My spared life is the Lord's. O may my prolonged existence be more simply and unreservedly dedicated to his service! May the contemplation of his glorious perfections elevate and expand my soul! May his light and love enter into the secret chambers of my heart—penetrating its darkest recesses, and encircling and pervading its thoughts, as material light does the infinity of objects around us! My transgressions are more than can be numbered. Their weight and magnitude press upon my soul, as a load too heavy to be

* Dr Daniel Wilson's Sermons on the Lord's Day.

borne; but eternal thanks be to God that I have a great High Priest in the heavens who has endured their penalty, who has cancelled their guilt, who has covered me with the robe of his righteousness, and who has given me access, by a new and living way, into the Holy of Holies! On this sacred day, I would meditate on His unparalleled love—on His inexplicable sufferings—on the triumphs of his Cross—and on the glory which will thereby redound to Him. I will muse upon his love, till my heart burn within me, and till a holier flame of gratitude be enkindled in my soul. I will think of its consequences in time, of its results in eternity, of its height and of its depth, reaching to the throne of heaven, and penetrating the deepest receptacles of human wretchedness and guilt. I will think of its most profound mysteries, shedding new splendours around the Deity, inspiring the songs of angels, and for ever vindicating the Divine justice. . . .

"This day commemorates the work of our redemption, and the mighty achievements of Him who went forth to its accomplishment, travelling in the greatness of his strength. It is the day which the Lord made: in it will I rejoice and be glad. My thoughts go back to the epoch of creation, when, to celebrate its glories, and to extol the skill of the Omnipotent Artificer, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. They advance forward, through many intervening Sabbaths, to that glorious announcement of it upon Mount Sinai, amid thunders and tempests, and a terrible display of majesty: 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.' They proceed onward still, through the Sabbaths which inspired the harp of David, which gladdened the hearts of the holy prophets, and which were a memorial of God's faithfulness throughout all their generations, till I behold it again in the Gospel dispensation, throwing off its now needless encumbrances, asserting its divine authority, and commemorating the glories of that new creation, which shall survive the wreck of the former, and which is celebrated in the prophetic song, 'Behold I create new heavens and a new earth! and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind.'

"I would meditate with gratitude on the signal blessings which have been bestowed upon the children of God in the ages that

are past, and on the striking and multiplied exhibitions of Divine power which have been witnessed amongst the enemies of the truth. This day is still blessed, in a remarkable manner, for the conversion of sinners, and for the advancement and comfort of true believers. It sheds its holy light upon the weary and way-worn traveller,—it lightens his sorrows, relieves the burden of his guilt, and animates and encourages him to proceed onward. It spreads a table for him in the wilderness, and is a pledge and anticipation of the joys which await him in his Father's house, and of the rest which is there provided for him. My Sabbaths on earth will, in all probability, be but few. O that they may prepare me for heaven, and be a record of the power and of the wisdom of God through eternal ages! Alas! how many have I neglected! how lightly have I trampled upon the Divine authority! how little has my soul been stirred within me when I have witnessed the supreme command of God disregarded, and his sacred day profaned! I would humble myself under my accumulated guilt, and say, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed.'

"I bless the Lord for permitting me to celebrate this holy day in a land of heathen darkness,—in a land where no Sabbath-bell summons the devout worshipper to the house of prayer, and where no holy aspirations ascend to the throne of heaven. I bless the Lord for permitting me to unite with the assembly of his saints, and to worship him in his house of prayer. I bless him for affording me opportunities of making known the glad tidings of the Gospel, and especially for the unwearied zeal and unceasing labour of my beloved partner in winning souls to Christ. He is, probably, at this moment preaching to the benighted heathen. Blessed Jesus! cheer him with the tokens of thy love, and let thy mighty power be displayed amongst the people!

"It is now evening. How much am I reminded, by the shades of night gathering around me, of that night of death which seems to be fast approaching! Another Sabbath will soon be ended, but the eternal Sabbath will ere long begin its course. Those luminaries rising in the heavens, and shining with uncommon splendour, remind me of those who now shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

This meditation shows how greatly the subject of this Memoir valued and enjoyed the Sabbath. It may be truly said, that

> "With her, each day was holy, but that morn
> On which the angel said, 'See where the Lord
> Was laid,' *joyous* arose."

All its sacred hours, indeed, she viewed as precious and delightful. She hallowed them, not merely because they afforded her opportunity for the spiritual refreshment of her soul, frequently much exhausted in this dry and parched heathen land, but because they are set apart for holy exercises by the authority of Heaven. The preceptive appointment of the day of rest by God himself, ought ever to be viewed as a help to its sanctification. There is great justice in the remark of Grahame, "If the seventh day were in the market it would find purchasers."

To the Rev. R. NESBIT, Puná. "BANDARA, *April* 19, 1833.

".... Mr Wilson is far from being well, and I fear the fatigue of going and returning to Bombay, so frequently as he is obliged to do, will prevent him from deriving much benefit from the change. His zeal and unwearied activity bear him onward when he would otherwise stop; but he should remember, that even the bird of heaven, which soars highest into light, and advances farthest to greet the sun, and to feast its eyes upon his glorious beams, must sometimes descend to earth to rest its weary wing. You say that I am a good reasoner; but I am mortified to find that my logic is useless for all practical purposes, as I cannot, by my most strenuous endeavours, prevail upon him to relax his exertions in a single iota. You will be happy to hear that the lectures are so well attended. I think them clear, concise, and philosophical. I was going to say original, and, perhaps, to have added beautiful, (a lady's epithet,) but I fancy I hear a sentence annulling my decision, and declaring that I am incompetent to pronounce judgment, and must yield to the determination of a more impartial court. I trust they will be blessed to the exciting of a spirit of inquiry among the natives.....

".... Mr Wilson tells me that you are anxious to see the letters which we have received from home. I have much pleasure in sending them for your perusal. Gratitude was mingled with my sorrow on reading their contents. On one side of the

canvass, what desolation, what sorrow! On the other, what light, what ineffable glory! The following extract from a letter written by dearest Mary to Miss B. Bonar, a few days before the mournful event, will show you what was then the state of her mind:—'I have little doubt, my dear friend, that you have had much enjoyment since I last saw you; meeting with friends so dear as those you are now with, is of itself enough to give much happiness; but, when those beloved ones are united by ties so close that even eternity cannot dissolve them, how much should we value their society, and aim after more exalted views of that blessed Saviour, who hath 'wrought out for us a perfect righteousness,' who hath blessed us with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, and honoured us with being fellow-workers with *him*, and with his people. Astonishing love! so vast, so boundless! Who can fathom it? The love of Christ passeth knowledge. This is a theme, dear B., that I should *ever* like to dwell upon; but I am cold; words of mine are inadequate to express how great our obligations are to redeeming love. I feel humbled when I reflect how seldom, when we were together, we *expatiated* upon this theme. I blame myself for this backwardness, and often tremble that all is not right, when I am so unwilling, or make so little exertion, to introduce conversation that would tend to improve our immortal souls. Strange infatuation! We confess with our lips that it ought to be our meat and our drink to do the will of our heavenly Father; but how far short do we come of this,—how much do the veriest trifles of time occupy and engross us! Our privileges have been many and heavenly; great, then, must be our responsibility. Our beloved and idolized parents, with many of our dearest earthly friends, have already reached the heavenly Canaan; let us, then, with much diligence, follow them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises. Let our confidence in the blessed Saviour be ever growing and ever brightening; and whether our earthly pilgrimage be chequered by sorrow, or gilded by prosperity, we shall be safe, and in a little time, 'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'" The remaining part of the letter is most touching, giving an account of the romantic scenery, and of the enjoyment which the affectionate sisters had in their retirement.

"All her letters to me for the last two years breathed the same spirit of pure devotedness and love to the Saviour; and my sister Isabella's, though more lively and imaginative, were of a similar character. They are now with the blessed spirits around the throne, celebrating the praises of redeeming love, and joining in the hallelujahs of angels. Ere long, I trust, we shall stand before the same throne, and walk with them in the streets of the New Jerusalem. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

On my visiting Mrs Wilson, in April of this year, I carried with me, at her request, several books. One of them, a volume of the Miscellaneous Translations published by the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, reminds me of a circumstance not unworthy of notice. So anxious was she to impress upon her memory the story of the Last Days of Krishna, from the Mahábhárata, that she copied the whole of it with her own hand. This fact shows the importance she attached to an acquaintance, by missionaries, with the superstitious legends and historical romances of the people among whom they labour, and which gives them an incalculable power, not only in the exposure of debasing and destructive error, but also in the establishment and illustration of the truths of salvation.

In two other works which she read at this time, she was particularly interested,—the Life of Mrs Simpson, already adverted to in one of her letters; and the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, by the Rev. Marcus Dods. Of both these works she wrote excellent reviews, which were published in the Oriental Christian Spectator.

Of Mr Dods' admirable treatise, Mrs Wilson writes in terms of the highest commendation. "This is a work of transcendent merit, and it possesses peculiar claims to our attention at the present time. It is distinguished throughout by profound reasoning, varied research, and a careful investigation of the import and bearings of Scriptural truth. It does not present us with a limited view of any one of the doctrines of the Gospel, but it embraces the whole landscape of Christianity, and exhibits it to our view in a manner which cannot fail to inspire us with admiration of the Divine skill and wisdom which are therein displayed. Its statements are founded upon the surest basis. Its arguments

are legitimate inferences from one or more leading truths; and they are sustained and corroborated by a variety of collateral proofs. We know not whether to admire most the perspicuity of its propositions, the accurate development of its principles, or its eminently practical tendency, in teaching us more highly to value the work of our redemption, and more justly to appreciate the invaluable principles of God's moral government. In all these respects, it is unrivalled. It is entitled to the highest place among the productions of modern theology, and it will remain a monument of the triumph of truth over error, when the ephemeral productions which gave rise to it shall have passed into merited oblivion. The name of the author will not soon be forgotten. It will be enrolled in the list of champions who stood forth as the guardians and defenders of the truth, and who have preserved immaculate the doctrines of our holy religion, when they were threatened with corruption from men of unstable and perverted minds."

That this is not indiscriminate praise, is well proved by the able analysis and critique by which it is followed. The doctrine of Christ's fallen humanity, which Mr Dods so successfully opposes, Mrs Wilson ever viewed with the utmost abhorrence. "We look upon the opinions of his opponents," she observes, "as the dreams of an aspiring mysticism on the one hand, and the conceits of a paltry sophistry on the other. Happy should we be, did the evil rest in a mere exhibition of folly: but, when we think of the delusion involved in such sentiments, of the injury done to the church, and of the indignity which they reflect on the most glorious Being in the universe—the Saviour of a lost world,—we cannot sit still and view their progress with indifference."

To Mrs Farrar, Násik. "Bandara, 30*th May* 1833.

"I have been residing in your old habitation at Bándará for nearly a month past. . . . When we first came, there was not one cloud to vary the aspect of the sky. Now it is almost entirely covered with clouds,* and there is a pleasing freshness in the atmosphere.

"A few evenings ago we had a variety of thunder clouds, which appeared very magnificent; towards sunset they gathered into still darker and denser masses. The lurid gleams which fell

* From the approach of the monsoon.

from them, and again disappeared, imparted a character of grandeur to the scene which I never before witnessed in India. Such storms I have seen in the Highlands of Scotland. I can remember how much their sublimity affected me, for the romance of life had not then passed away. The trees are very fresh and luxuriant here, even at this late season. Were it not for the feathery palm, and a few others of Oriental character, you might fancy yourself in England. Mrs Williams and I walk every evening to the edge of the water. A few evenings ago, we were sitting on one of the large rocks, looking abroad on the sublime prospect, and admiring the spray which foamed and dashed itself against the rocks. On turning round, we found that we were sitting upon an island, and that the water had made great progress. Mrs Williams leaped into the water; I followed; but the tide was coming in with such rapidity, that, had we been a little longer, our lives would have been in danger. You may imagine how much this little incident affected me. It brought back, in all its dreadful reality, the remembrance of that eventful morning on which my beloved sisters met their sudden doom. How little did they anticipate such a death on that morning when they went to walk by the water! But it was the will of their heavenly Father to take them to himself, and to leave us a little longer here till his purposes of mercy toward us are fulfilled. May we, like them, be ready, when the coming of our Lord is announced! Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs Wilson's Brother. "Bandara, 3*d June* 1833.

"Your very valuable letter, my dearly beloved John, would not have been so long unacknowledged by me, had I not been prevented from writing by indisposition. I have had an attack of liver complaint, which was very alarming, but of short continuance. The doctors in Bombay proposed to send me home, as the only probable means of my recovery. My prospects were overwhelming, for separation from Mr Wilson, in the precarious and uncertain state of his health, was impossible; and he could not see it his duty to leave India at the present important crisis, and in the already broken and enfeebled state of our mission. We committed our way to the Lord, who sent us help from his holy hill of Zion. Your letter arrived when I was in the midst of per-

plexity; and I shall never forget its hallowed effect upon my mind. It taught me, I trust, to rely upon the unerring power and wisdom of our great High Priest,—to search out the sins which had rendered this and our other afflictions necessary,—and to look beyond the passing events of time, to that pure and cloudless abode which awaits us in heaven. O how delightful it was to think of a holy God—of the bright effulgency of the Saviour's glory—and of a redeemed family, with nothing to mar our enjoyments, and not one awanting of the blessed and happy number! I was so weak that I did not expect to derive much benefit from change of air in India. We were resolved, however, to try what it could effect; and, as it was too near the monsoon to remove to the Mahábaleshwar hills, I came to Bándará, on Salsette, where there is a comfortable bungalow, formerly occupied by the Church of England missionaries. I had not been many days here, when I began rapidly to recover strength; the symptoms of the disease disappeared; and I am now in better health than I have been for a considerable time past. We are living with Mr and Mrs Williams. The former is a civilian, (a cousin of Mr Money;) the latter is an Edinburgh lady, a daughter of the celebrated Dr Roxburgh, one of the greatest botanists in India, and who distinguished himself by the zeal with which he superintended and enriched the botanical gardens at Calcutta.

"The Portuguese early obtained a footing on this and the neighbouring islands. They have been very successful in retaining proselytes to the Roman Catholic religion, whom they are said at first to have acquired by compulsory means. Crosses are every where erected, as trophies of their success; and there are many picturesque ruins of ancient chapels and monasteries, more remarkable for their site than for the fineness of their architecture. There are two large churches in our immediate neighbourhood. One of them is only a few yards distant from the bungalow. It is situated on an eminence, and commands a splendid view of the sea, and of a richly wooded country, consisting of hills, promontories, and islands of various forms and aspects. A magnificent flight of steps conducts to the chapel from the foot of the hill, and it is surrounded by a low narrow wall. There are several coarse but richly adorned images inside

the chapel. Some of the workmanship is fine, and, when lighted up, it has a very imposing effect. The Roman Catholics here are almost on a level with the Hindús, and many of their priests are sunk in the grossest ignorance. The padre sometimes pays us a visit; but he is evidently afraid of encountering Mr Wilson in argument. He is a grotesque man, of very dark complexion; and he wears huge flowing robes of black silk. I gave him a Portuguese Bible and several copies of the catechism composed by Mr Wilson. I offered him the Scriptures in Maráthí, but he refused to take them, because, he said, there were several translations. We were told that he destroyed the catechism, because it says there are only two sacraments. How it would agonize your heart to see the varied and appalling forms of idolatry with which we are surrounded! Pársís, Muhammadans, Hindús, and Roman Catholics, all vie with each other in the multitude of their observances. Every act which some of them perform is an act of devotion, tending to the utter abasement of the human spirit. Every element in their worship is impure and fantastic. It overlooks the state of man, and the relation which exists between him and the Divinity; while it tends directly to his farther alienation from happiness and from God. Contrast their delusions with the glorious effulgency of divine truth, and realize the condition of so many millions of human beings under the influence of the former, and going down to death with its lies written on their hearts! A Hindú, not far from our house in Bombay, had his favourite daughter, whom he had affianced to a rich man, drowned in a well. Before her parents were assured of her death, they set up a sorrowful and heart-rending cry, uttering many supplications and promises to their god. But when the lifeless body was laid before them, they turned from it with disgust, saying that she had committed some sin in a former birth, and now met with the merited punishment. How different are our feelings on meditating upon the death of those precious ones who have gone before us to heaven! O my dear sisters and brother, let us not shed the tear of unavailing sorrow, or selfishly repine at the short, the momentary separation. It is but a narrow boundary that separates us from them; and soon we shall overstep it. Soon we shall walk with them on the

streets of the New Jerusalem. Soon we shall unite with them in a song of perpetual praise. How sweet it was to hear of the comforts with which you were comforted in the hour of fearful trial! I feel persuaded that God has important work for you in his vineyard, and that he has been, by his love and by his chastisements, preparing you to enter upon it.

"Mr Wilson is delivering a very interesting course of lectures to the natives, in English, on natural and revealed religion. He has at present three hopeful inquirers. One of them is a Muhammadan fakír. I have received my beloved sisters' letters, and I shall write to them very soon. My heart was overwhelmed in gratitude, while my tears flowed at every remembrance of them all..... With inexpressible love, I am ever yours,—MARGARET."

The following letters were written in Bombay, in the period which intervened between Mrs Wilson's return to it and the close of 1833.

To MRS FARRAR, Násik. "BOMBAY, *9th July* 1833.

"Many thanks for your kind inquiries respecting my health. It is truly consoling to me to know that you, and many other dear Christian friends, remembered me at the throne of our heavenly Father; and that He, who has revealed himself unto us as the prayer-hearing and answering God, has heard your requests, and sent me deliverance. The pain in my side has of late greatly subsided, and my other complaint is now only occasional. My general strength has consequently increased, and I feel relieved from that painful sense of lassitude and oppression which almost overwhelmed me. You kindly admonish me not to exert myself too much. Alas, you know not how little inclination I have to do so, and how much ashamed I feel when I remember how far you and others have outstripped me in zeal and usefulness. I was much pleased to hear of the success of your little school, and of the various translations which you have been making from English into Maráthí. I have not yet seen your book on animals, but I have heard a very favourable account of it, and I intend to get it in a day or two. I shall probably be able to use it in the girls' schools, several of which I have now in our own compound. I must lecture you, *in turn*, about exerting yourself more than your strength is adequate for. Mr Wilson says we

are good lecturers, and *tolerable logicians*, but wofully deficient in making the practical application to ourselves of what we inculcate.

"There has been a great deal of sickness in Bombay, both among natives and Europeans. —— died suddenly this morning. He may indeed be said to be cut down in the midst of his days. He belonged to that class of men who glory in their strength, and say, 'My mountain standeth strong,'—'Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry.' He was an acquaintance of ours, and had a great regard for Mr Wilson; but his religious creed was a truly melancholy one,—a medley of Socinianism and Infidelity. About three weeks ago, he caused his furniture to be removed from one house to another on the Sabbath, against the remonstrances of his friends, and to the annoyance of Mrs ——. After it was all over, he joked on having escaped unhurt, and said that God was kinder than the predictions of his Christian friends, and that he was now snugly settled down for a year. How true it was that God was then saying to him, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!' O that many who are living in the dreary void of unbelief, and who are insulting the Majesty of Heaven by their impious and daring rebellion, may take warning and turn unto the Lord. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

"Bombay, 23*d July* 1833.

"My dearly beloved Sisters and Brother,—I must again address you in a joint capacity, for want of time prevents me from replying individually to your letters. After a period of much overwhelming anxiety, you may imagine with what feelings I received and perused them. I wept over their contents, but my tears were those of joy, as well as of sorrow; and I could only find vent to my feelings in a prayer of gratitude to our heavenly Father, who sendeth darkness that it may be succeeded by light, and that the light may shine forth more resplendent and glorious than before. I trust you continue to experience much of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Lord in the midst of your sad bereavement; and that the light, which you have already seen gilding the darkest clouds of sorrow, is to you but a faint emblem of what it shall be when

eternity shall unveil its glories, and when you shall see the loving-kindness of God, and the effulgency of his love, in connection with every event of your bygone history.

"The parcel which you so kindly sent me, containing such precious memorials of our dear departed sisters, reached us in safety. O with what agonized, but, I trust, subdued feelings of sorrow, did we look upon all that now remained to us of those beloved ones! Every day I look at the affecting memorials, and my heart seems to cling to them with fonder and more tender emotions, as if some hidden remembrances were wrapped up in them. Decay is already imprinted upon some of them, (an emblem of all that is earthly to which my heart clings,) and by it my idolatry and earthliness are reproved, my ardour in the pursuit of vanity repressed, and I am taught to look forward to that pure immortal joy which cannot fade, and which shall dwell in eternal concord with holiness and strength. What shall I say of my beloved Mary's letter to Miss B.? O! I can never, never express the joy which it excited in my mind, or the lessons which it taught me. It was as a voice from heaven speaking to us of a Saviour's love, and showing us that a love so vast, so boundless, so unfathomable, ought to fill us with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, and make us esteem the sorrows and trials of earth little and insignificant in comparison. Many in this distant land have been warmed and animated by the perusal of it. Captain ——, the Moneys, and our dear friend Mr Farish, were much struck with it, and justly thought that it spoke the language of a soul standing on the threshold of heaven.

"A letter has arrived from the directors,* ordering us to give up all the schools, to dismiss the pandits, and to make every possible deduction in the sums allotted for house rent and travelling expenses. No previous warning was given; and to proceed in such a manner would tend to the total ruin of the mission. It would also be peculiarly distressing at present, when so much excitement on the subject of religion exists among the natives, and when so much of our time and strength have been expended in the organization of schools, and in learning the languages. I trust matters will not remain as they are at present. God will

* Of the Scottish Missionary Society.

cause light to arise out of darkness, and will perhaps make the elements of disunion and discord, which are laying waste the churches, to work out their regeneracy, and to establish them more firmly upon the basis of unswerving truth. The Christians in India will not allow our mission to be broken up at present; and I fondly hope that our friends at home will exert themselves strenuously in its behalf. We may not see the glorious day that is at hand, but we are cheered with the prospect of its coming, and we would expend our last breath in making known to the idolaters around us the gladdening message of the Gospel.

"Thank our dear friends for the very acceptable donation of clothes which they sent to the orphan school. The little girls are quite pleased with their European petticoats, and send *bahut salám* (many compliments) to the ladies. They asked me if these good ladies were of the same *caste* with me, and prayed for their conversion. I answered that they had no caste, but were Christians, and loved the whole family of God, in every clime, and of every colour. I said also, that they believed in one God, and in one Saviour, Jesus Christ; and that, knowing that *they* worshipped gods many, and trusted to their superstitious observances for righteousness, they prayed for their deliverance from such delusions, and their adoption into the blessed family of God. The girls delight to read of the love of Christ, and say that He is better and holier than any of their gods; but they have learned the ways of their fathers, and their hearts go after vanities. The depravity and deceit of these little creatures would astonish you. The nearer you come into contact with idolatry, the more appalling and hopeless does it appear. . . . . Mr Wilson went on Saturday last to visit a poor man who was condemned to be executed for murder. He was a Bráhman, and had come from Banáras, the holy city. He prided himself much on this circumstance, and, though a sepoy, or soldier, in one of the regiments, he thought that, being a Bráhman, he might evade the claims of justice.* When he found that there was no repeal

* A Bráhman, according to the Hindú Shástras, has security of life notwithstanding any crimes he may be guilty of. "Never shall a king," says Manu, slay a Bráhman, though convicted of all possible crimes; let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure

of the sentence, and that the authorities were determined to put the law into execution, he was filled with the utmost rage and blasphemy. He abused our courts of justice, and said that he would never ask mercy of our God, who was so unjust as to condemn a *holy man* to death. He said he would take righteousness from his *guru*, or priest, but as for God or Christ, he would have nothing to do with them. In this dreadful condition he remained till eternity revealed the awful delusion. The week preceding, a European was condemned for the same crime, and was apparently in as hopeless a state.... Adieu, my beloved sisters,—M. W."

To Mrs Capt. Fawcett, Belgáum. "Bombay, 23*d Aug.* 1833.

"A letter received by Mr Wilson a few days ago from Mr Taylor, brought us the painful intelligence of the death of your sweet Agnes. This is the first time the messenger of death has been commissioned by the All-wise Disposer of events to enter your dwelling; and well, indeed, can I picture the agony and desolation of your heart, when bereaved of the child of its affections, and when separated from her whose protracted sufferings had endeared her more tenderly to you, and made her an object of more affectionate solicitude. I cannot but feel the impotency of all human attempts at consolation, when I sit down to write to you, my dear Mrs Fawcett; but I rejoice to think that the well-springs of your consolation are in God, and that it is alike your privilege and duty to realize, in this dispensation of God's holy providence, the richest love and the most unbounded beneficence. There is something to us very mysterious in the death of infants; and when we reflect on the pain, the sorrow, and the imbecility with which they were encompassed, and on the short span of their mortal life, we are apt to inquire, what can have been the purposes of the Almighty in lighting up a spark which he was so soon to extinguish. We must, however, remember that God has important and glorious purposes to fulfil in calling these little beings into existence; that a day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; and that

and his body unhurt. No greater crime is known on earth than slaying a Bráhman; and the king, therefore, must not even form in his mind an idea of killing a priest." viii. 380, 381.

the Divine glory may be as fully demonstrated to the powers and principalities of heaven, in the immortality and blessedness of infants, as in that of those whose faculties have been permitted to expand to all the maturity of which they are susceptible in this state of being. In their case, sin has had less time to unfold its malignity, and to manifest its detestable character; but their sanctification will be complete, and there is an eternity before them for the evolution of every holy principle, and for the full unbounded and vigorous exercise of knowledge. . . . . I trust that the consolations of the Gospel have been abundantly experienced by you and your dear husband in the midst of this bereavement, and that, though painfully alive to the loss which you have sustained, you have been enabled to rejoice in the assurance, that your beloved child was so early made worthy to put on the crown of victory, and to sing that new song which will continue to be sung through eternal ages. Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Miss Y——, Edinburgh. "Bombay, *5th Oct.* 1833.

"It is now a very long time since I wrote to you, my dear and valued friend; but you must not from this conclude that we have been unmindful of you, or that we do not retain a lively remembrance of all your past kindness. Distance can never efface this from our hearts, and tends only to strengthen and cement those ties which bind us to you, and to every member of Christ's family, in whatever circumstances they may be placed, and wherever our heavenly Father may have fixed the bounds of their habitation. We have sympathized much with you, my dear Miss Y., in your long continued trials and afflictions; but it is surely consoling to know, that, though the sources of your earthly comfort may decay and dry up, the fountain of spiritual life is ever full and satisfying, and that the springs of heavenly comfort, which flow to us from thence, are never so animating and reviving as when we are taught the vanity of all dependence on the creature. The objects of God's love are also, in an especial manner, the subjects of his moral government; and he orders every event concerning them in the manner best fitted to promote their sanctification, and to advance his own glory. The infinite wisdom of God has appointed suffering as the mean of our purification. It is through this ordeal that our virtues are tried, and

our graces perfected; and it is assuredly cheering to remember, that He who leads the conquering tribes onward to glory, honour, and immortality, was himself 'a man of sorrow,' and passed through the utmost depths of humiliation and suffering, that we might become partakers of his glory, and possessors of that kingdom which is not of this world. Since we parted in London, how much of our earthly pilgrimage has ended! how many years of the solemn period allotted for our probation have reached their close! Surely the interval has been filled up with many wondrous displays of the love and compassion of God towards us, and with many singular evolutions of his all-gracious purposes, as connected with the events of his wise and holy providence. Many of our beloved relatives and friends have joined the ransomed family in heaven. They are invested with the honours of the celestial state, and behold with untired rapture the glories of their Redeemer and their God. And may we not believe that *our* salvation is nearer than when we first believed, and lift up our heads with joy, knowing that our redemption draweth on apace? We now groan, being burdened, and we may feel the load of our sins press more heavily upon us than at any previous time; but if our discoveries of sin keep pace—as they assuredly ought to do—with corresponding discoveries of the love of Christ, and of that inexhaustible fulness which dwells in him, we shall obtain daily accessions of holiness and comfort, and rejoice in the prospect of a secure and eternal abode in the heavens, where nothing that is impure or defileth shall ever enter.

"O, how much have I to tell you concerning the joys and sorrows—the trials and deliverances—the hopes and disappointments, which have chequered our lot, since we arrived in this far-distant land! And you must have a similar record to relate to us. We have had occasion to erect many pillars of remembrance by the way, and frequently to set up our Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto the Lord has helped us.' We have not, as yet, reached that spot from whence we may look back with certainty and with advantage upon our past journeyings. When we shall have attained to the eminence to which we aspire, and shall sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus, then we shall see all the bearings of our journey, and look back with astonishment and

gratitude at the perils which we have escaped, and at the vast howling wilderness through which we have both been conducted by our heavenly Leader. I feel, my dear Miss Y., that though our eyes have not yet seen, nor our hearts been cheered by the realization of those glorious prophecies which relate to the latter times of the church and of the world, we have been privileged to witness many singular revolutions, and perhaps to see the commencement of that important crisis which is to usher it in. From the stillness of death, we have seen a transition to lively and active excitement; and we have abundant reason to conclude, that the Lord will not permit those elements, which he himself must have called into action, to subside, till they have brought about some momentous and glorious result. We have already seen a few called out of the darkness of heathenism; and the church will go on widening her gates, and enlarging her borders, till all nations shall be seen flowing into it, and till her dominions shall extend from the river unto the ends of the earth. Mr Wilson lately baptized a Mussulmán fakír, (religious mendicant,) the circumstances of whose conversion are very interesting. He is the first Muhammadan in Bombay who has been received into our church, and his infuriated brethren have been very active in persecuting him. He has borne it all with great patience, courage, and consistency, and has perhaps evinced greater zeal and piety than the generality of the Hindú converts have done, when placed in circumstances of similar trial and difficulty. I trust he will be a bright and shining light in the midst of heathen and Muhammadan darkness, and will lead many of the bigoted and intolerant Mussulmáns to forsake the false prophet and turn unto the living and true God. A very learned Mullá, who formerly visited Mr W. as an objector and opposer of the Christian religion, came to him yesterday, at the hour of worship, to inform him that he was now convinced of the truth of Christianity, and to solicit baptism. Mr W. told him that he had many inquiries to make, and much instruction to communicate, before he could receive him into the church; but that he should willingly take him on trial. He is a most interesting character, very young, though a Mullá, and can converse fluently in several languages. O may the Divine Spirit deepen his impression—make him a

chosen vessel to show forth the wonders of redeeming love, and give him to us as a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord! My dearest husband has also the near prospect of baptizing three or four Hindús, all of whom are very promising. Two of them are inmates of the Poor's Asylum, and have for some time past enjoyed regular instruction from him in the Maráthí language. They are both females. Another is a Ghoráwálá, (or horse-keeper,) and happened to be present one day in the Fort when Mr Wilson was addressing a small company of natives. He was arrested by the truth, and his impressions never forsook him, although for some time after he had no opportunities of coming in contact with Christians. This man is servant to an interesting young officer, a son of General ———. In his anxiety and perplexity about the Christian religion, he went to ask instruction of his master, whose mind was in such darkness on the subject, that he was unable to impart it. Since that period *he* has become a sincere and earnest inquirer. The light of the glorious Gospel has illuminated his darkness; and the love of Christ has, we hope, been shed forth abundantly in his heart. He has become very zealous, and has established a school, at his own expense, for the Jews belonging to his regiment. This is a striking and very affecting instance of a heathen, even in the first stage of his Christian career, becoming useful to a European; and it is more remarkable, when we advert to the fact, that the servant is of low caste, and that his master is a man of refined taste, and intellectual. Thus a few have been called, or are being called, out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God; but India is still a land of idolaters, and the curse of God rests upon it. O, if you could but witness their horrid delusions, and their multifarious idolatries, your heart would almost sink within you, and you would understand the meaning of that loud and bitter lamentation which the prophets of old manifested in connection with the defections and idolatries of Israel. There is contagion in the very atmosphere of idolatry; and could I describe the coldness which sometimes steals over my heart, and the hopelessness which I feel in regard to the conversion of the natives, you might justly marvel at my folly and unbelief. Their heart may resemble the nether millstone; but cannot thunder

and lightning shiver the rock in pieces, and cannot the rod of the Almighty cause streams of water to flow out of the dry and flinty rock? When you sit under the joyful sound of the Gospel, and enjoy the goodly and refreshing shade of that tree which our fathers watered and planted with their blood, O turn your thoughts to this dry and barren region of the globe. See disease and death, the burning sun, and the destroying pestilence, spreading woe and desolation around us, and sending thousands, and tens of thousands, who have never heard the joyful sound of salvation—or, if they have heard, rejected it—into the world of spirits! Surely I have never estimated the value of the soul aright, or I could not view with so much indifference this field of spiritual death. With what different feelings must the spirits of heaven survey it from their high eminences: and if sent on an embassy of love, O with what alacrity and delight would they speed their way to make known their message, and to carry deliverance and joy to the abodes of the wretched captives of sin and of Satan!

"My female schools continue to prosper, notwithstanding the manifold trials connected with them. Thank dear Mrs Y. for her kind attentions, and tell her that the little girls are thankful to her, and all the other ladies in Scotland, who have so kindly remembered them. They can repeat your names, but their Maráthí accent makes such sad havoc, that if you were to hear them, you would scarcely realize their identity. Mr Groves from Bagdad, of whom you must have heard, is in Bombay at present. He is a very devoted man, and gives a most heart-rending account of the fearful desolations caused by the plague, and of the depressed state of the mission, in consequence of the breaking up of the schools, and the aversion of the natives to listen to their instructions. The panic which has seized the people is great.... Mr Groves' professed object in visiting India was to acquaint himself with the different plans of missionary labour, and to excite Christians to greater devotedness and self-denial. He expends all his labour and strength in endeavouring to convert Europeans..... I trust his zeal and self-denial may stimulate many to follow his example. Yours, &c.—M. W."

"Bombay, 29*th Sept.* 1833.

"My very dear Sister, ... It was the wish of our dear Mary that I should address you individually, and I feel a melancholy pleasure in complying with her request, although she and our beloved Isabella are no longer included among those to whom we may send the words of earthly affection. I need not tell you with what intense longings our thoughts turn to you and little A., whom we rejoice to consider as placed under your guardianship and care. O, it is impossible to describe those hidden emotions of the heart, or to tell you how closely they hold you in their embrace. But it is delightful, amidst our overwhelming anxieties, and when past events throw their dark shadows over our future hopes, to commit you anew to your heavenly Protector, and to feel that his almighty power is your defence,—that his love toward you can know no change and no fluctuation,—that he will guide you through all the intricacies of your pilgrimage, and after death receive you into his immediate presence, to behold his glory, and to dwell for ever in that blessed city, which has no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. There are hallowed seasons, even in this wilderness, when our spirits enjoy sweet fellowship with yours at the throne of our heavenly Father, and when we can anticipate a meeting with you all, not amid the thorns and briers of the desert, but in the paradise above, near those rivers of pleasure of which we shall drink and be satisfied for ever.

"We have heard with gratitude of the safe arrival of the Lady Raffles in England. . . . . You must tell us candidly what you think of Andrew. Indian children are so early accustomed to have all their little wants anticipated, and their little arbitrary commands obeyed, that we are told they are considered very self-willed and domineering in England. Do not conceal any of his evil propensities from his too fond parents. It is our most earnest wish to make these the subject of special petition at the throne of our heavenly Father; and if we are kept in ignorance of them, this privilege, you know, will be denied us, and the discovery afterwards of their existence might fill us with inexpressible

regret. But I need not say more on this subject, for I know that your own judgment will suggest what is right. . . . .

" Mr Wilson is much engrossed at present with his missionary labours; and I rejoice to tell you that our prospects have brightened considerably since I last wrote. The spirit of inquiry proceeds rapidly among the natives. Discussion has succeeded discussion, attack has been followed by attack, till the enemy has been compelled to relinquish his strongholds, and till every part of the once seemingly impregnable citadel has been assailed. The remarks on, and analysis of, the Vendidád Sádé, which John gave in one of his lectures, in English, have excited a great interest and commotion among the better educated of the Pársís. The lecture has been published. They are quite unable to prove its statements to be false, or to controvert its reasonings;* and they have satisfied themselves by attacking what they consider the vulnerable points of the Christian Scriptures. The Hindús are now following a similar course, and we can conceive nothing better calculated to hasten the downfall of idolatrous systems, and to evince the Divine glory, harmony, and consistency of our holy religion, than the method of reasoning to which they have inadvertently had recourse. Their attacks are immediately replied to, and they are in a manner compelled to consider, with attention, the truths relating to God, to Christ, to the scheme of

* The Vendidád Sádé is the doctrinal sacred book of the Pársís, who declare it to be a fragment of the revelation said to be communicated to Zoroaster. The position in which the Pársís of Bombay were placed by the pamphlet to which reference is made, may be illustrated by the following quotations from the two principal newspapers published under the direction of members of that body: " It is incumbent on the pious priests to reply to Mr W."—*Jámí Jamshid*, 15*th Sept.* 1833. " We sincerely hope that the members of the Panchâít will take this matter into consideration, not depending on the Dasturs, (Doctors,) as that confidence, we fear, would only injure our cause."—*Harkáru and Vartamán*, 15*th Sept.* 1833. The impressions which for several years the lecture has been making in the Pársí community have at length compelled the preparation of several replies. A lengthened rejoinder I have just published, under the title, " The Pársí Religion as contained in the Zand-Avastá, and propounded and defended by the Zoroastrians of India and Persia, Unfolded, Refuted, and Contrasted with Christianity." 1843.

redemption, and to the character and destiny of man, as they are exhibited in the Gospel. They are compelled also to examine the evidence on which these facts rest. And may we not hope that the Spirit of God will make the discoveries effectual to their salvation; and that, as many of them now believe their own sacred books to be mere fabrications, and the inventions of man, their prejudices and misgivings, in reference to the pure religion of Jesus, may vanish like the mists of the morning before the bright rays of the sun? Our eyes may not see the glorious rise of the Sun of Righteousness—but faith realizes its approach; and oh, it is rapture, after such a long and fearful night of darkness, to look forward to the morning—even a morning without clouds, which speedily advances! . . . . Adieu.—M. W."

"BOMBAY, 18*th October* 1833.

"MY DEAR MRS WILLIAMS,—We miss you much in Bombay; but it is delightful to feel that you are the object of God's especial love, and of his ever-watchful guardianship, and that, wherever he may fix the bounds of your habitation, or direct your wanderings, his pillar of fire will rest upon you by night, and his pillar of cloud go before you by day, to conduct you through all the perils of your journey, and to land you in that blessed country where there is nothing to hurt or to alarm you, and where pure, uninterrupted, and eternal pleasure reigns. The glorious hopes of the Gospel may well stimulate us to advance onward with alacrity and with cheerfulness. If the prospect of meeting an earthly friend, from whom we have been long separated, can inspire us with joy and delight, and make us feel indifferent to the little inconveniences and hardships which we must endure to gain this object, O! what should our feelings and aspirations be, when we think of the Saviour's love, and of his boundless perfections; and when we anticipate a meeting with Him, and with all his redeemed family in that transcendently glorious world, where he holds the sceptre of his power, and where one pervading emotion animates every heart, and inspires the song of gratitude and of praise? . . . . I often wish that the love of Christ were shed more abundantly in my heart, that I might be able to do more, and to suffer more, for my blessed Saviour. Dearest Mrs W., instead of exerting myself *too*

much, I feel such a tendency to listlessness and inactivity, that I require to be roused, and reminded of that important truth—that if we indeed belong to Christ's kingdom, we ought to delight to do his will, and be fellow-workers with him in the Gospel. How happy should we feel, even on earth, were we more conformed to the character of Christ, and more absorbed in the contemplation of his divine excellencies. Then, we should be able to carry about with us, as it were, a little spark of that holy fire which glows in the hearts of the celestial inhabitants; and to speak of the love of Christ to the benighted heathen with feelings corresponding in some degree with its height and depth, with its length and breadth. . . . .

"Many of the little girls have left the (Poor's) school, to cut grass for the bázár. They say that they get six pice per day for it; and that while this work is to be had, the irrelations will not permit them to come to the school. I am *almost* standing still at present, quite at a loss what to do. . . . . My mission schools are doing well; and I feel that we have a work of faith and a labour of love, and that we must not give it up in despair, but imitate the example of our blessed Redeemer, who bore with the scorn and persecution of men, when he sought their salvation. . . . . Yours ever,—M. W."

"Bombay, *9th November* 1843.

"My very dear Sister,—Mr John Haldan sails in a few days for England, and has kindly offered to take letters for you. Our missionary union meeting has now commenced, and as a number of our dear fellow-labourers from different parts of the Presidency are now assembled in Bombay, my time for writing is necessarily circumscribed. I have, however, contrived to steal a few moments to thank you for your two kind and precious letters, which I received in rapid succession, but in the inverse order of their dates. It is most refreshing to my anxious and longing spirit to receive them, and to hear from you those words of divine and heavenly consolation which sustained your soul in the darkest hour of adversity; and on which *our* minds may repose with a similar confidence, when the waves of affliction pass over them, or when we are called to survey that scene of guilt and moral darkness across which no ray of heavenly light

has yet penetrated. O that we could realize more distinctly the manifestation of God's love, and the displays of his transcendently glorious perfections, in connection with every event of his most wise and holy providence! But, alas! my beloved sister, our souls cleave to the dust, and we look at these events, not with the clear eye of faith, but through the dim medium of our earthly perceptions. We see not the ultimate designs, nor the majestic and glorious light which shines above the cloud; and we therefore move slowly, and in a twilight atmosphere, when we might be advancing with rapid steps, and enjoying the benefits of a noonday splendour. Let us pray more earnestly for increasing light and knowledge of the mysteries of the Gospel, and for that increasing ardour in the service of God, which will lead us to mount up on wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint. I have received a letter from dear Mrs Clow, informing us of their safe arrival in England, and of all the particulars regarding Andrew. It silenced for a time the anxious forebodings of my heart; but I am now as anxious and impatient as ever to receive farther tidings of him. The tremblings of a mother's heart cannot be described for the tender and far-distant object of its affections. This love dwells in us as a deep and viewless fountain; and, if we cannot fathom its depth, or measure its intensity, what must *that* love be, of which it must be but a faint and imperfect emblem—the full, the immeasurable, the boundless love of God, on which we may repose our own interests, and the interests of those most precious to us! . . . .

"We are to have a public meeting in the evening, in the hall below, when the reports of all the different missions will be read. It is delightful to lay aside all minor differences of opinion, and to approximate in spirit, as we are called to do in occupation, to the early ages of Christianity, when they who planted and they who watered rejoiced together, and when one feeling of concord and of zeal animated them. This salutary lesson is pressed home upon our minds by the remembrance of the many who once joined our meetings, who have now finished their course and joined the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven. Their prayer was, that peace might be within the walls

of our Jerusalem, and prosperity within her palaces; and that her converts might be numerous as the dew-drops of the morning, and glorious like the sun when he is running his rapid course. Among these beloved friends, one dear to my memory is Mrs Cooper. With her I often took sweet counsel; and in her society, I often felt my earth-born thoughts put to flight, and my soul carried upwards to the contemplation of heavenly blessedness. Mr Cooper is a most devoted and judicious missionary; and I fondly hope the Lord will restore him ere long to the field of his labours.* Tell him that we think much of him, and that many prayers and thanksgivings are offered up on his behalf. . . . . May our heavenly Father bless you with his choicest blessings. Your fondly attached,—MARGARET."

TO ANOTHER SISTER. "BOMBAY, 12*th Nov.* 1833.

"This is the evening of the holy Sabbath, a day which, I trust, will be long remembered by us, and the events of which are perhaps registered in heaven. We have been engaged in public services since seven o'clock in the morning; and we have just now returned from the American Mission Chapel, where, with many of the saints of the Lord, we have celebrated the dying love of our dear Redeemer. I am so overcome with exhaustion and fatigue, that I feel as if this tenement of clay was about to tumble into dust; but my spirit is still awake, and I cannot commit myself to the repose of unconscious slumber, without holding a few moments' converse with my dear sister. How much have I thought of you all during the hours of this hallowed day, and more especially at the Marathí service, when Mr Wilson had the happiness of baptizing the Ghoráwálá and two of his children, about whom I formerly wrote to you. This is the commencement of a great Hindú festival, the Díwálí,† and the noise and hallooings of the infatuated idolaters without gave an additional interest and sacredness to our little assembly. Many natives and Europeans were present to witness the ceremony. Mr W.'s address was very powerful and affecting; and the simplicity and apparent bluntness with which the convert answered the various questions put to him, and made a solemn renouncement

* This hope has not been realized.

† The festival of lamps.

of the Hindú religion, with all its impurities, and with all its ceremonies, had a striking effect on the spectators, and impressed them with his sincerity and earnestness. I wish I could send you a picture of him as he knelt down to receive the water of baptism, with his two *almost* naked children, one carried on his side (as is common in eastern countries,*) and the other standing by him. He is a tall athletic figure, and the Indian dress, even in its worst form, has something picturesque in it. There was certainly much primitive simplicity in the sight; and, when we thought of the sufferings to which this open avowal of his faith will expose him, we were reminded of the early Christians, who were tortured and persecuted, and who wandered about in sheep-skins and in goat-skins, without any sure dwelling-place. How would your affectionate heart have felt, on witnessing this scene! Every feeling of holy love, and of deep compassion, would have gone forth in earnest and supplicating prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and for those magnificent displays of Divine power and mercy, by which the hearts of hardened and stupid idolaters are subdued, and compelled to lay down the weapons of their rebellion, and submit to the Cross. I cannot describe the feelings with which we again remembered you, when we sat down at that blessed table, which was to us an earnest and foretaste of the joys of heaven. There are times when I cannot divest myself of the feeling, that wide seas separate us, and that we may never meet again in this world. Thinking of you, and our sweet little A., I feel with the poet,

> Thought grows pain;
> And memory, like a drop that night and day
> Falls cold and ceaseless, wears my heart away.

But, O! it was not so this evening, for earthly things seemed to pass away, and I thought only of our meeting at that table where Jesus keeps the feast with his disciples, and where all his guests participate in his kingly honours, and are clad in his own glorious robes. On returning from chapel at 9 o'clock this evening, the whole native town was illuminated in honour of the Díwálí. A torrent of light seemed to issue from every house; lamps were

* See Isaiah lx. 4, and lxvi. 12.

suspended in gardens and in the streets; and the air reverberated with incessant and deafening clamour of the countless throngs who walked to and fro in the bázárs. The heat was oppressive, and the atmosphere heavily charged with electricity. Above our heads, the sky was clear and beautiful; an innumerable multitude of stars walked their midnight rounds; and you can scarcely imagine the relief gained in looking upwards to their pure light, for it was impossible to shut our eyes upon the rude but wicked and splendid exhibitions in the streets. The lightning issuing from a distant cloud had a magnificent and awful appearance, and reminded me of the accounts given in Scripture of the advent of the Son of Man, and of his terrible majesty, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. How consoling to feel, that before this eventful period arrives, India and all idolatrous nations will be converted to the Lord, and will acknowledge him the King of the whole earth! The wife of the Ghoráwálá, who was baptized, is desirous of being instructed in the Christian religion. Her mind is at present in a most rude and uncultivated state; but if religion enters it, I have no doubt that all this rudeness will give way, and that it will be as the block in the hand of the sculptor, which rises into form and beauty, and into the perfections and symmetry of the human form, under his skilful workmanship.* Many inquirers were present at the baptism. Among these was a young Hindú, of whom we entertain the fondest hopes. . . . . He is one of the most intellectual natives that I have met with, and, in moral perception and feeling, he rises immensely above the generality of his countrymen. He knows English well, and has a tolerable acquaintance with European science and literature. An acquaintance with science first opened his mind to the absurdities of the Hindú sacred books; but as he had never heard any thing of Christianity, and had frequently witnessed the immoral lives of its professors, he concluded that every system was alike false and absurd; and that, as the inhabitants of this country are less refined than those of European nations, the popular belief was

* Mrs Wilson devoted much attention to her instruction, both in school and out of it; and I have had the pleasure of admitting her into the visible church.

better suited to their circumstances. He says that he has believed in the Supreme God for many years past; and the knowledge which the light of nature afforded him of his perfections and character, impressed his mind with astonishment and awe. He felt that he was a sinner, and could not obtain comfort, from the constant intrusion of this idea, but consoled himself with vague and indefinite ideas of the clemency and goodness of God. He has attended Mr W.'s lectures in English ever since their commencement; and he says, that of late a great flood of light has come into his mind on the subject of our religion; and that he sees a glory in the character of God, and in the work of redemption, infinitely greater than he could have conceived. His mind is still in darkness respecting the facts of the atonement, and the necessity of an immediate compliance with the Gospel overtures. He says he is too wicked at present to receive the blessings of salvation, and is waiting till his heart becomes better, before he makes a public avowal of his belief! He evinces an uncommon degree of candour in stating his difficulties to us. . . . . The tears mounted in his eyes when he heard of certain pious females; and he said, 'If the Hindú women were as good as the Christian, I should be very happy. They are very stupid; but we must instruct them in moral duties, before we tell them any thing about religion.' I told him that would be of no use; and that, if he began in that way, he would resemble a person who attempted to build a house before he had laid the foundation: and that the reason why they did not understand and practise moral duties is, that they have no proper idea of the character of God, or of the purity of his law. He promised to instruct his wife at home; but he said it was in vain to attempt teaching her to read."*

"14*th*.—Mr Haldan has not yet sailed, so that I shall be able to write a little more. . . . . We had a public prayer meeting at our house this evening, for the spread of the Gospel. It was indeed refreshing to unite together in prayer for this blessed object—an object which exceeds, in magnitude and importance, the most splendid achievements of political power, and for which

* This he some time ago attempted to do, principally in consequence of the success which Mrs Wilson experienced in her schools.

kingdoms and states have been suffered to run their mighty revolutions. When we thought of the dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of horrid cruelty, we were not unmindful of your Zion—the joy of many generations, and the dwelling-place of righteousness and of peace. Our prayer was, that she may be purified from all abominations, that she may again appear in her glory; and that, being fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, she may excite the attention and admiration of the world, and send forth her powerful and skilful armies to make war on the territories of the Devil, and to subdue the yet unconquered world to the obedience of the truth. . . . .

"What is our little Andrew doing? Has he forgot his Hindustáni, and begun to speak English? Ask him if he remembers papa and mama, and the large house in Bombay, which used to be crowded with natives, coming to see papa. Perhaps he remembers the large compound with the cocoa-nut and tádí trees, which the natives used to climb all day long, like monkeys; or the beautiful flowers and scarlet blossoms which he pulled every morning for dear mama when she was sick. He was very fond of the little black girls who came every morning to read their lessons to mama, and to hear of a Saviour's love to a lost and guilty world. I hope he still loves these little children, and prays that God may give them a new heart; for they are very wicked, and their parents teach them to lie and steal, and to worship false gods. I fear he cannot remember us. You will teach him to love us: and to feel that there are beings in the world who love him more than any others can do; and who never cease to pray that the Lord will bless him, and keep him by his Almighty power from all danger and from all sin. O tell him much about the love of Jesus; that his heart, now susceptible of impressions, may be melted into tenderness, and taught to feel that 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.' Speak to him often of the perishing heathen—for it is our earnest prayer and desire, that, if the Lord spare his life, He may put it into his heart to preach among the natives of India the unsearchable riches of Christ. . . . . Our lot is crowded with blessings; but this is to us a strange land; and the thought of

home awakens in our hearts a thousand tender and nameless emotions. O let us all live nearer our God and Saviour, and drink of those refreshing streams which flow from his presence, till we shall all meet at the Fountain, never to be weary or dissatisfied! . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

"BOMBAY, 19*th November* 1833.

"MY DEAR MRS CLOW,—I can never express the debt of gratitude which we owe to you and your dear husband, for your unremitting kindness and attention to our darling child. . . . . I know not how I could have entrusted him to the charge of a stranger. Our merciful Father ordains every circumstance of our lot; and how much do the events of our by-gone history illustrate his power and his faithfulness, and excite us to place unlimited confidence in his procedure with regard to futurity! . . . The clouds which hang over our heads, and threaten us with darkness, descend with fertilizing showers upon our earth; and we have a similar experience in the moral world, when the dullest occurrences of life nurture within us the seeds of heavenly blessedness, and prepare us for that holy and happy state in which we shall enjoy unclouded light, and be filled with the vision and fruition of God. . . . .

"We were much gratified to hear of your darling boy's success at the High School. . . . . I trust that he will follow in the footsteps of his dear father. If the Lord spare him, we know not but India may yet become the sphere of his labours. He may preach in that very church where his father so long and so faithfully made known the Gospel message. . . .

"I think the absence of my dear A. has taught me a salutary lesson, and made me feel the importance of devoting more of my time and thoughts to the Maráthí children, who are brought up in such gross ignorance, and whose rising energies are repressed and blunted by the baseness and sottishness of idolatry. I have now upwards of 100 girls in our own compound; and while they are placed under a better discipline than formerly, the fatigue of superintending them is not nearly so great as it was before, when so much time and strength were expended in going from one school to another, and in being so much exposed to the sun.

"I trust that Mr Clow will be blessed in exciting a missionary

spirit, and also in leading some to come out to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is deplorable to think of the immense tracts of country which have never been taken possession of, and some of them not even visited by the heralds of the Cross. The natives of India are no longer afraid to listen to a new religion; and in the most distant towns and villages visited by missionaries, they flock in crowds to hear the Gospel message. Alas! who can proclaim to them its glad tidings? The cry, 'Come over and help us,' has been sounded in vain in our native land; and here the converts are few, and most of them disqualified for so mighty an undertaking. O let us not despair, for the agents and the agency are the Lord's; and he will use them according to his sovereign pleasure.

"There have been many changes in the Bombay circle since you left us. I trust religion is on the increase; but many have advanced a certain length, and are now standing still, as if afraid to come out from the world, and join the ranks of the Lord's people. Yours, &c.—M. W."

To her Son Andrew.

"Papa and mama, and little Johnny, send love, and a great many kisses to their darling Andrew. Papa and mama speak very often of their boy, and they pray God to make him a very good child, and to put him among the little lambs of Christ's flock. Mama cannot now take care of her sweet Andrew, as she used to do, for he is far, far away from her; but God is every where present, and he watches over you by night and by day. You, my darling, know very little about the great and glorious God who takes care of you, and who made the heavens, and the earth, and the beautiful stars which twinkle in the sky, for you are but a little child. Your dear uncle and aunts will tell you about this great God, and about his holy son Jesus, who was a little child as you are. They will tell you that he came into this world to die for sinners, and that he is now in heaven, and invites little children to come unto him. Surely my sweet Andrew will love this blessed Saviour, and try to imitate his example when He was a child upon this sinful earth. He did no sin. The love of his Father dwelt in his heart. He delighted

to obey his will. If you love and serve Him now, when you die you will go to heaven, to live with him for ever, and heaven is a place of great glory and blessedness. Dear papa is very busy writing books for the little boys in the Maráthí schools, and for the poor ignorant Hindús and Mussalmáns, who know not the true God. A great many little boys come to him every Sabbath morning to hear about Jesus. They make a great noise; but, poor little things, they do not know better, for their parents are very wicked, and teach them to do very many bad things. Your little brother Johnny reminds mama of her dear Andrew and Kenneth, when they were very little children. He says, 'Mama,' 'Papa,' 'Ayah,' and feeds the crows every morning, as you used to do, from your little table. They come in great crowds to be fed, for they are very hungry, and Johnny stretches out his little arms to them and laughs. When he sees a parrot, or a little bird, he is very happy, and tries to catch it. When you remember that you have a little brother in India, you must not forget that you have also one in heaven with Jesus, far happier than you or little Johnny. He never cries now, for he has no pain: he is very happy; and he will never die, but live for ever, singing God's praises. . . . . God bless you. Your fondly attached mother,—MARGARET WILSON."

In these letters, the reader will see anew the heart of the subject of this Memoir in its undisguised communings with beloved friends. They exhibit religion exercising not merely an occasional influence over the mind, and receiving from it a formal or constrained homage, but in its due and highest prerogative,—maintaining an abiding and cheerfully recognised sovereignty over its sentiments, feelings, affections, and desires. They are marked by such simplicity and earnestness as forbid, even in the most sceptical, the very imagination of either hypocrisy or display; and their delicacy, tenderness, and general moral beauty, must commend them to sincere Christians, as the precious fruits of that grace in which they themselves participate, and whose ultimate triumph is the assimilation of the soul to the image of the Saviour himself.

The following lines were addressed to her little boy in India,

about this time, on "observing his countenance sad when the Ayah was singing to him a Hindustáni song:"—

Thou'rt as a beam of light,
A rainbow in the storm,
But quickly o'er thy brow so bright
Comes sorrow's dark'ning form:
Now I shall bid thy fears away,
And we shall sing a sweeter lay.

We'll sing of love divine
In yonder radiant spheres,
Where endless light and beauty shine
'Midst all their happy years;
Where all is pure, and calm, and bright,—
Eternity's unclouded light.

Thy brother there doth stand,
With angel harp and voice,
Amid the holy saintly band
Who in the Lord rejoice;
His joy shall never pass away,
His crown of gold shall ne'er decay.

And thou art loved in heaven
By all the blissful choirs;
While spirits bright come down at even,
With their celestial lyres,
To hover o'er thine infant head,
And keep their watch around thy bed.

Sleep on thy mother's breast;
Thy dreams shall be of joy,
In some far distant realms of rest,
Where pains do not annoy:
Then let me bid thy fears away,
And let me sing a sweeter lay.

CHAPTER XI.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO A TOUR BY MR MITCHELL AND HER HUSBAND IN THE STATE OF GOA AND THE SOUTHERN MARATHA COUNTRY, IN THE BEGINNING OF 1834 —EXTRACTS OF HER LETTERS ADDRESSED TO MR WILSON IN HIS ABSENCE, WITH NOTICES OF HER OPERATIONS AND OCCURRENCES IN BOMBAY — MRS WILSON'S MARATHI TRANSLATIONS, AND OTHER LITERARY PRODUCTIONS.

THE following letters were written by Mrs Wilson, when I was absent on a missionary tour in the Konkan, the State of Goa, and the southern Maráthá country:—

"BOMBAY, 31*st Dec.* 1833.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTERS,—I had just finished tea a few mornings ago, and was sitting alone in the large hall, thinking of you, and calling to mind a thousand tender and endearing recollections of my dear Andrew's infancy, and of the brief period of his childhood which he spent with us, when João * suddenly and unexpectedly made his appearance. . . . . The hour of midnight had arrived before he finished his history; and, long after I had retired to my own room,—not to stretch myself in unconscious slumber—for that was impossible—but to give vent to my feelings in thanksgivings and prayers to our heavenly Father, —he was relating to an astonished audience below stairs all the wonders which he had seen. Ayahs, Hamáls, Masáls, and the other servants of our Indian establishment, had deserted their posts, and were listening to the oracle. Some of them, I dare say, asked if the same sun and moon shone in Scotland which lighted them in Bombay; and to their knotty questions, João sometimes gave very amusing answers. . . . . I can assure you

* A servant who had gone to Scotland in charge of our little boy.

the sight of Modern Athens was not lost upon him, for he has given such a splendid description of it to the Ayah, that she fancies it like the renowned cities of the sun in fable, and talks of it in Hindustání all day long to little Johnny. If you admired João's appearance, you would admire her much more. Though a Hindú, she is much fairer than he is, and her language and gesture are so elegant, that at home she would appear like an Eastern dame of rank. It is a singular fact, that the Portuguese are in general much darker than either Hindús or Mussalmáns; and the Bráhmans are so fair, that, were it not for their Oriental dress and manners, you might take them for Europeans. . . . . João told us many little anecdotes of our boy. How my heart beat with tenderness as he repeated all his little sayings on board ship, and described your meeting with him in Edinburgh! I am, indeed, overwhelmed with the thought of your kindness to him. The Lord has given him to you; and he will reward you out of His treasury of heavenly blessings. . . . . Our great desire is, that he may indeed be, as you say, one of the lambs of the Redeemer's flock; and, if he is spared, a herald of the glorious Gospel to India's distant shores. We every day find new occasion to bless God for having put it into our hearts to come to this land, and permitting us to see with our own eyes the dreary and desolate state of a land of idolaters. O how it should fill our hearts with gratitude, and teach us the deep and awful responsibility of those who have had the record of God's unspeakable love and mercy in their hands from childhood, and the overtures of pardon and reconciliation proffered to them times without number.

"Mr Wilson is now at Harnaí, on his way to Goa,—the celebrated seat of Roman Catholic dominion in India, and once the abode of the Inquisition, with all its gloomy appendages. The priestly power has now fallen, and its ancient dominion passed away; but, alas! Goa is still in the territory of the beast and the false prophet. Mr Wilson writes me that he was deeply affected on again returning to Harnaí. He was in the room that dear Mrs Cooper once occupied, and where she so often poured out her heart to God in behalf of the poor heathen, and in earnest longings for the salvation of her God. Mr Mitchell intends

accompanying Mr Wilson on his tour; and afterwards he will make Bombay, for some time, his head-quarters. When we arrived in Bombay, the strength of our mission was in that part of India (the Konkan). Now, the candlestick is about to be removed, and the Lord may, in justice and in vengeance, say to its people, 'All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people.' Mr Crawford and Mr Cooper have been, in the mysterious providence of God, removed to their native land. Mrs Cooper and Mrs Mitchell are now before the throne of God. Mr Mitchell's and Mr Wilson's object in this tour is to visit and preach in all the Maráthí towns and villages, which will carry them over an immense tract of country. They were detained longer at Harnaí than they expected, by the illness of a dear friend of theirs, Dr S. He was a person of highly cultivated understanding, and much beloved by all his associates; but his mind was poisoned with infidelity; and, till lately, he lived in utter ignorance of the principles of the religion of Christ. The change in his views and feelings was most remarkable; and, as it is pleasant in this distant land to recount the triumphs of the Gospel, both among natives and Europeans, I shall give you an extract from Mr Wilson's last letter to me. 'You asked how Dr S. is. I answer, it is *well* with him. He died half an hour past midnight, in peace and great joy. He rested humbly on the Saviour, and had large communications of divine grace given to him. The funeral was very affecting. . . . . The officers of Camp (at Dhápulí) assembled, and Mr Mitchell conducted divine worship. He delivered a very appropriate address. The procession to the burying-ground then commenced. . . . . We passed through a small grove, and came to the narrow mansion. Mr Mitchell read the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians; and we committed the body to its kindred clay, in the sure hope of a blessed resurrection. Three volleys were fired. We then went to Major Sutherland's, where I expounded the 7th chapter of Revelation. To-day, I preached the funeral sermon from Hebrews xi. 23. Mrs S—— was present.' . . . . A thousand blessings on each and all of you, and on our child, who we joy to think has found such favour in your eyes. . . . . Poor João was literally crying when he saw me begin this letter. He sent *too*

many compliments to Mr John and the ladies. . . . . Ever yours, most affectionately,—MARGARET."

To MRS WILSON'S SISTERS. "BOMBAY, 31*st January* 1834.

"Most gladly would I sit up all night to express the overflowing of my love towards you and my precious boy; but, alas! I dare not; all I can do is simply to tell you that I and Johnny are well; and that, when I last heard from my husband, he had improved much in health by his tour, and was actively engaged in the work of his important and glorious mission. He and Mr Mitchell were then many hundred miles distant from Bombay, preaching at sunrise, at noonday, under the heat of a burning sun, and sometimes at midnight—not in *prisons*, but in places resembling them, old ruined temples—whither many strangers and pilgrims resort, sometimes for the purposes of repose and shelter, sometimes to offer incense to their gods. They were obliged to sleep in these temples, as there are no travelling bungalows in the districts; and they were consequently furnished with many opportunities of declaring the message which they have to publish. By this time they have probably reached Old Goa, and are wandering among the convents, monasteries, and chapels of that celebrated place. In my next letter, I hope I shall be able to give you an account of it, taken from his journal.

"Our house is quite crowded at present, and we are in a sad bustle. On one side I have Mrs T. Candy, who is in a state of extreme weakness, and not expected by the medical men here to live many weeks. On the other side, I have Mrs S——, and her children, who are just on the eve of embarking for England. . . . Dear Mrs C. is quite a missionary in spirit and in conduct. She has only been a year in India. She has learned the Maráthí language, got a little school of her own, and had begun several little translations, when her strength began to decline, and ever since she came to live with me, which is more than a month ago, she has been gradually losing strength. . . . . Mr Candy and Captain Molesworth went to the Mahábaleshwar hills, and left her with me, hoping that she might be able to join them when the weather became warmer. Her increasing weakness obliged us to send for Mr Candy. He is now with her, and I feel less anxious than I did before his arrival. Her mind is perfectly

tranquil. She is rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality; but says, that if it is the will of God to spare her, she will again rejoice to labour and suffer a little longer here, for the sake of the holy and blessed Jesus. She says, that 'the world looks to her like a beautiful garden, but has many thorns; and that she knows that in heaven there is unclouded sunshine and never-ending joy.'" . . . .

To Mrs Wilson's Brother.* "Bombay, 2*d March* 1834.

"By a letter received from home a few days ago, I have learned that you are no longer with our beloved sisters in Edinburgh, but preaching the Gospel in the distant Orkneys to a simple and unlettered people. A previous letter prepared me, in some measure, for the intelligence; but notwithstanding, my imagination continued to mark out for you a different destiny, and my heart sunk at the first announcement of it. I pictured you far from home, in a bleak and solitary region. I thought of the chill atmosphere, and the ungenial fogs which pervade that region of the north, and my heart conjured up a thousand fears and phantoms in connection with you. I looked to our own bright skies and unclouded atmosphere, and wished that you were with my beloved husband, a labourer in the East. In all this there was nothing but unbelief and selfishness; and I tried to put such thoughts away from me, and to refer them to their true source. We are, indeed, unskilful reasoners in what relates to the providence of God; and our thoughts and desires too frequently savour of earthliness, when we least suspect its existence. How different from our puny conceptions and plans are the arrangements of that infinite Being who adapts every event to our particular character and wants, and who embraces, in connection with each of them, not only the little span of our earthly life, but the whole range of our past and future history! Though we cannot, at present, perceive the exact bearing of these events, we know that infinite wisdom and unerring love pervade and characterize them; and that God's purposes will all be fulfilled, and have a glorious issue, when our conflict with sin shall have terminated, and when we shall see their design in the clear light of immortality. Some situations in the church of Christ

* Now minister of Galt, Upper Canada.

possess a greater relative importance than others. But the servant of Christ must be willing to occupy any of them to which his Divine Master calls him; and if he carries the embassy of the Gospel along with him, it matters little whether he find his reception among ignorant savages, or among the wise and learned of the earth. The salvation of the soul is alike momentous in either case; and, as an ambassador for Christ, your determination should be the same, in whatever circumstances you may be placed, —to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Perhaps this high object is more easily attained among the poor and unlettered, than among the refined and cultivated; and I am persuaded that a more rare and valuable combination of zeal and energy is required in the latter case than in the former, if we would instruct sinners aright in the sacred oracles, and make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto good works. Be this as it may, the Lord of the vineyard has called you, my beloved brother, to your present situation, and will be honoured by your faithful performance of the work. The foundations of the building which you are engaged in rearing were laid in eternal wisdom and love. . . . . How it rejoices me to know and to feel, that, while you and my dear husband are privileged to be builders in this temple, I am even as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the same divine object. I would now say something of Canada, but I fear to trust myself. Do not be rash in coming to a decision. Look earnestly to Him who sitteth above, and guides the affairs of his Church. . . . . Let me tell you, for your encouragement, that I feel happier now than when I breathed my native air, and that I would not relinquish my present situation for the most favoured parish of our dear native land. Mr Wilson's feelings on this subject are even stronger than my own. If God has service for you in Scotland, he will detain you there; and if not, he will enable you to make a voluntary sacrifice of comfort, and to glorify him in some other region of the world. . . . The Lord will direct you in all your ways; and to him I would commit you, with unlimited confidence, and in the full assurance of faith. I cannot tell you with what intense interest I listened to Joao's account of you and my beloved sisters. He told me all the facts in English; but when he came to speak of you, he

chose Hindustáni as the medium of communication,—and you have no idea how eloquent he became. He thinks the Modern Athens equal in splendour to Goa; and when I tell you that he is a native of Goa, and a strict Roman Catholic, you will allow this is great praise! The Portuguese are very proud of Goa, and claim a precedence for it over every city in India. They are, in general, very unprincipled, and have added some of the superstitions of the heathen to their own. I have always found João an attentive and kind servant; and I have sometimes been inclined to believe that the truths he has heard from day to day at the Maráthí service have made a deep impression on his heart. He is, however, still averse to becoming a Protestant, and attends all the festivals of his own church. . . . .

" Mr Wilson has been absent more than two months on an extensive missionary tour, which he and Mr Mitchell are making together. My last journals were from Goa, Belgáum, and other parts of the country. I wish I had leisure to transcribe them for your amusement. Some of them are very encouraging, and all of them are interesting, as they show through what immense districts of country they have been privileged to carry the everlasting Gospel, and to what immense numbers of natives of all castes and descriptions its tidings have been proclaimed. The journals are so voluminous, that it would take a fortnight to copy them; and at present I have got too much to do to allow of my performing faithfully this duty. As you will, I am sure, be interested in their visit to Goa, that being one of the most remarkable European settlements on this side of India, I must give you a few extracts from the account of their visit to it:—

" ' 28*th January.*—We sailed from Vengorlá before sunrise, and reached Teracol, a village belonging to the Portuguese, early in the forenoon. We resolved to land at it, that we might gain some experience in conversing with the natives before our arrival at Goa. . . . . We were surrounded by all the inhabitants of the village. They are, with one or two exceptions, Roman Catholics, but their Hindú descent was apparent. Few of them had clothes. We took an early opportunity of visiting the fort. It is in charge of an old officer, Captain de Silva, who has been forty-four years in India, and never expects to return to Portugal, which he left

when he was fourteen years old. . . . He told us that Donna Maria had been proclaimed in all the Goanese territories, and gave us some of the orders of the day to read. I offered him a Portuguese Bible. He intimated his readiness to receive it, provided his Padre would allow him. The Padre was sent for. I held a long conversation with him in Latin. He gave permission to the captain to receive the Bible; and, on my offering one to him, he said, '*Habeo tibi gratias.*' He gave us an interesting account of the state of the Romish Church in the territories of Goa, and showed us his own chapel, remarking, '*parva est.*' Pointing to the different figures near the altar, he called them, '*Imago Salvatoris—imago Mirificæ Virginis—imago Sancti Antonii,*" &c. A long conversation, which I cannot describe, then took place in Latin, in which Mr Wilson attempted to prove that the Roman Catholic Church was debased by idolatry, and contrary to the Word of God. The Padre's arguments were nothing but assertions, the sum of which was, '*Idolatria non est.*' Mr W. referred him to the Vulgate translation made by St Jerome, as a proof that the Romish Church, in the days of old, was not averse to the use of the Scriptures in the language best understood by the people. He had not adverted before to this circumstance, and admitted it. 'We compared the proceedings of Romish and Protestant missionaries. I admitted the learning and piety of Francis Xavier. He expressed his great surprise at the large audiences of natives with which we are favoured, and remarked, '*Gentiles in hac regione non audiunt.*' We earnestly advised him to study the native languages, and preach the pure doctrines of the Gospel to the people. After the Padre had retired to the fort, about twenty of the inhabitants of the village came to our lodgings. We addressed them in Maráthí, which they speak in a corrupted form, and gave Portuguese tracts and New Testaments to such of them as could read. One of them brought a folio volume, which he called a Purána, to show us. It was of Maráthí Prákrita, but written in the Roman character. It contained paraphrases of several of the discourses of the apostles, extracts from the Bible, notes on church history, refutations of Hindúism, &c. It is a work of immense labour, and creditable to the learning and patience of some older missionary.'

"'29*th*.—About eighty of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the village came to us early in the morning. We preached to them in Maráthí. They were very attentive, and seemingly impressed with the truth. We gave them two additional copies of the Scriptures in Portuguese, which they received joyfully. We embarked about eleven o'clock. One of the inhabitants waded into the sea after us. 'Will you come again,' he said, 'to tell us the words of Jesus Christ?' I was deeply affected by his inquiry. The faithful preaching of the Gospel, I am persuaded, would be attended with glorious effects among the professed Christians of these quarters. As we advanced to Pangim, or New Goa, we engaged ourselves in viewing the scenery of the different islands. The aspect of the country, from the number of villages, churches, and forts, is unlike any thing which I have seen in India. Our landing at Pangim reminded me of Cape Town. The houses are very substantial, and painted white. We took up our abode in a house pointed out to us by a Hindú, to whom we had a note of introduction from Sir Roger de Faria.'

"Want of time obliges me to pass over the whole of their account of New Goa, their discussions with the priests, visits to the churches, interviews with the natives, &c. I feel that, by so doing, I am destroying the continuity of the journal, and robbing it of a great deal of its interest; but necessity has no law, and I am anxious to give you a peep into Old Goa, before I conclude my long but incoherent epistle.

"'1*st February*.—We set out in a barge this morning, accompanied by Senhor Capella, to visit Old Goa, which is three miles farther up the river. The scenery which we passed was uncommonly beautiful. The churches and mansions of the Portuguese, which are built in European style, added much to its interest. We had a distant view of the ecclesiastical college on the small island of Chorao. We passed close to Ribandar, in which several respectable Portuguese reside. On the wall of the church there is a figure of a ship in distress, with the Virgin Mary coming to its assistance. Two crosses are planted near the shore. They mark the alleged length of the ship depicted on the church wall. The story is, that during a storm off the coast of Mozambique, the 'holy mother' was appealed to, and proved

so propitious as to bring the ship in one night to Goa! In commemoration of this deliverance, she is usually invoked by vessels in distress as *Nossa Senhora de Ribander*. This is heathenism in perfection! The first sight of Goa is magnificent, although nothing now remains but the churches and some other public buildings. The walls of the city are now almost entirely destroyed; but, like Dr Claudius Buchanan, we entered the city by the palace gate, over which is the statue of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the passage by the Cape, and the first viceroy of India. The hero stands aloft, *in vestibus quæ decent tempora antiqua*. The first building which we visited was the Church of the Palace. It is an exact model of St Peter's at Rome. It is arched in the roof. Its principal altar is decorated in a style surpassing any thing which I have formerly seen. Its convent and cloisters are small. It belongs to the Theatines, or order of St Cajetan, who were instituted in Italy by St Cajetan of Thienna, and by John Caraffa (Pope Paul the Fourth). They were established in Goa in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Italian founders were soon joined by many of the natives. There are at present no Europeans in their convent. No natives but those of Bráhmanical descent are admitted. . . . The Cajetans are the most renowned confessionals in the colony. They live almost entirely on the offerings of the superstitious. In passing from St Cajetan's to the cathedral, we saw the site of the Inquisition, which was founded in 1560, and the court of which was ordered to be suppressed in 1812. I assent to the only remark which Dr C. Buchanan makes on the metropolitan church,—'It is worthy of one of the principal cities in Europe.' There is nothing remarkable in its exterior, unless the plainness of the building; but it is no sooner entered than it strikes the spectator with astonishment. The height to the top of the vault is 40 feet; and the body of the church is about 200 feet long, and 80 broad, exclusive of a row of chapels. The principal altar is adorned with images, and gilded pillars and pilasters. There are 14 minor altars in rows along the sides of the church. The windows give light through small panes of coarse mother-of-pearl. Divine service is performed twice a-day in the cathedral. We found about twenty-four priests united in saying mass. The clergy of

the church consist of the archbishop, a dean, cantor maximus, treasurer, scholastic, ten canons or prebendaries, four semi-prebendaries, two quaternions, twelve priests' chaplains, and a variety of assistants. The total number of communicants at Easter is stated at 110. Can any thing be more absurd than the maintenance of this establishment at present? We proceeded to the Aljūva, or Bishop's Prison, for the purpose of taking breakfast. The building is not in a state of great repair. It is used for the purpose of incarcerating refractory and naughty priests; but as its services are not at present demanded for this purpose, a part of it is appropriated to civil uses. When we were engaged in social worship, the quaternion, whom I have already mentioned, joined us. He listened to the reading of the scriptures, but did not kneel with us at prayer. '*Exercitatio spiritualis est*,' he observed, however, when we had concluded. Our conversation turned upon several theological points, and particularly upon purgatory and indulgences. He discussed the points at issue with ability and temper; but not, I should think, with any satisfaction to himself. He politely offered to meet us in the evening at the palace, for the purpose of showing us the archbishop's library. We went from the Aljūva to the Monastery of St Monica. It is the only nunnery in Goa, and was founded by the infamous Dom Fre Alexo de Menezes, Archbishop of Goa. To the cloisters we could have no access; but we were directed to the public hall, where we found the abbess and prioress seated in a room adjoining us, opposite an iron grating, where they could hold communication with us. They were Europeans, and neatly dressed in white. The abbess entered the convent when she was fifteen years of age, and has resided within its walls for forty-four years. She blushed when Sr. Capella jokingly told her, that, amidst the political changes which are taking place, she might be permitted to leave it and to marry. There are thirty nuns in at present. When we offered them a Portuguese New Testament, the abbess said she could not take upon herself the responsibility of accepting it; but the prioress seized it with joy, kissed it, and said that she would always pray for us. We recommended its perusal to her, and admonished them to prepare for eternity. We were surprised to find that they knew all about poor Piedade's

conversion to Protestantism.* We gave them an account of his death. We spent the hours between twelve and two in the nunnery. During this time, all the doors of the churches and ecclesiastical seminaries in the city were shut, so as to permit the ecclesiastics to dine and repose. At two we saw the doors of the Augustinian Convent thrown open, and immediately repaired to it. The provincial, to whom we had a letter of introduction, was absent; but he had left orders for our reception. The principal of the College offered to show us the buildings, which are nearly as extensive as those of the Edinburgh University. The cloisters, pillars, galleries, halls, and cells, are all most beautiful. What struck me most was the portraits of the martyr missionaries of the order. Many of them are well executed, and represent the friars in the article of death. I could not but think with admiration of their devotedness; and wish that more of it were exhibited among Protestant Missionaries. The view from the turrets is magnificent. I stood entranced on coming into contact with it. We examined the library of the college. The books are fast going to decay. They do not amount, I should think, to more than 1500. Many of them are very old and valuable. I observed most of the Roman Catholic Church historians referred to by Mosheim. A European followed us with a very anxious and curious eye. He evidently wished to make some communication to us, but could not. We felt great pity for him. The superior of the college was very open in his communications; and was pleased to find that our pronunciation of Latin was so like his own. I gave him a Portuguese Bible, and left some books for the provincial and friar, presented by Joseph Wolff and Mr Farish. Among them was a copy of Dr Keith on Prophecy. May the perusal of them be abundantly blessed. It was in the cloisters of an Augustinian Convent that the spark of piety was first kindled in Martin Luther. The Augustinians (twelve in number) came first to Goa in 1572. They have several missions under their care in the East. Their vestments are white. They were originally black, and were changed on account of the defection of the German reformer, of whom they are greatly ashamed. They are the most respectable monks in the Romish Church.

* Piedade was an Augustinian friar who joined our mission.

Leaving the Augustinians, we proceeded to the Church of Bom Jesus. It is built in the form of a cross, and is a noble edifice, but we could not survey the whole of it. I hastened to the shrine of the celebrated Francis Xavier, of which I had heard much. It surpassed all my expectations, and certainly excels any thing of the kind I have ever seen. It is of copper, richly gilt and ornamented, and placed within a silver encasement. It rests upon an altar of Indian marble, highly wrought. There is a *vera effigies* of the apostle of India on the south side of the tomb; and a statue of solid silver, which is not exposed to view. He died, you know, in the Island of Santian, in the Chinese Seas, in 1552. His body was brought to Goa in 1554, and was exposed to public view till 1783, when it was locked up in its present receptacle. Alas! that it should now be viewed only as the sacred tooth of a heathen Buddha. We reached the archbishop's palace at Pannelly about half-past five o'clock. The quaternion kept his appointment, and introduced us to the curator of the library, which I was anxious to examine. It contains about 2000 volumes. Though they are in a better state than those in the Augustinian Convent, they are also rapidly going to decay. I observed only three Protestant volumes among the whole of them! I found a manuscript translation of the four Gospels, in Arabic, of which it would be well to procure a copy. We staid in the palace till the shades of evening closed upon us, and then returned to Pangim. My reflections on the occurrences of this day were various and affecting. My fervent prayers ascended to God for the reform of all the institutions which I had seen; and I had indulged the hope that the time is not far distant, when every thing that is antichristian will be removed from the Church of Christ, and when she will appear "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

"'2*d February.*—The only public service in the church of Pangim to-day, was in the morning. Most of the people who went to it remained only for about twenty minutes, during the celebration of the mass. The Sabbath is little observed at Goa. Spiritual worshippers can alone find it a delight in any part of the world. The public servants of government were paid to-day, at the door of the palace, according to custom.'

"'*7th February.*—The secretary introduced us to the Viceroy Dom Manuel de Portugal é Castro, at the palace. He received us very politely, and showed us the portraits of all the viceroys of India. Most of them came originally from Portugal, but have been retouched by native artists. Mr Nunes seemed to be familiar with the exploits of those whom they represented, and intimately acquainted with their characters. The portraits with which I was most interested, were those of Alfonso de Abuquerque, Vasco de Gama, João de Castro, and Constantine de Braganza. Constantine refused to accept from the king of Pegu the sum of 300,000 cruzadoes for a monkey's tooth, which had been adored as a relic of a Buddha at Jaffnapatan! He deserves to be had in remembrance for his boldness and decision in discountenancing idolatry. How different was his conduct from that of the Bengal governor, who sent an ambassador to the Grand Lama to congratulate him on his incarnation!'

"In the evening they returned again to Old Goa, walked about the public buildings, where they conversed freely with the priests on the doctrines of our holy religion, and the corruptions which have crept into their church; visited the church and convent of the Dominicans, which is large and handsome; conversed with the monks, of whom there are twenty-five, and with the superior, who is a pious man. The college of Thomas Aquinas belongs to them. On the same day, they visited the church and convent of the Carmelites. In the Aljūva, they again met their old friend, the quaternion, with whom they had a most interesting discussion on the doctrines and duties of Christianity. They proposed the doctrines of transubstantiation as a subject of discussion, and a long train of argument in Latin followed. The Aljūva is a substitute for the Inquisition.

"The common people heard the Gospel gladly; and Mr Wilson says, he is persuaded that no efforts on the part of the priests will prevent their reading the Protestant books, which they distributed among them. He speaks with rapture of Goa as a mission station for Protestants. Alas! that such a place should be neglected by our Churches. This seems almost to have been the first visit paid to it since the days of Dr Buchanan, *expressly* with a view to the circulation of the Scriptures. The Christian population

of the state of Goa is calculated at 200,000, and the Heathen and Muhammadan at 140,000. The clergy, secular and spiritual, amount to 1000.*

"The journey of Messrs W. and M., in the direction of Belgáum, lay through magnificent scenery, different in character from that around Goa. On the 6th January, Mr Wilson writes: 'We have been travelling all day among thick and high jungle towards the Ghát. The scenery has been grand and beautiful beyond description. The rocks are of granite, and we have put down our beds under the shade of a fine tree about half-way up the [Khel] Ghát. Two or three fires are kindled around us, to frighten away wild beasts.'... They visited the Belgáum mission station, with which they were much pleased.

"The subsequent journals are very interesting; and the immense multitudes of natives to whom they preached the everlasting Gospel, and gave books, would surprise you. The last journal has not diminished in interest, and describes a totally different scene from the one which they witnessed at Goa:—'22*d February.*—To-day we have been privileged to preach the blessed Gospel to immense multitudes of our fellow-creatures, and to distribute many portions of the Word of God, and of other publications illustrative of its evidence and doctrines. · In order to prevent confusion, we admitted into the temple about 150 persons at once. We continued to do so the whole of this day. Nipání would make a good mission station.' '24*th February.*—We set out before day-break on the road to Colápur. We had not advanced far when we were met by the Rájá's cavalry, who had been instructed to attend us. We thought ourselves sufficiently

* To Goa I paid a second visit, in the beginning of 1837, along with my friend, Dr Smyttan, of the Bombay Medical Board. All the monastic institutions we found abolished, with the exception of the nunnery and the female branch of the Misericordia. The inhabitants, as formerly, were most willing to receive copies of the Scriptures and tracts, though the authorities refused to give us a formal licence to circulate them. Amongst a few individuals there is a spirit of free inquiry, which, if rightly directed, might issue in great good. The morality of the colony, long noted for its lowness, does not seem to be improving; and probably never will improve, till the doctrines of grace are known and respected.

honoured by their attendance; but, lo, and behold, about three miles from the town we found the sirlaskar, (chief captain,) two other sirdárs, ten horsemen, and thirty men on foot, waiting our arrival. They conducted us to the banks of the Pancha Gangá, where the Rájá had caused two tents to be pitched for us. After we had gone through the usual formalities which they expect from strangers, they presented us with great loads of fruit, sweetmeats, fowls, &c., in the name of the Rájá. They told us that the Rájá was ready to receive us at any hour we might appoint. We mentioned four o'clock in the afternoon; but, on account of the non-arrival of our luggage, we were obliged afterwards to appoint the same hour of the following day. We preached to our numerous auditors throughout the day, and examined the public buildings. There are two samádhís (commemorative temples) near our tents, of which the architecture is good. They are large, and mostly of black basalt.' '*25th February.*—In the morning we addressed a company of natives on the banks of the river, where many natives were performing their ablutions; and preached in one of the bázárs. When I had concluded my discourse in the latter place, I was asked to visit a virágí who had lately suffered much from disease. I was surprised at the attention which he was receiving from the people,—some were fanning, some champooing, and others supporting him. I told him that his case was hopeless, and exhorted him to prepare for eternity. He could not bear to be told that all his penances, pilgrimages, and austerities, would avail him nothing in the sight of God. He admitted, however, that a holy Saviour was needed. I endeavoured to turn his attention from his own gods to the Lord Jesus Christ, and explained to him the nature of the true atonement. Several companies of natives heard the Gospel throughout this day. At four in the afternoon, two of the sirdárs, accompanied by forty sepoys, came to conduct us to the palace. The streets, as we passed along, were as much lined with people as if the King of England had come to see them. We were heartily ashamed of the honours which they tried to heap upon us. On our arrival at the palace, we were met by one of the principal sirdárs, who conducted us to the great room. We entered it, according to custom, without our shoes. Several hundreds of

people, including the sirdárs, were seated in two rows, fronting one another. We were *squatted* near the royal cushion. On the entrance of the Rájá, all the people stood up. He saluted us very kindly, and asked us to sit down. After a little commonplace conversation, we directed his attention to the Christian Scriptures, and gave him a brief summary of their contents. I presented him with an elegantly bound copy of the New Testament, and of the Exposure; and with copies of Matthew, bound in silk, and Exposures, for the sirdárs. He expressed pleasure at receiving them. I gave him a history of the conversion of Britain; and ascribed all its greatness to the book of which I had given him a copy. Mr Mitchell recommended him to encourage education, the advantages of which he well set forth. He requested us to thank Mr Nesbit of Dhárwár, for introducing us to him; and, after the usual ceremonies, we took leave. The Rájá is of small stature, but a good specimen of Maráthá. His mind has not been much cultivated. He has more show about his household than I expected, and seems to be very kind and affable to his inferiors. He has five wives, and only three children. His brother, whom he succeeded on the throne, was murdered in 1822. When we returned to our tents, we found great multitudes waiting to receive books. We made a liberal distribution, and addressed them on their eternal welfare. One of the Sátárá sirdárs sat with us to a late hour; and I was much struck with his inquiries. He asked and obtained a supply of books for all the inhabitants of the village of Bágamí, which he holds in Jágír. May the Lord accompany the labours of this day with his richest blessing. We both feel grateful for the opportunities of usefulness which have been presented to us.'.... I shall send this letter to my sisters, that they may forward it to you. Do write to me. .... Yours, &c.—M. W."

From the letters almost daily addressed to me on the journey which has now been described, I give the following extracts :—

"29*th December* 1833.—I have only received one letter from you since you left Bombay, and my heart pants ardently for farther tidings. . . . .

"Captain Molesworth and Mr Candy are to set off for Mahábaleshwar on Monday first. Mrs Candy is to come to me on

that day. . . . Her mind is in a very tranquil happy frame; and she seems like one who is fast approaching the confines of a purer and a happier world. After being with her this evening, I could not help saying to myself,—surely she will soon be in heaven. I trust her society will be blessed to me, and that it will prove the means of stirring me up to greater attention and diligence to make my calling and election sure. . . . .

"I have had very little time to converse with Náná since you went away, but he seems much concerned about religion. Mr Nesbit has written him a long letter, full of questions on the doctrines of the Christian religion, which he wishes him to answer. He says that he would be very happy to get a letter from you. . . . . I said I was sure that you would be very happy to write to him. When I was on my way to the Poor's Asylum, last Sabbath evening,* I met him, and the other Hindú who came with him one evening to the Maráthí prayer-meeting, on their way to our house. They said that they wished to converse with me on religion; and promised to come back some other time. . . . . For the last few days our school has been quite deserted. William says that it is in consequence of the Christmas holidays.

"I have been wonderfully well since you left Bombay; and Johnny is every day becoming more healthy and lively." . . .

"31*st December*.—This is the last evening of another year; and I feel that it would be sweet to enjoy communion with you at the mercy-seat of our heavenly Father; to pour out our hearts in gratitude for by-gone favours, and supplicate for each other, and for our little ones, those divine and heavenly blessings of which we stand in need. How cheering to think that every step of our journey is bringing us nearer the consummation of our blessedness, and the fruition of our hopes; and that our separation for a time will only enhance the joy of meeting in that world where there shall be no more separation, and where all tears shall be for ever wiped away from our eyes! How much they will think of us at home this evening! The knell of departing years naturally recalls to our mind the absent and the dead. They

* For the purpose of instructing the poor native inmates, who had a considerable share of her attention.

who have gone down to the grave in silence, and they who still mix in the bustle and turmoil of the world, mingle together in our recollection. Another revolution of time reminds us of our frail passing life, and calls upon us to stand still and adore the wonderful way by which our heavenly Father has led us. Truly His ways toward us have been mercy and truth; and it becomes us to say, 'We will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever; His praise shall be continually on our lips.'" . . . .

"1*st January* 1834.—I send you a thousand blessings on this first morning of a new year. May this find you in the possession of health and comfort, rejoicing abundantly in the salvation of your God! O may the year of the Lord's redeemed speedily come, and may we see the mountain of the Lord's house established on the top of the mountains, and all nations flowing into it! Dear Johnny came to me whenever the light began to dawn, and would not go away till it was time for me to get up. I had great delight in committing you, Andrew, and him, to the Lord; and in praying for my beloved brother and sisters." . . . .

"6*th January*.—I hope you are now at Ratnagiri, enjoying yourself with our kind friends, Dr and Mrs Robson. . . . . There is nothing in the Jámi-Jamshíd of yesterday, so I need not send it. An improved edition of the Ayah and her Lady, by Mrs Farrar, has been sent by Mr Vaupell. I send it to you for remarks. . . . . Ráma Chandra has arrived from Puná. Mr Nesbit wrote to say, that he had examined strictly those who brought the report of his having been engaged in reading the Puránas in Hindú temples, but could find no proof of it; and he therefore sent him back to his work."* . . . .

"11*th January*.—I, last evening, received your welcome and much longed for letter, dated Palshet, 3d January. Several days had elapsed since any tidings had reached me; and it was

* The inquiries which we afterwards made respecting him issued in our conviction that he had by no means been properly engaged during his absence from Bombay; and we were consequently under the painful necessity of ceasing to give him any employment in connection with the vernacular schools of the mission, and of suspending his privileges as a church member. He still attends the preaching of the Gospel.

indeed joyous again to see your handwriting, and to hear of all that has engaged and interested you in your tour. I rejoice that you have had so many opportunities of making known the Gospel message. O may it sink deep into the hearts of those who heard it, and induce them to make an entire surrender of their hearts to the living and true God. The petition sent to you for the restoration of the schools was a very pleasing circumstance.* Perhaps the design of God, in removing the candlestick out of its place, is not in anger and judgment, but in the exercise of His long-suffering compassion and mercy, that they to whom the Gospel was so long and so faithfully preached, may lay their sin to heart in rejecting its claims, and return unto the Lord, that they may live for ever. We are set upon the watch-towers of Zion; and it becomes us to be very humble and very watchful, lest the enemy should approach us unawares, or lest her desolations and ruined walls should become the subject of reproach and derision to her enemies. How delightful to feel that the gates of hell cannot prevail against that church which is built upon a rock, and that all the defections of its true, and the deceit and hypocrisy of its false members, cannot undermine its foundations, or impair its essential glory. . . . . O that I could set a more holy and a more consistent example before the heathen; for truly the defection of the converts must be a great stumbling-block in their way. . . . . I could only retire to my own room, and pour out my heart in crying and in tears. I found it precious to come unto the mercy-seat of my heavenly Father, and there to plead with Him for the poor converts, and for ourselves, that we might be faithful unto the death, and that their blood might not be found in our skirts at the solemn day of retribution." . . . .

"*January* 14.—I have been again cheered by receiving the continuation of your very interesting journal from Ratnagiri. . . . . The shifting scene around me often impresses my mind with melancholy; and I feel, when looking at the world, as if I were viewing a panorama that is quickly to disappear. We have little to do with the world. The kingdom which we wish to

* Mr Mitchell was at this time the only missionary in the Konkan, and the establishment of schools in that quarter had been much reduced.

establish is not of the world; and our faith, if it be in lively and vigorous exercise, may anticipate the time when we shall be delivered from every sinful inclination and desire, and when we shall be admitted into the realms of glory, never more to be separated. . . . .

"William is very attentive. Many of the boys in the English school have been absent, in consequence of the number of marriages and festivals; but, as the season is now past, I hope they will be more regular in their attendance. . . . . I think Náná is in a most interesting state of mind; and that, with a little training, he would make an excellent teacher. But you are by far the best judge, and I do not wish to influence your decision regarding him. I have taken all the boys on Sabbath morning; but I am sorry to say that the teachers have been very negligent. . . . I am quite full of the idea that you suggested, of getting the house near our own for a boys' school. I shall endeavour, if I have strength, to pay some attention to it; and the circumstance of its being so near will enable us to detect imposition. The girls' schools are much improved since we brought them to the compound. In correctness of reading, and in a knowledge of the Scriptures, they are at least equal to the boys whom I have examined."

There were at this time, I may here notice, upwards of 200 girls in the schools. From notes furnished to me by Mrs Wilson, for the report of our mission, drawn up in the preceding November, I make the following extract:—"Most of the girls' schools are now conducted on the mission premises. . . . . The girls are divided into four classes. The first consists of those who read the Scriptures, and other books, with tolerable fluency, and who have committed many parts of the sacred volume to memory. Mrs Wilson has begun to instruct them orally in geography, and the parts of astronomy connected with it; and they manifest a considerable aptitude in understanding what they are taught. . . . The second and third classes are reading the first and second book, and some portions of the Scriptures. The fourth class consists of the girls, who are learning the alphabet or single words. We have still occasion to deplore the difficulties of conducting female education, arising from the early, and frequently

capricious, removal of the girls from school, and the irregularity of their attendance. Many of them are taken away when they are just beginning to read. Mrs W., aware of this circumstance, begins, from the first entrance of the girls into the school, to endeavour to convey to them a knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion, by reading to them simple portions of the Word of God, and of other books, and by catechising them; and we have had the pleasure of knowing, that many of the girls who have departed from the schools, imperfectly instructed in the elements of reading and writing, have possessed such a knowledge as, in the day of the Lord's power, may prove the means of their salvation.

"Some of the elder girls have occasionally manifested strong impressions connected with the Christian religion; but we have reason to fear that their convictions are of an evanescent character, and that they follow the examples of their parents and neighbours, in the observance of idolatry, and other evil works. An anecdote may serve to show how little their practice corresponds with their professions. One day, during the celebration of Ganesha's festival, the girls came in a body to Mrs W., and requested leave of absence during the following day. It was a *very great* day, they said, and one on which their parents always worshipped Ganpati, and his mother Durgá. Mrs W. inquired who Ganpati was. They seemed ashamed of the question, and declared that all they knew about him was, that he was a clay image with an elephant's head and four hands, and that people call him their protector and saviour. Mrs Wilson asked if he was *their* saviour or god. They all exclaimed, 'No! no! There is only one God, and one Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: He is *our* Saviour,—we will not have another.' They continued, however, to solicit permission to attend the festival, and one girl exclaimed, 'If we obtain leave, we shall worship Christ in our *hearts*, while we follow the idol.' Notwithstanding that the folly and sinfulness of their proposal was pointed out to them, they all absented themselves from the school on the following day! Some of the girls are instructed in needle-work, and have been taught to sing a few Christian hymns."

The progress of the female schools was, under God, to be

attributed to a zeal which never counted its own services, to a practical wisdom which surmounted many grievous difficulties, and to a benevolence and tenderness which even the depraved native mind could not altogether resist. Unswerving truthfulness, and a confidence in the holiness of God, which forbids the vain attempt to forward his cause by sinful expedients, led to the frank disclosure of those disappointments which were actually experienced.

"18*th January* 1834.—I have received another sheet of your journal. . . . I am happy that you have enjoyed your visit to Ratnagiri so much, and that you found so many means of usefulness. Mr Baber called on me yesterday, and seemed much pleased to hear that you had seen and conversed with his son. He brought along with him a very interesting white Jew from Cochin, and of high family. Mr B. said that he was one of the most learned and intelligent amongst his community, and that he had in his possession a great many Hebrew manuscripts, which might throw light on their history and settlement in this country. He brought several of the manuscripts with him, and Mr Baber was very sorry that you were not here to examine them, and to converse with the Jew. The Jew had a very high certificate from Mr Fenn, of his general character, intelligence, and superior critical knowledge of Hebrew.

"I have just come from the funeral of poor Gangá, who died last night. Miss Farrar says she died in the faith of the Gospel, and rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality. Mr Allen gave a very suitable address at the burying-ground. All the inmates of the Poor's Asylum, and many other natives were present. How I could rejoice when I saw her body committed to its kindred dust! while for the living I may well weep and be in bitterness. But it is cheering to believe, that though individuals may perish, the stability of the church cannot be moved; and that even some of those over whom we mourn may yet become polished stones in that glorious building of which Christ is the Head."

"22*d January*.—. . . . Since I last wrote to you Mrs Candy has been very poorly indeed. . . . She seems daily to be growing in heavenly-mindedness; and, if it be the will of God to call her

hence, the change will be to her great gain. It will only be a removal from the outer court, where she obtains partial discoveries of the glory and transcendent loveliness of the Redeemer, to the inner sanctuary, where she shall see him as he is, and be satisfied for ever with his likeness."

"25*th January.*—I have received your delightful journal, the last part of which is dated 18th January. It is gladdening and refreshing to hear from you, amidst my present cares and anxieties. Had I gone with you, I should have had great enjoyment in witnessing the scenes which you describe, and in viewing the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Goa river. But our heavenly Father has ordered it otherwise."

"29*th January.*—. . . . Mr Candy arrived on Sabbath last. The extreme weakness of Mrs C.'s bodily frame has affected her mind considerably when she talks or thinks about worldly things; but on the all-important theme of religion, it is quite alive and energetic. How true it is in regard to her, that, as the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day. In the night of affliction and sorrow, the glorious realities of the unseen world shine brighter and brighter; and our moral and intellectual perception in reference to them becomes more minute and piercing, in proportion as it becomes indifferent to, or unsusceptible of, other objects. This is at once a proof of the immortality of the soul, and a striking confirmation of the Divine promises. Let us trust more simply and more implicitly in the Word of God. Let us feel secure amidst weakness and suffering, and in the view of death—knowing that in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength.

"I have had much sickness for the last month, but, upon the whole, am wonderfully well."

"— *February.*—Your interview with the Padre at Teracol, mentioned in your journal, was deeply interesting. May it terminate in the happy result of opening his eyes to see the folly and idolatry of that which *Ecclesia Romana permittit, et Deus interdixit.* It is cheering to think that there *may* be individuals in that corrupted church who know and love the Saviour, and who will be saved as by fire, in the great and terrible day of the Lord's manifestation and final decision. I was much

struck by the poor man wading into the sea after you, to inquire if you would come again to tell him the words of Jesus. I trust the word preached may have come home to his heart in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power; and that more glorious effects than any which you have yet witnessed will be produced by your faithful preaching to the professed Christians of Goa and the neighbouring villages.

"The scenery must be very European in its aspect. After I went to bed, I dreamed that I was sailing down a beautiful river with you and Mr Mitchell. The water was of glassy stillness, and many pictures of hills, mountains, and rocky eminences, diversified with forts, churches, and picturesque monasteries, passed before my view. So much for the power of imagination in combining, by its own mysterious processes, the recollections of our waking hours with the new and stranger impressions of the mind in sleep. How I should delight to be with you! If we are spared together another year, I may have this felicity." . . .

"*5th February.*—I was prevented, on Saturday, from writing to you, by the bustle occasioned by Mrs Shaw's embarkation. . . . I went to the bandar with them on Sabbath. Mrs S. was much overcome at the thought of leaving India. She said, that no spot of earth could ever be so dear to her as that which contained the remains of her husband, and in which she had spent her best and happiest days. O how insecure and unfixed are earthly objects and events! The waters of the ocean that cannot rest, are indeed a fit emblem of their insecurity. But oh, let us remember, that, as God has set to the sea its decree that it cannot pass, so doth he set a limit to every event, and assigns to it its peculiar office and end, in training us to the holiness which constitutes the delight and the joy of the heavenly world."

"12*th February.*—Your last journal was so interesting, that I have read it over and over again. I gave it to several friends to read, and they were delighted with it. I have no news but such as you will see in the Gazette. Mrs C. has improved very much of late. . . . I do not feel sanguine as to her ultimate recovery; but it is an unspeakable blessing, in the mean time, to see her so exempt from pain and overwhelming weakness. . . . At

one time, the shadow of death seemed to settle down on her countenance; but the Lord had not yet perfected his work, his mighty work, of sanctification within her, and therefore has not taken her to himself. What a lesson does affliction and the death-bed of our friends teach us! It shows us the vanity of the world, and gives a reality to the objects of the unseen state. The world, in its most attractive aspects, seems hung around, as it were, with emblems of fear, disappointment, and sorrow,—the grave is a dark and viewless abode; but beyond it we discover a world of immortal beauty and splendour, while Hope stands on tiptoe to behold its glories, and to ascend and take possession of its joys."

"14*th February.*—Mr and Mrs C. left us yesterday for Harnaí. . . . When we look to the trials of other missionaries, what reason have we to be grateful to God for his kindness to us, and for the signal interpositions of his providence in our behalf! I hope I shall never, never, be called to part from you, till death comes to sever the tie which now unites us so closely; and then it will be but a short parting, and we shall meet again, never more to experience the pangs of dissolution, but to rejoice for ever in the courts of our God and King.

"The poor women come to me from the Asylum regularly. I was there on Sabbath afternoon." . . .

"18*th February.*—I have received the continuation of your interesting journal from Goa. I listened in imagination to your discussions; wandered with you through the cathedrals, monasteries, and nunnery; and feasted my curiosity by looking into the old and ponderous volumes fast hastening to decay. I have always imagined, from Dr C. Buchanan's description, that the first sight of Goa must be very magnificent. . . . Catholic countries have much outward splendour to feast the eye and regale the imagination. How melancholy the thought, that this is one of the many devices of Satan to blind the eyes of the multitude to the true glories of our religion, and to substitute outward ceremonies for the homage of the heart! I rejoice as much in the attacks which you have made on the proud territories of the Man of Sin, as in those on the dark reign of heathenism. May the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to render the means effectual,

make you a mighty instrument in his hands, and give you, for your reward, a rich harvest of souls in the day of retribution! The same post which brought your journal, brought me also two delightful letters from Scotland. You will feel a joy similar to mine in reading little Andrew's letter. When we rejoice over the early beamings of his mind, and the promise which the present development of his faculties and affections gives of his future character, let us yield all the glory to God, and endeavour to devote him more unreservedly to his service.

"Manuel has arrived from Harnaí. He brought me the cheering tidings that you and Mr Mitchell are to be here on the first or second week of March. Mr Laurie came the other day to inquire when I expected you. He has intimated the Sacrament for the second Sabbath of March, and is very desirous that you should take the evening service. He, however, desired me to say that you must not hurry home on that account, if it interferes with your other arrangements. The evening service in St Andrew's Church has been remarkably well attended ever since its commencement; and I am not aware that it has at all lessened the attendance in the morning." . . .

"22*d February*.—I have been interrupted all the morning, and have just now come up from the schools, and find by my watch that it is near the hour of post. I must, therefore, send you only my *greetings*. Dr Smyttan, you will see, is on the list of superintending surgeons; but I rejoice to think that he will be allowed to make Bombay his head-quarters. In the midst of these many changes, let us think more of the love of Jesus, and feel that we are secure in its embrace, and in the boundless extent of its glory, though all the materialism around us should vanish for ever from our view. In giving way to a morbid sensibility, we are apt to overlook the mercies of an all-bountiful Providence, and to forget our continual and daily occupation as Christians. What a work have we to perform in resisting the adversary of souls and the allurements of the world, —in cultivating every holy and virtuous affection in our hearts, —in building up the temple of the Lord in the world,—and in endeavouring, within our own sphere, to stem the torrent of evil, and to set an example of purity and love!" . . .

"26*th February.*—The Presbyterian Review for September has come to hand. There is a full and very able article on the proceedings of the Assembly. The discussion on patronage is deeply interesting, and occasioned some splendid speeches. I wish I could hear you reading Dr Chalmers' on this subject. Perhaps he has not gone far enough. . . . It is surely desirable that the power both of the Church and of the people should be preserved entire. There is also a very able article on the *a priori* argument,—a review of Gillespie on the being and Attributes of God; and also one of the Scots Worthies, written in a fine spirit, and befitting the men whose portraits we so justly admire.—But I must conclude."

"28*th February.*—It is now late, and my imagination pictures you and Mr Mitchell in some Hindú temple, exhausted with the fatigue of your journey. . . . O how much do we lose by not marking the goings forth of the Almighty in his all-wise procedure to us individually, and to the church of Christ, through which his manifold power and wisdom are displayed to all created intelligences. I have been thinking this evening of the bright summer days, when Anna and I used to sit in the gardens, admiring the lovely flowers which our own hands had planted, or wandered among the hills, searching for some romantic valley or recess, where we might indulge in dreams and visions of happiness—never to be realized. Had any one then told me that, ere ten years, I should be a missionary in India, that our beloved family circle should be scattered, and also broken by death, and that most of the companions and friends whose society then gladdened us should have gone to their long home, I should have trembled at the thought, and given way to a flood of sorrow. All these things, and many more, have happened, and yet we are happy. They have each contributed their part to wean us from the world, to sweep away those refuges of lies to which we are so prone to betake ourselves in the hour of our prosperity, and to guide our feet into the way of peace, by unlocking to us the treasures of heavenly wisdom, and by revealing to us the joys of a pure and blessed immortality. If I am yet, in spirit and character, far from the kingdom of righteousness, what should I have been if God had said respecting me, 'Let her alone!' *Then,*

indeed, I should have experienced a long, a dreary, a terrible night. As it is, the beams of the morning have gilded my prospects, and I have had many bright and cheering anticipations of a triumphant and glorious rest."

"*5th March.*—How you were honoured by the Rájá! I am quite amused with the splendid retinue sent to wait your arrival, and conduct you to the august presence. May the interview which you had with him be blessed abundantly of God, for illuminating his understanding, and giving him a knowledge of the living and true God;* and may many of those to whom you proclaimed the Gospel, be your crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord. To be a witness for Christ to such multitudes, is an unspeakable honour and privilege. Whether you see the fruit of your labours or not, you may rest assured that they will not be in vain. Your example encourages me to zeal and patience in my humble and less arduous sphere of labour. . . . Though I work with meaner materials, and only rank as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, my labours may not be lost. To-morrow is our fast-day. There is much need for genuine sorrow and humiliation of spirit before God in the present state of the church. O may this spirit be imparted to us, and may we go up to the feast, on the approaching Sabbath, with joy and gladness, and melody of heart. You have always preached on these occasions. How much I shall think of you to-morrow!"

"*8th March.*—To-morrow I hope to be able to go to the communion. I never went, since we were married, without you. But you will be present with us in spirit; and our thoughts will ascend, in sweet harmony, to Him who was once a man of sorrows, and submitted to death, but is now seated on the throne, invested with honour and dignity. With what inconceivable grandeur does he appear, clothed in all the perfection of Godhead, yet wearing the nature of man! He is the perfection of beauty,—the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,—the King and the Prince of his people. May we see His beauty; may our hearts be ravished with His excellency; and may we

* The Rájá of Colápur, here alluded to, died lately, when on a visit to the idol at Pandarpur. His funeral pile was formed of sándal-wood.—(*Feb.* 1839.)

feel that love glowing in our hearts which ought to burn in every true disciple, when he hears these sacred words uttered: 'This is my body, broken for you; this is my blood, shed for you.'"

"15*th March*.—I am overpowered with joy at the prospect of so soon welcoming you back again to your own loved home. If God spare us to meet, I shall feel an inexpressible happiness in again lifting up our souls together in prayer to the throne of our heavenly Father, and thanking him for the manifold blessings which we have received at his hand. Since we were united together, how much of the mercy and unchangeable faithfulness of God have been blended in our lot! How many mercies have we to recount! How many deliverances to remember! How many remarkable interpositions of Providence to observe and be thankful for! Our trials have been mingled with uncommon discoveries of love and of compassion. We have seen, by faith, the glories of heaven, and been persuaded of the blessedness of those who stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, with crowns on their heads and palms of victory in their hands. Surely praise should ascend from our hearts, and hosannas from our lips. We should shut our eyes on the deluding vanities of the world, so that we may fix them, with a steadier gaze, on the captivating beauties of the land that is afar off. We should seek to be more thoroughly adorned with the graces and accomplishments of the spiritual life, and to lay all that we possess at the feet of Jesus, to be distributed for the purposes of his glory, and according to the dictates of his blessed will."

"— *March*.—I rejoice in the continued opportunities of usefulness of yourself and Mr Mitchell. O may you be indeed more and more strengthened and refreshed, and animated of God for your great and arduous labours! Your being able to speak so frequently to the natives, surprises me much more than Whitefield's preaching in England, when we take into account the climate, the languages, the greater degree of moral courage necessary in your case. But your zeal has the same source; it is kept alive upon the same altar; and it will, by the blessing of God, have the same glorious result, in the awakening and conversion of sinners. I agree with you in wishing that evangelical

agitation were more the order of the day in India than it is at present. Alas! that even among the spiritual and the enlightened, there should be such apathy and indifference in this region of idolatry and spiritual death!... If I may judge from my own feelings, and from what I have observed amongst those to whom I have given your late journals to read, or communicated their contents, much good might be done by their publication..... With such high and heavenly motives before the view of our minds as we have, it seems wonderful that the example of our fellow-creatures should be necessary to excite us to action. But the diseased constitution of our minds frequently renders them more susceptible of impressions from this source than from a higher one; and such stimulants are as lawful as the use of strengthening medicines when our bodily health is weakened or impaired. Why do we not use them with the same confidence of success? The zeal of many Christians, and of many Christian missionaries, exists in a half dormant state. It requires to be enkindled and made effective..... I am astonished at my own inactivity and apathy. Pray that my zeal may catch new fervour —that it may be kindled on the altar of God's love—and that no element of vanity or of worldliness may blend with its hallowed exercises. I was much delighted with your notices of the scenery. When I view a magnificent or lovely spot in India, I always contrast it with the moral wilderness around us. But I see also in its beauty, or in its grandeur, a pledge of our Father's love, and an emblem of what this wilderness will become when the Spirit of the Lord will breathe upon it, and beautify it with the light of truth. To us, creation has a charm that it cannot have even to a heathen philosopher, though instructed in all the sublime mysteries of modern science. Its stability inspires us with confidence; and, looking at its loveliness, we may say, with Heber—

> 'If thus thy beauties gild the span
> Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
> How glorious must the mansion be
> Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!'

"Captain Alexander of Jálná has written to-day about two little girls who were brought to him for sale, the one eleven, and the

other nine years of age. The family of one of them perished in last year's famine; the other has a brother who does not seem willing to take charge of her. He wishes to know if we can take them. I have written to say that they are exactly the objects fitted for our school; and to request him to send them as soon as he finds it convenient. . . . . The school was never in a more promising state than it is at present; and, if we can succeed in getting a boarding-school in connection with it, it will be of incalculable benefit. I am sorry that Captain A. is to be deprived of his situation; but I feel assured that such a faithful servant of Government will not go unrewarded."

These quotations might have been much enlarged, without impairing or changing their aspect and general spirit. They are quite sufficient, however, to evince a most important feature in the character of the writer. Her conjugal and domestic affections, which were peculiarly strong and tender, were subordinate to, as they were regulated by, her sense of most sacred relationship and obligations to Him whose immutable demand of all is, "Give me thine heart;" and, in consequence, they were free from a species of idolatry too common in the Christian world, but which, however desired and encouraged, can never prove a blessing to those who are its objects.

Little notice has for some time been taken by us of Mrs Wilson's studies and literary labours; but before we proceed farther, it is proper to bring the most important of them, connected with the last months of her life, before the view of the reader.

Her progress in Maráthí and Hindustaní,—the principal languages spoken in Bombay,—had for several years enabled her to communicate verbal instruction to the old and to the young, with fluency and power; and her daily ministrations in them,—continued for hours, whenever her strength would permit, and even when many would have thought it expended,—were such as to awaken the admiration of all who witnessed them. Before the conclusion of 1833, however, she became exceedingly desirous to use her pen, for the benefit of the natives, in a more satisfactory manner than she had yet done in any casual communications which she had sent to their periodicals;

and—what I ought, perhaps, to regret, as in her subsequent endeavours she made no reckoning of the debility superinduced by the climate and her other arduous exertions—I acquiesced in her wishes, and retained a learned pandit for the purpose of giving assistance in her translations and compositions.

The first object to which she directed herself, was the preparation, in Maráthí, of an abridgement of a large part of Rollin's Ancient History, for the use of her schools and native youth in general. After some months' application, she completed it as far as the accounts of the Egyptians, Babylonians and Assyrians, Medes and Persians, and Athenians, were concerned; and she kept her MS. beside her for a future revision, which she was able also nearly to complete before she was called to rest from her labours on earth, that her works might follow her in heaven. She could not have directed her attention to any parts of profane history more calculated to interest, to expand, and to correct the native mind, than those which she selected. The Hindús, though they have now no national institutions, and not even a provincial sympathy connected with present scenes and events, are exceedingly proud of their ancestors; and yet, inconsistently enough, they are averse to such an imitation of them as might lead to some improvement in their own social state. Their characters they view as those of demi-gods, and their achievements they look to only through the medium of extravagant romance, not the less detrimental, because it is believed to be that of inspiration, instead of authentic and sober history. Their own loss of power, their comparative insignificance in the present day, and the advancement of Britain, to which they are hopelessly subjected, and of the other European nations, they attribute to the progress of the Kali-yuga—the iron age—which they are taught by the Shástras to consider as now running its irresistible course; and they believe, that, when matters have come to the worst, Keshava in the Kalkí avatár will be revealed, and, "for the destruction of all the impure, will draw his scimitar, blazing like a comet,"—Brahma be again developed, the world generated anew, and the Bráhmans once more the undoubted emanations of the divinity! When carried back, however, to the ages of antiquity, to regions not less important than

their own engrossing Jambu-dwipa, "the innermost Kosha of the mundane lotus, and 100,000 yojanas in diameter,* and to the splendid and magnificent works of acknowledged human art on the banks of the Nile and Euphrates, rivalling, if not surpassing those of their own Pándawas at Elephanta, Sáshti, Ellora, and Ajántá, which they would otherwise view with a veneration and awe which would suspend criticism,—they may begin to suspect that little dependence is to be placed on their local traditions, and that the writers of their puránas have drawn too much on their own imaginations and the credulity of future generations, and that they themselves are actually in a position very different from that on which they had been accustomed to reckon. Their conceit may thus receive an incurable wound, their selfishness be much restrained, their curiosity begin to range through the wide world, and they at length perceive they are not the most important, though certainly a large part, of the great family of man. They may discover certain analogies between the systems of idolatry which have already passed away and that to which they still adhere; and they may be led to doubt its stability, and anticipate the time when Brahmá, Vishnu, and Shiva, will share the deserved fate of Kneph, Pthah, and Khem, of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, and, instead of being enshrined in the hearts of human votaries, be entombed in the ruins of their own sanctuaries.

Mrs Wilson, not without reason, expected such results as these from the little works which she prepared; and to point the inquiring mind to the unerring page of revelation, she translated, for the purpose of accompanying them, an account of the Fulfilment of Prophecy, connected with some of the people of whom they treat, taken principally from the excellent work of Dr Keith, but accommodated, as far as possible, to the comprehension of the native reader.

I have already alluded to the disadvantages under which converts from Hindúism labour with regard to some of the means of grace. Sympathy with their difficulties led Mrs Wilson to resolve to prepare for them a series of devotional exercises, calculated, by its simplicity, for the native mind. In this important work, she made considerable progress.

* Bhágavata Purána, v. 16.

Another object on which she greatly set her heart, was a review, intended for the use of the children of her schools, of the history of the church, and a particular narrative of the labours and sufferings of its most distinguished members in the profession and propagation of the truth. Such a work, she thought, would not only prove interesting and instructive to them, but encourage them to avow the convictions which many of them felt respecting the vanity and guilt of idolatry, and the suitableness, to their circumstances, of the Gospel of Jesus. She made considerable preparations for its execution, and she wrote out some letters which were to introduce the subject to her readers. A few gleanings from them may be here brought forward. In reference to instructions which she had communicated *viva voce* to those whom she addressed, she thus writes:—

"I lately endeavoured to show you how infinitely superior the Christian religion is, in its doctrines, in its precepts, in its promises, and in the sublime prospects which it unfolds, to every other religion that exists, or that ever existed in the world; to point out to you the evidence that we have for believing in its divine origin; and to press home upon your attention its suitableness to your circumstances, as endowed with capacities which fit you for knowing and serving your great Creator, and as sinners, who, having broken the holy law of God and become subject to its penalties, stand in need of a deliverer and substitute. I told you of the mighty Deliverer whom God, in his infinite love and compassion, has provided for the guilty family of man; and after having taken a brief view of the Old Testament prophecies concerning his character, advent, and wonderful death and resurrection, you read with me an exact fulfilment of these prophecies in the accounts given of Christ by four different writers, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

Some judgment may be formed of the progress of her pupils, from the fact, that they were able to follow instructions on the topics here alluded to. In reference to their occasional profession of belief in the Gospel, and their hesitation, at the same time, publicly to avow their convictions, she writes as follows:—

"My dear young friends, examine well whether you believe, or do not believe, the Gospel. The heart, you know, is deceitful

above all things, and desperately wicked; and it is one thing to admire a perfect picture when it is presented to your view, and another, and a totally different thing, to commit yourself to the guardianship and direction of him whom it represents, or, in other words, to receive the truth in the love of it, and to walk according to its commands and requisitions. There are many false foundations upon which you may build your hopes for eternity, and these hopes may appear to yourselves fair and beautiful, like a magnificent house erected upon the sand; but they will not abide the day of the Lord's coming in judgment; they will be swept away by the storm of his indignation, and will vanish before you at the first approach of the storm and of the tempest. There is but one foundation upon which you can build with safety,—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But he has said, 'If any man love father or mother, sister or brother, more than me, he is not worthy of me;' and, 'If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me.' He who searcheth the heart cannot be satisfied with an insincere or partial admission of his claims. His language to each of you is, 'Give me thine heart; let me be enthroned there, in my just and rightful supremacy; let me be the highest object of your affection and regard, and let no other objects of worship be admitted into your hearts.' These requirements may appear very hard to you, as they did to the Jews of old. Some of you say that you love Jesus Christ, that you worship him in *secret*, and that you have no pleasure in the worship of the gods whom your fathers worship; but that you are afraid to avow this, lest you should be deserted by your relatives, and be exposed to their scorn and persecution. O my dear children, is not this loving and fearing the creature more than the Creator? Is it not a tacit acknowledgment that you distrust the power of God to sustain you in the midst of trials, or his willingness to watch over and to protect you; and is it not a convincing proof that you have never yet felt the constraining love of Christ in your hearts! If you had a right perception of the glory and beauty of the Saviour, you would esteem it an honour to suffer for his name. If you felt aright the disease of sin, you would instantly seize the remedy offered to you, just as in the agonies of disease you would grasp

at a remedy which you were assured would cure you. But you have not acted in this manner, and you still cling to the rites and ceremonies of your idolatrous worship !"

This passage, peculiarly suited to the circumstances of those addressed, is followed by the promise, that, in subsequent letters, an account would be given of the "Establishment of the Christian Church, and of the persecutions of the Christians during the reign of the Pagan Emperors." The subject is a highly interesting one; and if Mrs Wilson had been spared to complete her plan, the work would have proved a great blessing to both the timid inquirers and converts of India. Her qualifications for it she abundantly manifested by a long and able review of "Stebbing's Church History," which she wrote when she proposed to undertake it, and the greater part of which was published in the Oriental Christian Spectator, and afterwards copied into a native newspaper in Bengal.

From the paper now referred to, two short extracts may be here inserted. The first respects the too common ignorance of the history of the Church.

"We have met with many whose minds have been expanded by science and instructed by general reading, who have possessed an intimate acquaintance with the history of their own and of other European nations, and who were familiar with the transactions of Eastern countries and states, and with the striking vicissitudes to which they have been subjected,—who yet, in every thing connected with the history of the Church of Christ, manifested a culpable ignorance. Of her triumphs and her defeats—of her internal constitution and her outward policy—of the long and glorious race of champions who came forth to fight her battles aud to repair her ruined walls—of the arduous struggles in which she engaged, and the consequent periods of repose and exemption from suffering which were awarded her—they knew little or nothing. This ignorance may be ascribed, in a great measure, to the apathy which pervades men's minds on the subject of religion; and to the tendency of the human intellect to overlook the divine philosophy of things, and to be engrossed with the bustle and splendour of worldly politics, as if they stood totally apart from the history of the Church. Men

are prone to overlook the fact, that every event has a relation to that interior economy by which the Almighty is carrying forward his plans to their completion; and that it is for the Church that he permits empires and states to rise into temporary importance, to wage their successive battles, and, after they have fulfilled their designs and flourished through their allotted periods, to sink into forgetfulness, or annihilation. But we conceive that other causes have also contributed to the ignorance which we have alluded to; and that one of these may be found in a want of books on Church history, adapted to the taste and capacities of the general reader, and accommodated to the varieties of intellect and genius which we meet with in the present day."

Of the merits of our two popular Church historians, and of the work before her, we have the following just and felicitous estimate:—

"Mosheim, however valuable for his profound erudition and analysis, and for the masterly manner in which he has pointed out the early and unnatural alliances which were formed between Christianity and the reigning schools of philosophy, and the dogmas and false reasonings of the different sects which flourished among the schoolmen, is too ponderous to be much relished. He frequently resembles a giant, treading with heavy steps, and leaving his footprints behind him; but there is something involved and perplexed in his whole attitudes and gestures. He looked on the history of the Church more as a mere philosopher prying into the hidden meaning of events, and searching out their causes, than as a Christian historian taking a spiritual survey of the whole landscape, and discovering every spot of beauty and of deformity. The number of subjects of which he treats, seems, in some instances, to interrupt the continuity of his narrative, and imparts to it an appearance of indistinctness and confusion. We find also a sameness pervading his work, and are struck with the absence of that intense and glowing feeling which particular eras and events are fitted to awaken in the mind. No one, alive to the spiritual interests of the Church, can read his account of the Reformation without heart-felt regret and indignity at the cold, the unimpressive, and, we think, the disingenuous, manner in which he has treated it. Milner's History

approximates to a popular work. But, with all its excellencies, it is wanting in some of the essential qualities of historical composition. We read it as we should do a succession of biographical notices. We do not, however, find that it conveys to us a vivid or graphical representation of events, that it lets us into the secret of their causes, or that it presents them in that order and connection by which the remembrance of them is perpetuated in our minds. The facts are in a great measure insulated and disconnected. The characters are wanting in interest and individuality. They are not made to appear before us as full-length portraits, executed with skill, and representing to the life the interesting men for whom they were intended, but as small and indifferently executed profiles. It is, besides, too wordy and voluminous for those who have little time to bestow upon such studies; and we want something equal to it in spirituality, but more perfect in its details, more animated and spirited, and more fitted to rouse the energies, and to keep attention awake.

"There are several other works on the same subject; but they are all deficient in one or more of the particulars above alluded to. It is only in Dr M'Crie's admirable accounts of the Reformation in Italy and Spain that we find them all united; but these are, from their nature, confined to particular countries, and limited to brief periods of time.

"The work, whose title is prefixed to this Review, we are happy to state, is one of the most successful attempts which have been made to present Ecclesiastical History to the world in a condensed and popular form. It is written with great candour, impartiality, and elegance. Its statements are never too highly coloured; and though, from its small limits, it is necessarily condensed, some parts of it combine the interest of biography with the sustained and more dignified narrations of history. It has set forth the different periods of the Church, exemplified the spirit which prevailed in it, and the causes by which the events which occurred were brought to pass, with great clearness and conciseness. It distinguishes, in most instances, between causes which were real and permanent, and those which were only apparent or accidental,—between human agency, even when

subordinated to holy purposes, and that divine and supernatural power by which the foundations of the Church were laid, its existence preserved, and its honour and glory consolidated. Mr Stebbing excels in simple narration, and in describing events and scenes which are of a pathetic kind. Some of his narratives are exceedingly tender and beautiful; they leave an indelible impression upon our minds, and we cannot recall them without the most exquisite and powerful emotions. This is especially the case with his account of the martyrdoms, by which the early history of the Church was signalized. In portraying sudden and unexpected revolutions, in describing a conflict of different elements, and in showing forth the mighty struggles in which the Church was engaged with the powers which sought to crush and to exterminate her, he is less successful. His account of the heresies is less full and satisfactory than we could have wished; and in some parts it is very meagre and superficial. In a religious point of view, this history is, moreover, liable to several objections. On some of the doctrines of the word of God, the opinions expressed, in one or two parts, are in our estimation highly unscriptural. When we find the author speaking in unqualified terms of all the elect, as 'not being taken from, and elevated above, their fellow-creatures, like beings who are thenceforth to have no connection with them, no sympathy, no common object of pursuit, but as raised like the sons of a gracious parent, who, seeing some of his children more likely than the others to employ his favours well, chooses them from the rest, and, while he bestows the inheritance on them, charges them to watch, like guardians, over their weaker and erring brethren,' we confess that we are perplexed with the vagueness of his theology, and that we feel regret that one so intimately acquainted with the records of the Church, and with the high standards of doctrine to which she appealed in her disputes and in her controversies, should have adopted such an erroneous creed. His views of election, if they mean any thing, virtually go to rob God of his glorious attributes of holiness and sovereignty, and to overturn the doctrines of free grace. If God elected particular individuals because he foresaw that they were more likely to employ his favours well than others, where was there room for those

numerous and implicit declarations of Scripture which represent all mankind as involved in the same guilt and ruin, and as possessed of no inherent moral power either to rescue themselves from their natural state, or to avail themselves of the means which God, in his infinite mercy and love, has devised for their deliverance? Where was there occasion, in the face of these declarations, and their corresponding proofs, for the assertion, 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion'? A great part of the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is at total variance with the opinions of the author."

Mrs Wilson's powers as a Christian critic, I would here observe, were never called into action except on the urgent solicitation of some of her friends. The extracts which have been already made from her reviews, however, must have afforded proof of her competency for the delicate task which was assigned to her. Were more evidence wanting, it might be found in her review of Dr Chalmers's Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man," which is perhaps the most able production of her pen. We have room only for a single passage from it, referring principally to the endowments and influence of our great countryman.

"Dr Chalmers is not only the most powerful orator, but one of the most profound mental philosophers, of the present day. When we have listened to the clearness and simplicity with which he unfolds the meaning of a proposition, or been carried along by the stream of his impassioned eloquence, which resembles a deep and rapid flood, bearing every thing in its course, nothing has astonished us more on reviewing the process by which our minds were compelled to acquiesce in the truth and justice of his reasonings, than his disregard of vulgar expedients, and the truly philosophical character of his appeals.

"This may not appear evident at first sight; for seldom has so much imagination been united, as in his case, to so much intellect. The brilliancy of his fancy astonishes us. We feel that it has a dazzling effect upon our minds; and while we

acknowledge the unbounded sway which he exercises over us, we are apt to ascribe it to his possession of this faculty alone, and not to his distinguished powers of reason, which have in reality most to do with it. It is by no means uncommon to hear Dr Chalmers's eloquence, and the imperial rule which he exercises over the minds of his auditors, ascribed to this cause. The celebrated Robert Hall, who excelled Dr Chalmers in the classical purity of his style, but was far inferior to him as a philosopher and original thinker, is said to have compared his mind to the kaleidoscope. Nothing could be more true and beautiful than the comparison, had it been simply intended to represent the playfulness of his fancy, and the variety of aspects in which it is capable of presenting any subject. But as a picture of the general character of his mind, nothing is more erroneous. All its powers are fitly and harmoniously blended. His understanding has as great an intensity as his genius; his intellect is as keen as his invention; and the light which proceeds from their combined exercise, is more analogous to a stream of bright and constant light issuing directly from the sun, than to the brilliant colours of the kaleidoscope. What was said of Lord Bacon, may be affirmed of him, that his splendid imagination is only the minister and interpreter of his sublime genius. For the fervour of his poetical invention, and for the skill with which he touches the softer strings of the human heart, he may be placed with Spencer, with Jeremy Taylor, and with Milton; while for the clearness of his ideas, and the force and variety of demonstrative proof, he may be justly ranked with Bacon, Hooker, Barrow, and Howe. His mind is of a most original structure. He brings out of his treasure things new, as well as old; and while others are doomed to draw from the stores of their predecessors, and to tread in paths which others have successfully trod, he is permitted to move in a sphere of his own, and to rise, as on eagles' wings, to catch the beams of the sun, as he pursues his course in the heavens. There is a beauty, as well as a freshness and originality, in many of his conceptions; and he clothes them in a magnificence of language which critics may deem incorrect, but which we should no more wish to see essentially altered, than we should wish to see levelled and smoothed

down the peaks and inequalities of a sublime and lofty range of mountains.

"It is not alone in the theological departments of knowledge, that Dr Chalmers's genius shines conspicuously. His intellect is fitted to grapple with every question of political and legislative economy, which involves the principles of morals, and the well-being of mankind. He may sometimes err in overlooking the difficulties which lie in the way of his just and benevolent schemes, or in not taking into account the arithmetical fractions which may affect his anticipated results; but we feel convinced that his speculations, in general, are as correct as they are beautiful, and that they contain a depth of political wisdom that will, ere long, be more fully appreciated. A striking feature in all his speculations, however abstract they may be in their nature, is the practical ends which they subserve, and the arguments which they furnish us with, for the profound wisdom and goodness which reign throughout the whole of the Divine administration. In this respect, his spirit and mode of philosophizing is akin to that of Lord Bacon, which he has eulogized in one of his finest bursts of eloquence."

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS WRITTEN BETWEEN THE COMMENCEMENT OF MAY AND THE CLOSE OF 1834, INCLUDING ACCOUNTS OF MRS WILSON'S ENGAGEMENTS, AND OCCURRENCES IN THE MISSION, AND NOTICES OF THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

THE letters which follow were written between May 1834 and the close of that year. Many of them, it is apparent, were penned under the impression in the mind of the writer, induced probably by gradually advancing weakness, that her labours and warfare on earth, though not less abundant than at any period of her missionary career, were speedily drawing to a close. They well become the solemn situation in which she supposed herself to be placed, and they form a striking illustration of the Scripture proverb,—"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." In some of them, there are touching notices of the afflictions and death of beloved Christian friends, some of whom had acknowledged their great obligations both to her example and precept. In others, there are suggestions and notices connected with the work of female education in India, the result of the wisdom both of original endowments and practical experience.

"BOMBAY, 12*th May* 1834.

"MY DEAREST MRS FAWCETT,—I have thought much of you in your late afflictions. Suffering, in one form or other, is the lot of the fallen and exiled family of God; but it is destined for the Christian alone to feel that it is the pledge of the love of God to his soul; that it brightens the evidences of his faith, and furnishes him with new motives for detaching his thoughts from earth, and fixing them upon the pure, the lofty, the never-ending bliss of heaven. Many have been chosen in the furnace of affliction; and the language of Scripture is strikingly distinct

in declaring, that it is one of the means which God, in the economy of his grace, has chosen for strengthening the graces of the soul, and for overshadowing it with his own glory. Yes! my dear Mrs F., it is here that the living stones of the temple have been prepared and beautified. It is here that the Sun of righteousness causes his beams to shine forth, and that a vista is opened, through which we may behold the glories of Zion, and obtain a glimpse of the New Jerusalem, where we hope to dwell for ever in boundless and undisturbed felicity. I hope you have felt that holy confidence in the midst of your sufferings, which has enabled you to rejoice in them, and to say, not merely in regard to their future glorious issue, but to their present effects, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' We do not at all times realize the truths of the Gospel in our experience, and bodily pain oft-times unfits the mind for those higher contemplations and exercises to which faith invites us; but at such seasons, it is consoling to feel that we have a High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who has himself passed through every extremity of sorrow and of endurance, that he might become the Captain of our salvation. When we are in darkness, and have no light, we are called to trust in the name of the Lord, and to stay ourselves upon our God. He is your stay and your sure defence, your sanctuary in the time of trouble, and your everlasting God and portion. You know in whom you have believed, and knowing this, you are privileged to feel, that all things are yours, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come.

"How often I have wished to be with you in your afflictions! This was not granted to me. But I have had, and still have, great joy in committing you to God, and in supplicating for the bestowment of heavenly blessings upon you, at his throne. When separated from those we love, and when any barrier interrupts our communion, we feel, in an especial manner, the high and unspeakably precious privilege of prayer. It is not only a court of requests at which we may prefer our petitions, and feel assured that they will be heard and regarded, but it is the chamber of audience where we hold communion with our God, and make known to him the inmost desires and feelings of the heart. In

the time of trouble, too, we feel it to be a source of joy and abundant consolation. It causes light to shine in the midst of darkness. It brings down blessings upon our heads, and can make the wilderness a fruitful field wherein we may delight ourselves.

"Our school (for destitute native girls) is getting on very well now. There are at present thirty-five or thirty-six girls who attend regularly, and who both read and work very well. I have four girls living in the house with me. One of them is about the age of little Johnny. She was found in the bázár at Jálná. The other two were sold during the last famine. They are interesting children, and have, I trust, been given us by God, that they may be rescued from destruction, and brought into the path which leads to everlasting life. The other is a little half-caste girl, totally destitute. I expect two little girls to-day, who have been left in very melancholy circumstances. They are the children of European parents. Their father was a medical man, but of no respectability, and of such dissolute habits, that he is said to have broken his wife's heart. He came from Madras to Bombay, and died suddenly in his tent, leaving his children to the care of a native woman of very bad character. A lady in the neighbourhood of their tent had compassion on them, and conveyed them to her house, where they have been living for two months. She cannot afford to keep them longer, and applied to us in their behalf. We have agreed to keep them till such time as we can ascertain who their relations are, and what can be done for them. You see, my dearest Mrs F., that my time is fully occupied, and, as I have not yet quite recovered my strength, I feel that I have more duties upon my hand than I am able to perform. We have indeed abundant cause for thankfulness. The Lord's goodness to us as a family has been very great. O that we could render to Him a befitting return of gratitude, and dedicate our souls and bodies more exclusively to his service. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs Capt. Whinyates, Jálná. "Bombay, *May* 1834.

"In our Mission Schools, the number of girls who are merely attracted by novelty, or induced by the teachers to attend for a limited period, has always been very considerable. Many of

them leave the school before they have been instructed in the mechanical art of reading, which has induced me to alter my plan of teaching. Formerly, I did not instruct them out of the Scriptures, nor teach them the Catechism, till they were capable of reading a little themselves; but now I have formed them into a class, and I daily instruct them in the simple but essential principles of religion; so that if they leave the school before they are able to read aright, they may carry with them a knowledge of truth, such as never after can be effaced from their minds. I encourage them, by every possible method, to converse freely with me on any subject that occurs to them, to state all their difficulties and objections, and to tell me the remarks which they hear made by their parents and others on the Christian religion, and on the character of its professors. The latter subject is much discussed by the natives; and I have found, that, when what was taught the children in the schools had commended itself to their reason, and made them wish to become Christians, the observations made by their friends on this topic tended to lessen or to destroy their impressions. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs T. Candy. "Malabar Hill, 20*th May* 1834.

"Johnny's illness, and my own weakness, have prevented me from writing to you as I intended. . . . He is better now, but still very feeble, and cannot bear to be with any one but his mamma. If it pleases our heavenly Father thus early to remove him from a world of sin and suffering to his own glorious presence, I trust we shall be able to resign him without a murmur, and to rejoice in the designs of God's love and mercy towards him. My thoughts have become more familiar with death since our dear Kenneth was removed hence. It is but the gateway to heaven, which God irradiates with his presence, which is the abode of his rejoicing family, and where he pours forth the noonday effulgency of his glory. . . .

"Our little girl is a very strong healthy child. . . . She is to be called Mary Isabella—a name dear to our hearts, from the recollections with which it stands associated. May it be indeed written in heaven; and may she resemble my angelic sisters in her love to the Saviour, and in her early devotedness to God! I was in the schools, and going about the house, ten days after

she was born. Of late I have experienced considerable prostration of strength, and have had a bad cough and pain in my side. I sometimes feel, as you do, that my days on earth *cannot* be many. The symptoms of weakness and dissolution which we feel are messengers of love. They are sent to warn us against seeking repose and security in a world of shadows. They teach us the value of Christ's triumph over death and the grave, and they lead us to direct our thoughts and bend our steps heavenward.

"From Mr Candy's last letter, I fear that you have been again suffering. If God afflicts you, it is in faithfulness, and your chastisements will not be more severe, nor of longer continuance, than infinite wisdom dictates, nor than is necessary for the accomplishment of their design. Abraham's faith was strong, yet it was tried in a peculiar manner, that its perfection might be manifested, and its power evinced as a pattern to other believers; and so it is with the other Christian graces. You are brought into the furnace, that you may be refined and fashioned after the similitude of the sanctuary. The Lord has given you strength to engage in some measure in his work. May he bless what you have already done, and give you grace for the performance of farther duties! My schools are in a promising state at present; but when I think how often my plans and expectations have been frustrated, I rejoice with trembling. Many of the old girls have returned to the Mission Schools, and they retain a tolerable remembrance of the knowledge which they had acquired, notwithstanding the dissipation connected with the celebration of their nuptials. None of the girls belonging to the Orphan School have left it since you were in Bombay; and if our funds were in a more flourishing state, I would add to their number, as I have had numerous applications from that class for whom it is intended. I have five native girls living in our own house. The parents of two of them perished in last year's famine at Jálná. The little thing who was found in the bázár is about the age of our Johnny—a sweet interesting child. She was in a wretched state when she came to me, having been nearly killed with opium. She looked like something not human, and her screams were so dreadful, that she kept us awake for several nights. They all

seem to be very happy, and call me their *mother*. They occupy much of my time; for their former habits were so depraved, that they require very strict discipline, and the most constant watchfulness. I feel as if they were my own children. But, like that of a weak and impatient mother, my spirit sometimes becomes irritable, and my strength sinks under the burden. How striking are the ways of Providence in regard to these poor children! One act of sin, or the endurance of intense suffering was permitted or inflicted. Another turning of the wheel of providence loosens them from the shackle of caste, brings them into the bosom of a Christian family, and affords them the means of acquiring a knowledge of the true God, and of the way of salvation. May they, indeed, be chosen by the good Shepherd, and led by the footsteps of the flock. Besides these five, I have taken charge for the present, of two girls, whose parents were Europeans, and who have been left in most deplorable circumstances. . . . They had never been taught to read before they came to me, and could not tell me who made them. The little native girls told them in Hindustání what they had been taught in Maráthí, and it was quite moving to mark the interest with which they listened to them. They are lovely affectionate girls, and very anxious to learn; but their minds are in greater darkness than those of any heathen children I have ever seen, and they have been accustomed to swear, in imitation of their father. One of them is reading the New Testament already. . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To her Sisters. "Bombay, *5th July* 1834.

"I have just heard that a Greenock ship, which we thought had sailed yesterday, is still in the harbour; and I am truly thankful to have even a few moments to commune with you,—it seems so long, so very long, since I wrote to you. . . .

"This climate has a depressing effect on the mental qualities; and the susceptibilities which would be awakened and roused into energy in England, are here permitted to be dormant. Most of us live like the natives, creatures of mere sensation, and scarcely conscious of the existence of intellectual life. . . . The sympathies of Europeans are not called into exercise by intercourse with the natives. They live in a world of their own; and there is such a

broad line of distinction drawn between them, that they seldom approach each other, except when compelled by mutual necessity. Those who do take an interest in the natives—and I am thankful to say that their numbers are increasing—must be almost wholly absorbed in it. We must not only learn their language, but study their various modes of expression, and try every method by which we can gain access to their hearts, or make the ennobling subjects of religion understood by them. This would require a lifetime of exertion; but, alas! our years in India are generally very few. Our friends and acquaintances are falling around us as leaves in a forest; and we who remain feel as stunted branches, whose sap has decayed, and whose leaves wither.

"The cholera had begun to commit its dreadful ravages, but the fall of the rains has put a stop to it. Several of the girls in our Mission Schools fell a prey to this dreadful malady. One of them, to whom I was much attached, was in the school at four o'clock, and before twelve that night she was a corpse. She had acquired an accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and used to say, that in her heart she worshipped the only true God, and Jesus Christ the Saviour of lost sinners. Mrs Ramsay, of the American Mission, died lately of cholera. She was seized at eight o'clock in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening of the same day, was relieved from her troubles, and entered into that glorious everlasting rest which remains for the people of God. How many of our dear friends in that mission have I seen close their eyes in death! Oh! it seems to me a marvel that I am still here a cumberer of the ground! But our heavenly Father has, no doubt, thoughts of mercy towards me; and it sometimes strikes me that he has yet work for me to do. If so, I must not only be satisfied, but rejoice to live; and when the messenger of death comes to bid me home, I trust I shall welcome his approach with joy, and be deemed worthy to testify, with my dying breath, to the riches of God's mercy and love in Christ Jesus, as our beloved friends were enabled to do. Mr Ramsay, to whom we feel warmly attached, seems, from his appearance, to be standing on the brink of the grave. He, with his dear children, goes to America, by way of England, in one of the first ships. They had learned the language, and were just

beginning to enter on their work. This seems to us a mysterious part of God's economy. But 'what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.' One of the natives, a Hindú, said to me the other day, 'If God wished us to become Christians, he would not cause so many missionaries to die.' You may suppose what was my reply.

"I have lately come from witnessing the death of a very dear friend, Mrs John Graham. She came out with her brother, Colonel Stanley, about two years ago. . . . . I had assisted in putting on her bridal attire, and I clothed her in the garments in which she was to be laid in the tomb! She was much attached to my beloved John and myself, and could not bear us to be absent from her in her last illness. It was most cheering and delightful to hear her speak of the love of Christ, and to listen to her fervent ejaculations. As her bodily strength decayed, her mind seemed to wax stronger and stronger. The expression of her countenance, as well as some of the language which fell from her lips, showed us that she was admitted to intimate communion with her God, and that he was shutting her up to discoveries of his love and matchless perfections, in which we were not permitted to participate. 'O holy Saviour! O wonderful love!' were her oft-repeated expressions. She said once to me, in a sort of rapture, 'O it is beautiful—beautiful—Mrs Wilson; it is beautiful—glorious!' I thought she alluded to the sun, as she always marked the hours of his rising and setting, and it was then near evening. I made some remarks on the wonderful works of God, and on the bright testimony which they bear to his bounty and unchangeableness. She assented: but, with a look of joy which I can never forget, added, 'Dearest, I was thinking of Christ—of heaven!' She then repeated many passages descriptive of these glorious objects. She mourned over the precious season of youth, which she had spent in worldly pleasures; and the little that she had done to make the Gospel known to the members of her own family. She had learned Maráthí; and a few days before her illness, had made arrangements for assisting me in the Mission Schools. She said that it seemed mysterious to her, that, just when she had acquired so much of the language as would enable her to speak to the heathen

children, and when her mind burned with a desire which she had not before experienced, to speak to them of Jesus, God should send his messenger of death to call her away. 'But,' she added, 'perhaps there was delusion in my feelings; and I shall praise him without end, and show forth the honour of his name through all eternity.' She said she had no wish now to live, and repeated, 'Precious, precious Saviour!' When overcome with pain, she said sweetly, 'Tears, not of sorrow, but of weakness—I have great joy.' She expressed gratitude for the strength of mind which she possessed, saying she was afraid, during the first stage of her illness, that her recollection might leave her. She seemed much delighted when Mr Wilson spoke to her of the Saviour, and said, 'I shall cast my crown at his feet—glory, glory!' When she saw me weeping, she took my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I may be present with you sometimes, for you think that the spirits of the just encamp around the saints, and take an interest in all that is going on in this world.' I said, 'Yes, I think it probable;' and the idea seemed to please her. The promises of the Gospel mightily sustained her passing spirit; and one of the last things she uttered was, 'I cling to the cross.' . . . Ever, my dear sisters, yours, &c.—MARGARET."

To MRS STEVENSON, Puná. "BOMBAY, *5th July* 1834.

"I have been concerned to hear that you have been suffering, but sincerely hope that you have now, in some degree, recovered, and that you will be long spared, with your dear husband, to labour in the Lord's vineyard. Truly we live in a dying world. Our friends and acquaintances are falling around us. . . . . The familiarity which I have had with death, ever since I was a child, has saddened my spirit. I wish I could affirm that it had, in an equal degree, solemnized my mind, and rendered it alive to heavenly contemplations. But, alas! this is not the case. There is within me such a tendency to earthliness, that neither the ghastly countenance of death, nor the tolling of the funeral bell, nor the many voices which speak to me from the tomb, can break the charm which binds my heart to the world. O how impenetrable is that mantle which sin has thrown around us! It wraps us up in a little circle of earthly feeling, and shuts out from ou view the glories of heaven, and the matchless beauty and perfec-

tion of him who is the light thereof. They who dwell with him in the sanctuary of his glory, who see him without a veil, and who are satisfied with the effulgency of his glory, are indeed happy. What a joy to think that we shall, ere long, join this triumphant and happy band, and that, instead of speaking to ears which hear not, and to hearts which do not understand, we shall tell to listening angels of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and of the fulness and perfection of the Deity as it shines forth in the work of our redemption! Then we shall show forth the honour of the Redeemer's name, and make his praise glorious to the powers and the principalities who inherit heavenly places.

"Our very dear friend, Mrs Graham, died yesterday morning. None who witnessed her simple but triumphant faith, her purification from sin, and her earnest longings after complete and eternal redemption, could have wished to detain her here. . . . . She spoke of looking forward with joy to Mr Stevenson's ministrations in the Scotch Church; but she remembered herself, and said, 'I shall soon have no farther need of ordinances;' and on Sabbath morning, just as the light began to dawn, she said to me, 'This is my last Sabbath; I have been praying for the peace of Jerusalem. But oh, the New Jerusalem, the church of the first-born in heaven! We shall soon dwell together there.'

"I had no sooner witnessed Mrs G.'s closing scene, than I was called to the departure of another believer to glory—a young woman in the fort, the wife of a pilot. She died in a most happy state of mind. . . . . Mr Laurie's sweet babe died at five o'clock on Saturday. Mr L. was with Mrs G. all the time of her illness, and returned home to witness a similar scene in his own family. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs T. Candy, Mahábaleshwar. "Bombay, *July* 27, 1834.

"I am deeply in your debt, having in my possession at present no fewer than three unanswered letters of yours. My correspondents, you know, are very numerous; and the only time which I can conscientiously spend in writing letters is in the evening. Two evenings of every week I am engaged in attending prayer-meetings; and a part of every other evening is now devoted to the little T.'s, and to the other girls who live in the house with us. I mention these circumstances that you may make allow-

ance for my tardiness in answering your letters; and that you may not deem it unkind when a long interval happens to intervene between my letters.

"In regard to the little girl and her mother, whose case you describe, I feel the deepest interest; but I am quite at a loss what plan to suggest for disposing of them in the way best fitted to secure the objects which you have in view. I do not think it would be desirable to place her in my school. It is intended for native girls who are to be instructed in the *Maráthí* language. . . . The native girls who live with us are taught to read and write in the school in our own compound, which is supported by ladies; but none of the girls are at any time in the school unless when B., in whose steadiness and propriety of conduct I can place the greatest confidence, or myself, are present. They sit, eat, and sleep in the verandah adjoining our sitting room. They are a great deal with myself; and they are never allowed to go out, except with my Christian Ayah and the babies, when they go to walk in the evening. You will see a short account of the school in the Christian Spectator for next month, so I need not say more respecting it. I have been inquiring about an elderly woman to take charge of the girls, as it is to be hoped that more will be added to their number; but, as yet, I have not been able to hear of a single individual qualified for the charge. B. would probably remain with me all night, if I asked her to do so, as she is desirous of getting away from her husband, who is a Roman Catholic, and treats her very ill. I could not, however, sanction her leaving him as long as her life is not absolutely in danger; as, however depraved and wicked, there is some hope that he may yet be reclaimed. She receives Rs. 15 a-month for teaching the girls needle-work. . . . Several girls, in circumstances similar to the one you write about, have been kept by us, at our own expense, since we came to Bombay. At one time I had three sisters in the house with us, all of whom are now married; and, subsequently, I had one or two others who gave me an immense deal of trouble, and who, after beginning to understand, and feel in some degree the power of the truth, were taken away from me by their relatives. . . . Our house and compound are quite

crowded. We have not an inch of room; and indeed I have been obliged to build another school-house in the compound.

"Mr Wilson is better, but not at all strong, and at times complains of great languor and debility. Johnny has long been weak, but walks tolerably well, speaks a little, and is unbounded in his affection for me. All his *little discoveries* are made known to mamma by signs, and this makes her conclude, probably, that he has more observation and intellect than he gets credit for. Missy is the very picture of health. . . . .

"I think I have answered *all*, or *most* of your questions; and I must now make a similar demand upon you. . . . . What are you translating? I have engaged a pandit to-day for myself. I trust I shall be able to correct some of the little things I did before, and to write something new with him. My bodily strength is small, and my mind seems to myself but the wreck of what it was. O let us employ our few remaining days to the praise and glory of our God and Saviour. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Miss M. K., Greenock. "Bombay, 12*th August* 1834.

"Your letter containing the accounts of your dear brother's death now lies before me; but it is quite impossible for me to express the feelings which the first, and every subsequent perusal of it awakened in my mind. He was one of the dearest and most valued friends I ever possessed: his example and conversation often cheered me in my pilgrimage; and when, in this far-distant land, I thought of his feeble frame, his intense sufferings, and the heavenly fortitude which glowed in his countenance, and bore him up in his labours of love, it has proved the mean of rousing me from the lethargy which disease and the influence of a relaxing climate have induced. I was, like you, so accustomed to picture him in the midst of agonizing pain, that I seldom or ever reflected on the probability of his death at so early a period; but our wisdom is folly, our light is darkness, and our plans and imaginings are as the play of infancy compared with the perfect wisdom, the unclouded light, and the all-gracious and merciful designs of Him who is perfect in knowledge. It was a decree founded in love, and regulated by wisdom, that cut him down, as it were, in the midst of his days, and gathered him

from the fold on earth to the fold in heaven. . . . . This dispensation of God is sent for important purposes. Let us see to it, that these are fulfilled in our sanctification; and O let us follow him where he has gone; let us think of the glory and immortality which are his honour and his reward; let us meditate on his bright company, on his sublime employments, on the ecstatic nature of his praise. The powers of mind which we admired so much upon earth are now expanded to a degree which we cannot conceive of; they are occupied with the most glorious objects, and in perfect harmony with the actings and volitions of the eternal mind.

"This, my dear friend, is the anniversary of our marriage. More than six years have elapsed since I parted with your brother. You probably remember the morning. It was a bright summer's day, and my beloved and now angelic sister Mary was with me. We had just returned from visiting the grave of our beloved parents; and, as I had the near prospect of quitting, probably for ever, the land of my birth, my thoughts and reflections were of a very solemn kind. I had been much edified and refreshed by my visit to your brother, and his last prayers and benediction left the most pleasing impression on my mind. . . . I am humbled to the dust when I think of my long sojourn in this land of heathen darkness; and when I reflect how little I have done to spread abroad a knowledge of my Redeemer's name. This is emphatically the region and shadow of spiritual death. Satan has bound his victims with a treble chain, and we are daily and hourly taught that nothing but Divine power can effect the salvation of a single sinner. O that we had greater confidence in the promises of our God concerning the conversion of the heathen; then, and then only, will we pray and labour more assiduously in their behalf. Among the many hundreds, nay, I may say, thousands of heathen children, to whom we have endeavoured to convey a knowledge of the blessed Gospel, few or none have given evidence of real conversion. To see and converse with many of them, you would be led to suppose that they had renounced all belief in their own superstitions, that they saw the divine glory of our religion, and that they were ready to bear reproach and persecution for the name of Jesus. It is heart-

rending to witness their impressions, to listen to their declarations of faith in Christ and of love to his name,—and yet to see them mingling with the throng of idolaters around them, and joining in their processions and worship, as if they had never heard of a Saviour's love. Does not this reveal to us the awful power which idolatry has over the human heart? and does it not show that there is a counterfeit joy and faith, which can only be distinguished by its effects? O for faith in the *whole* testimony of God! It is not a part only that we are to believe, but it is every word that has proceeded out of His mouth. The work of conversion has begun through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel; but it is as yet only like the first droppings of the rain. We are waiting in hope of the glorious day which will soon dawn upon us, and of the rich and plentiful showers which will descend to water the earth. We have looked around us in India, and seen the whole country so parched and withered, that scarcely a trace of vegetation was to be seen. The sun seemed darkened in the heavens by the clouds of dust that rose and floated in the air, and a portentous and sultry calm reigned around us like the stillness of death. The storm that succeeded was still more appalling. Nothing was heard but the crash of thunder, and the rushing of mighty streams; nothing was seen in the air but the lightning's flash, threatening death, and causing the darkness of night to resemble noonday. In a few days, these terrible appearances passed away. The sun shone forth in his brightness, and the whole face of nature was clad in a luxuriant and beautiful verdure. May it not be so in the spiritual world? Yes; from the promises of God's word, and from the analogy of his dealings, I feel assured that it will. The rapid fall of idolatry which we are witnessing will not be for nought, and the seed of the word, which is now planting, will yet spring up and bear precious fruit. Tell all around you, that, while they are watering their own vineyard, they should remember the dry and parched places of the wilderness, and endeavour to assist us with their prayers and wrestlings on our behalf. I have often wished to write to you, or to dear Mrs R. K., about an orphan school which we have established in Bombay. It is supported altogether by private funds, and, if these were larger, we might

greatly increase the number of girls. You will see a short notice of it in the Oriental Christian Spectator for this month, and, if you could assist us by raising subscriptions, either penny-a-week subscriptions, or any other kind that may be deemed proper, you would greatly aid us in the good work. I have got a hundred native children in the schools on my own premises, besides those in the other schools. About forty belong to this school.

"So you are living in our old house! What a train of recollections arise in my mind at the mention of this circumstance,—but I dare not indulge them. To-day I am to be engaged in translating a work into Maráthí for the natives, and our days in India are, in all probability, so few, that it would be worse than folly to lose one, which I should probably do, were I to give way to the tide of recollections. Ere long, I trust we shall meet in our Father's house, and enjoy the ineffable delight of dwelling in his presence for ever. With unabated affection, believe me, &c.—M. W."

"Bombay, 13*th August* 1834.

"My very dear Andrew,—Papa and mama were very happy to hear from your aunts that you are growing so much, and that you are a good boy, and attend to your lessons. You know that papa and mama love you very much; and when you and Kenneth were little babies, carried in the Ayah's arms, mama used to look on you both with delight, and weep lest, like lovely flowers, you should wither or be cut down; for a great, great many little children die in India. God has taken darling Kenneth to his own blessed presence in heaven; but he has spared you. He has, in his kind providence, conducted you safely across the great ocean; and He has given you a home, and every other earthly blessing which we could desire for you. How thankful should you be, that God has not left you to grow up like the poor heathen children who have never heard of a Saviour's love. I hope you will remember your Creator in the days of your youth; for early piety is lovely and acceptable in the sight of God. Samuel, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Timothy, became pious at an early age; and, when they grew up, they all became very eminent ministers of the Lord, and did much to promote his honour and glory in the world. Samuel, you know,

was early separated from his parents, but the presence of God was with him, and he was very happy. Hannah, his mother, took him with her to Shiloh, when she went up to the yearly feast, and, after performing the duties prescribed by the ceremonial law, she left him to minister before Eli the priest, and she and his father returned home without him. Though a child, he took great delight in the ordinances of religion; he manifested a very meek and teachable disposition; and he grew rapidly in knowledge. Eli's sons were very wicked; but he was not led away by their example; he was obedient to the voice of God, and he became a great ornament to the nation of Israel. Under his government, the people were secure and happy, and, after a long life of usefulness, he died in peace, much regretted by the whole nation, and especially by the wise and good among the people. I hope you will read the life of Samuel, and try to imitate him. You will be told about Timothy, who was an eminent minister of Christ, and knew the Scriptures when he was but a child. When I see the bright blossoms on the trees, and watch them changing into fruit and ripening, I always think of the spring-time and youth of man's life. You are now like the buds which you have seen in early spring, but the bud must blossom and become fruit. The dispositions and habits which you acquire now will have much to do in forming your future character. The hearts of children are sinful, and out of them proceed many sinful and foolish thoughts; but God has promised to give a new heart and a right spirit to them who ask it. Ask it in faith, and you will receive it. Go to God, through Jesus Christ, and tell him all your wants, and all the sinful thoughts that arise in your heart, just as you would do to your dear aunts, who love you. Ask Him to make you wise now, and to prepare you for heaven, that holy beautiful place where there is no more sorrow nor pain. Papa is writing a great many books, and mama is translating a History of Egypt, Persia, and Greece, into Maráthí. Ask to be shown these countries on the map. . . . . Many kisses from papa and mama."

To Mrs Farrar, Násik. "Bombay, *7th September* 1834.

"I was truly sorry to hear from Mr Farish, a few evenings ago, that you had been so poorly. I do trust that you will not

relinquish your intention of coming to Bombay as speedily as possible. . . . . I feel quite delighted at the prospect of meeting with you again. . . . . I have missed you much since you left this part of the country; and I always look back on my brief visits to you at Bándará, as I do to the spots of beauty which I have seen in the jungles. . . . . I feel that there is little now that can interest me, and I often inadvertently find myself saying, with Lord Byron,—

> 'O what are thousand living loves,
> To that which cannot quit the dead.' *

I often envy you your solitude, and think, vainly, I dare say, that if I were living such a life, my mind might become fresh and buoyant again. The decay that steals over our mental as well as corporeal powers may be improved to the best of all purposes. It teaches us the fleeting nature of earthly pleasure, and leads us to contrast the joys of earth with the unfading pleasures that are at God's right hand. It has been well said, that the blast which withers the rose destroys not its thorns; but the planting of the Lord, those devout and holy affections which He waters by His Spirit, and causes to spring up in the renewed heart, have no thorns to pain and to vex us. What shall we be when we are purified from every sin, when all that is born of sorrow shall have fled away, and when we shall stand before the throne with the palm of victory in our hands, and the song of triumph and rejoicing in our lips?

* It may be here mentioned, that although Mrs Wilson, previously to her coming to India, had read several of Lord Byron's works, with the greatest admiration of the unrivalled genius which they display; and though some of their passages of singular beauty were indelibly impressed upon her mind, and occasionally quoted by her, she had long before the writing of this letter, altogether ceased to peruse them. The growing holiness of her mind led her to embrace the sentiment of the lamented James Gray, whose death has been already noticed, and who thus apostrophizes the noble bard:—

> "In all the tints of life thy genius views,
> Is there a model for a virtuous son,
> A page of thine a daughter may peruse
> Without a blush before the page is done?
> Howe'er so fair the foliage and the fruit,
> She may not taste—there's poison at the root."

"I had written thus far a few days ago, when Mr Wilson received a note from Mr Farrar, in which he mentions the death of your mother. Knowing how tenderly and how affectionately you loved her, I can imagine the shock which you must have felt on hearing the announcement of her death. But I trust, nay, I feel assured, that the arm of Omnipotence has supported you, and that, while you shed the tears of sorrow at the thought of her departure, you are cheered by the glorious assurance that her trials are ended, that her warfare is done, and that she is now among the redeemed and happy company who dwell for ever, with rejoicing fellowship, in the kingdom and city of their God. Mr Farrar said 'she died in peace;' and much is comprehended in that brief account. We shall soon follow her. She fell as a shock of corn fully ripe; and death was to her unspeakable gain. . . . . I am, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs T. Candy, Puná. "Bombay, *7th October* 1834.

"Many thanks, dear friend, for the information which you so kindly gave me concerning your own health. O how unfit are we to judge of what is best for us!—and how cheerfully and rejoicingly should we commit *all* that concerns ourselves and others into the hands of infinite wisdom and love! I feel thankful that you enjoy as much exemption from pain as enables you to labour in the Lord. Your weakness may affect the frame of your mind, but cannot the object of your confidence; and we are never so happy when contemplating the image of Christ, dimly and feebly impressed upon our own souls, as we are when beholding its untarnished lustre, as it is manifested in himself.

"You ask me how we are,—and I begin with Mr Wilson. I am, indeed, happy to say that his bodily strength is, upon the whole, wonderful; and that his cheerfulness and mental activity, amidst many many discouragements and trials, quite surprise me. Johnny is still weak, and requires from us constant care. He is sitting behind me with a Maráthí book, imitating the tones of the native children; and it is so amusing that I am obliged to stop and laugh. Missy is partaking in the glee, and screams louder than any one. I have been weak of late, and am suffering from rather singular sensations. When any one speaks to me, I hear as if a multitude of voices were addressing me at the

same time, and cannot distinguish from what direction the sound proceeds. In looking at a single object, I see three or four instead of one. These sensations are not habitual, but they are very frequent, and often accompanied with coldness and fainting. The doctor says they proceed from an extremely relaxed state of stomach,—and I think he is right.

"You ask if I am translating any of the Tract Society's books. I am not. What I am doing at present is a small volume of letters, addressed to children, on some of the most remarkable prophecies regarding the countries whose histories I have translated. I cannot publish these histories at my own expense, and could not charge them to the Society, so I intend to offer them to the Native Education Society. I have been asking Mr W. to read one or two of them over, and give me his opinion of them before I send them; but he has not yet found leisure..... Many of the girls, for whom I laboured so much last year, have left the schools! I fear I am discontented under this trial. O for greater humility, and a more ardent desire to promote the glory of my Saviour; then I shall be happy, whatever may become of my unworthy labours.

"The state of our mission is *grievous*. A change of climate seems to be absolutely necessary for Mr Nesbit; and we must lose Mr Mitchell, who has been a valuable fellow-labourer with Mr W. for the last few months. Mr Mitchell, of the Church Mission, is on his way to Bombay. He is to proceed to England by the first ship..... Ever yours, &c.—M. W."

To the Misses A., Edinburgh. "Bombay, 14*th Nov.* 1834.

"It is now very long since I had the pleasure of addressing you, and I have to thank you for both your kind letters, which reached me in safety. You can scarcely form an idea of the value which we attach to letters in India. The delight which we feel in receiving them is beautifully described by Solomon, when he says, 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' Communion with those we love is sweet, even in our own happy and highly favoured land, but doubly so in India, where we sojourn among a people of strange language, and where our spirits are bowed down by the sight of idolatrous rites and symbols, and every other sign of the most degrading

and galling captivity. There are Europeans in Bombay, and in other parts of India, to whom our hearts are united in fond and indissoluble friendship; but we feel that our time and energies must be sacred to the heathen. With them we have no communion, but such as one immortal spirit may have with another, however low and debased its powers may have become. You will not wonder if, from their ignorance, supineness, and servile flattery, we turn with increased affection to our beloved native land, and to the many endearing friendships by which the remembrance of it is hallowed. Letters serve to keep alive these affections, and to awaken our sympathies in the present as well as in the past state of the country. I never receive a letter from home without shedding tears over it, and without feeling the most intense sensation of delight or of sorrow. Scotland can never be forgotten by us. Its summer scenery, and its winter storms, are alike present to our thoughts. It is emphatically the land of friendship and of pure affection; it is the land upon which the light of the blessed Gospel pours its brightest rays; and from it will proceed the light which is to lighten this and the other dark places of the earth. The contrast between it and India forces itself upon our view when we stand among the many thousand idolaters around us, and listen to the unearthly howling with which they celebrate the worship of their gods. Our compassion for India is increased by the remembrance, that as she now is, such was once the fairest portion of our beloved native land; and that, though prostrate and degraded, she will one day shake off her chains and her captivity, and stand high among the nations of the earth. We look eagerly for missionaries by every ship that anchors in our bay; but, alas! the time is not yet arrived when our Church will arouse itself from the lethargy, and send forth to distant lands many heralds of the cross. What was effected in the last General Assembly is the presage of still greater good. I trust the work of reformation will proceed, and be perfected. At present there is so much to be done at home, that even the most enlarged philanthropy is afraid to look abroad, lest its efforts should become too widely expanded, and it should be tempted to forget its immediate work! When the former work is completed, the latter will begin

to assert its claims, and from Scotland will proceed many heralds, to proclaim the tidings of pardon and of peace to the dark corners of the world. Were it not for the record of the Divine promises, I should feel nothing but despair and hopelessness when I look at the nations. Yet, when the question comes home to me, 'What have we done for them?'—the appalling answer is, 'Nothing, compared to their number, and the magnitude of the demands.' The thousands to whom the Gospel has been preached, or who attend our mission schools, are but as a few drops in the ocean, or a few grains of sand upon the extended sea-shore, compared to those who have never been brought under its influence; and when we think of their deeply-rooted polytheism, and of the penalties which attach to a renouncement of their faith, can we wonder that so few have been found to endure reproach, contumely, and disgrace, for the truth? It would affect you to tears were you to hear the girls, in some of the female schools, disavow their belief in idolatry, and to see how they can be melted into tenderness, or have their imaginations charmed by a recital of the actions and sufferings of Christ. But follow them from the school, and you will see them in the idol procession, or bowing to their gods,—you will hear nothing from their lips but lying, obscene conversation, and every foolish and hateful word. They, however, hate and despise their own idolatries. They will not always feed upon ashes, neither will a deceived heart always turn them aside. But the Lord will confirm the word of his servants. The desolate cities will be rebuilt, and all the waste places restored and comforted.

"Since I wrote last to you, the little orphan school has increased greatly, and we have got a few boarders to it. . . . . It is a great matter to have the girls under my own management; and I trust some, or all of them, will be given to us as the first fruits of a good and plentiful harvest. The wretched state of the females in India calls loudly for our assistance, and for our prayers. A female child is hated and frowned upon, even from its birth. The unhappy mother is disappointed that she has not given birth to a male child, and seldom or never fails of becoming an object of aversion to her husband, if she is so unfortunate as to have a large family of daughters. Happily for the

females of India, the funeral torch has been extinguished, and the rite of Satí (suttee) abolished! But infanticide still prevails, and the number of female children slaughtered among the Rajputs is truly deplorable. O that we could do more to rescue them from their hard and cruel fate! Christianity alone can effect this; but the establishment of female schools is one important step to it, as it is well to pour the light of truth into their benighted minds.

" I read your papa's last work with great delight. It is an admirable sequel to his other treatise; and I hope will do much to destroy the principles of a false and unchristian system of morals, and to establish a just and pure one in its stead.

"Mr Wilson has had a year of hard labour,—preaching in different languages, composing books, superintending the press, and other important branches of labour. He intends, in the course of a few weeks, to proceed on his annual tour, which he always enjoys much, as he devotes his whole time and energies to preaching and conversing with the natives. He is going this year to Gujarát and Kach. One of the objects which he has in view, is to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the Gujaráthí language, which is spoken over a large tract of country, and by many thousands in Bombay. You would be quite astonished, were you here, at the number of languages spoken, and at the variety of different costumes which you see in every part of the city.

" I lately went to visit some Jewish ladies, who reside in the fort with their husbands. They were dressed in the most superb style you can imagine. One, who had been lately married, was literally clad in gold and diamonds. She wore a loose flowing robe, richly embroidered, and she had upon her head a sort of a crown, or tiara, of gold and precious stones. She was the most beautiful Jewess I ever saw; and there was a chastened expression of sorrow in her countenance which quite interested me. She was the only one who spoke Hindustání; and she seemed to be quite delighted at having an opportunity of conversing with me, though I was an entire stranger to her. She asked me, with great simplicity, if I loved my husband. On my answering her, she burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'Oh!

then you are like me,'—signifying that the other ladies in the room did not cherish affection for their husbands, and could not sympathize with her feelings. She pointed to the farther end of the hall, where a young man, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, lay on a splendid Indian cot. He was suffering from long-continued dysentery, and was wasted to a skeleton. She asked me to go and speak to him; and, after kissing his hand, and making obeisance to him, she introduced him to me in the most graceful manner. I expressed my sorrow to see him suffering so much. He said, in Arabic, which, you know, is very like Hebrew, 'My bones are broken because of my sins;' and, taking from under his head a splendidly bound Hebrew Bible, he added, 'but this has been my comfort in the house of my sorrow.' She caught the Bible out of his hand, kissed it, and pressed it devoutly to her breast. He said, 'We are trodden down, and our house has become desolate, but our glory will come, and the light will yet shine upon us.' I said, 'When you throw aside your unbelief, and believe in the Messiah, who has come into the world, you will become great in the sight of the nations, and the glory of the Lord will shine again in your dwellings.' He shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed, in a paroxysm of delight, 'He comes, and He will break the chains of our captivity.' I said, 'Christ *has* come already in the flesh, and He will not again appear till He shall come to judge the world at the last day.' He said I did not understand the Hebrew Scriptures, and that our New Testament is all a forgery and a lie. As he was weak, I did not press the argument farther. They are very desirous to learn English; and I promised to go back and see them. They are very wealthy, and live in a style of oriental magnificence which we rarely see, even among the rich natives of India. In the midst of their great splendour, there is much that is revolting to European taste. They are very fair, and much more intelligent than the dark Jews generally are. Some of them are reading the New Testament in Hebrew. May the Lord bring it home in demonstration and in power to their hearts.

"I have written you a very hurried letter. Mr Wilson unites with me in warmest affection; and ever believe me, &c.—M. W."

To R. D. Ker, Esq. "Bombay, 15*th Nov.* 1834.

"We have little to communicate but what you will see in the Oriental Christian Spectator, and in other periodicals. We look eagerly for the arrival of missionaries by every ship which anchors in the harbour, but the time is not yet come when the Church and people of God will arouse themselves from their lethargy, and lend a pitying ear to the claims of the thousands and millions who are perishing for lack of knowledge. If you could stand among the many thousand idolaters who crowd the streets of Bombay, and look for once on their idol processions, their unmeaning ceremonies, and the hateful symbols of their worship, your heart would be filled with the deepest commiseration and sorrow; and you would pant with earnest longings of soul to rescue them from their long and dreary captivity, and to introduce them into the light and glorious liberty of the children of God. People imagine that much is doing in Bombay. Much *is* doing, through the instrumentality of one or two of God's chosen and gifted servants. The trumpet has given no uncertain sound for the battle; the war has been commenced; some of the bulwarks of paganism have fallen, and many of the enemy's troops have been driven discomfited from the field. But how much remains to be done! The citadel is as yet entire, and remains in the enemy's hand. Death is stepping into our ranks, and one after another of our little number is falling on the field. Yet none are coming to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty! O how many stand around the courts of our Zion, or linger supinely without her walls, who might here be set for her glory and for her defence, or be employed in waging a successful war against the enemy! Think, my dear Sir, of only one or two missionaries for the immense population of Bombay, where ten or eleven different languages are spoken. Languages must be acquired, books composed, schools established, and the great work of preaching the Gospel carried on by one or two individuals; and some are astonished that so little has been done! God works by means; and our astonishment should be excited at the want of zeal in the churches of the Saviour. . . . .

"My dearest husband is at present much interested in a

petition which he is drawing up to the General Assembly, praying to have the mission received into connection with it. For the greater efficiency of the mission, as well as for the comfort of the missionaries who are attached from principle to the Church, I hope it will be granted. . . . . Yours,—M. W."

The petition here referred to originated in our conviction,—not inconsistent with our cherishing great respect for every missionary society,—that it is the essential duty, and highest privilege of every Church to propagate, in its corporate capacity, the Gospel among the heathen. Its prayer was granted, but not till after the removal of my partner to the church triumphant in heaven. The grace of the Lord has manifestly rested upon us, in the direct relation in which we stand to the General Assembly. While every facility is afforded us for the vigorous prosecution of *all* our services in the vernacular languages of the East, we have been able to found an English institution,—on which our hearts were much set,—for the training of native teachers and ministers, which promises to prove a great blessing to the country.

To Her Sister Hay. "Bombay, 25*th Nov.* 1834.

"How can I thank you for your many delightful letters? To give you a return is impossible; but your heart will consider the debt cancelled, when I tell you that I repay you with gratitude, and when I assure you of the intense pleasure which they afforded me. I read them till their contents are indelibly engraven on my heart; and you would be quite amused could you hear me translating them into Maráthí or Hindústání, to some of our native visitors, or to my learned pandit. The pandit is astonished that you can *write*, and write so eloquently, being a *strí* (the Maráthí word for a woman.) He said, 'She writes of Christ as a famous female Hindú sage did of Krishna; but our women are all very ignorant; there is none like her now!' I tried to explain to him how pure and holy the love of the Christian is to his Saviour; and told him that the sacred flame is not produced by human means, but is enkindled and kept alive in the soul by the Holy Spirit. He smiled contemptuously, for the things of the Spirit are indeed foolishness to him,—and said, 'You have many mysteries in your religion, and so have we.' I showed him that the 'mysteries' in his religion

are nothing but a tissue of the most extravagant fictions and of utter impossibilities; and that the mysteries of our religion are in strict accordance with the character of God as revealed in his works; and that, though beyond the power of reason to unfold, they do not contradict, but are in unison with, its dictates. 'All religions,' said he, 'are the same; and mine is better for me than any other; were I to become a Christian, I should break the chain which binds me to God!' I inquired if he really believed himself to be a part of God. He was ashamed of the question, and replied, 'Every thing is a part of God; must not I therefore be a part of the Divinity?' I said, then you must either believe God to be a sinner, or yourself to be holy. He refused to answer, and said, 'You can explain the mysteries of your religion better than we can;' and repeated a Sanskrita shloka, the import of which is, that it is better for a man to remain in the religion of his fathers than to embrace another, though that other should be better than his own!* This is a learned Bráhman, well instructed in Sanskrita lore, and naturally a shrewd intelligent man. Alas! how blind and perverted is his reason in the things that belong to his everlasting peace! I often think how powerfully and affectionately you would address him; and sometimes a ray of hope comes across my mind that you and my beloved Anna may yet be the endeared companions of our labours, in making known the Gospel of peace to the poor heathen. There is something very awful in idolatry. We are daily making new and humiliating discoveries of its dark and debasing tendencies. Reason and science may lift up their voice in vain, to prove that its principles are false, and that its requirements are unreasonable,—but who will lend an ear to their voice? Satan keeps watch at the portals of the soul, and

* The maxim quoted by the Shastrí, an *aurea sententia* of thousands of Bráhmans, is the following, extracted from the Bhagavat Gítá:—

Shreyán svadharmo vigunah paradharmát svanushthitát.
Svadharmè nidhanam shreyah paradharmo bhyávahah.

"One's own religion, though worthless, is better than the religion of another, however well instituted (or followed): one's own religion is profitable at death, whilst that of another bears fear."—Second Exposure of Hindúism, p. 13.

guards against the entrance of heavenly truth. One ray of light would reveal the sin and folly of the idolater's delusions, and make the strong man armed to quake for his possessions. But, alas! this light has not penetrated their souls! They are joined to their idols; and until One stronger than he who now keeps them secure in his fortress of strength, enters and takes possession of the house, they will remain the willing captives of Satan. . . . . O think of the appalling fact, that you cannot look on a single Hindú, without the conviction that he has changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and that he has been given over to the vilest affections, being full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, &c., as fearfully described by the apostle. The Muhammadans are little better than the Hindús, and fiercer opposers of the truth; and of the Portuguese, it may be said, generally, that to their own corrupted religion they have superadded many of the superstitions of the heathen. Those who look only at the fair exterior of the natives, may think the above character overdrawn. I have often been deceived by their gentleness and politeness. But they resemble the waters of some of their tanks, whose quiet and glassy surface cheats you into the belief that they are cool and refreshing to the taste, when, in reality, they are putrid and unwholesome. We have only to accompany them to their homes, or to go with them to the idol temple, to be convinced that the pen of inspiration gave an exact and perfect delineation of their vices. Some of them do not rise in thought above their corporal wants; and that soul which is endowed with such high capacities, and which is gifted with a power, a penetration, and an expansibility, which renders it akin to angels and to God, is permitted to squander and to debase its energies among the various trifles of earth. Think of a world where God is unknown and unacknowledged; where there is an oppressive weight of guilt, without the knowledge of a remedy; where the hope of absorption into the divine essence is the heaven after which the holiest aspire, and transmigration into the form of some animal the dreary expectation of the many. Think of a scene where all moral restraints are laid aside,—where woman is despised and degraded,—where there is no benignity or affection to impart

pleasure,—where there is nothing to awaken the sensibilities, or to lead to intellectual or moral culture,—where deceit, and strife, and discord, and vice, in its worst forms, reign uncontrolled,—and you will have a picture of India! The capacities of the natives are, I believe, of a very high order. The country is, for richness and beauty, as the garden of the Lord. But it is a wilderness, naturally and spiritually waste and desolate; and it must remain so, till the Lord will come in his glory to build up Zion. I feel as if my heart should be always melted in compassion, and my tongue ever lifted up in prayer,—but it is far otherwise. A death-like lethargy seems at times to enwrap my faculties. I cannot speak; I cannot pray. A long residence here is accompanied with a great loss of physical strength and energy; but that is not what I have to complain of most. It is callousness of heart in regard to the natives, and a fearful despondency as to their conversion. I feel as many officers tell us they have done during a battle, when standing on the field, with many hundreds of wounded and slain around them. They could not feel at all; and looked on a scene, the bare imagination of which would before have excited horror, with recklessness or indifference. O for days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and for live coals from the altar to quicken our zeal and devotion! I trust I can say with sincerity, that I desire to devote myself, soul and body, to the work of the Lord; and that, as my bodily strength waxes feebler, I have an increasing desire to spend the few remaining weeks or years of my pilgrimage in this blessed work. But I want the deep and fervent love of a missionary. I want that glowing zeal, that tender pity, that spirit of wrestling with God, which have marked and distinguished those whom our heavenly Father has delighted to honour. My dear husband has more of the spirit of faith, and is consequently a more faithful witness to the truth. O may he be the blessed instrument of turning many to righteousness; and may grace be given to us both to labour more faithfully, and in a spirit of more simple dependence, so that the blood of souls may not be found in our skirts!

"My thoughts are incessantly occupied about you, my ever dear sisters. Our whole hearts are set upon your coming to

India. . . . Our constant prayer is, that your covenant God and Father may vouchsafe to you all his special direction and guidance, and enable you to follow him whithersoever he leads you. I am at present preparing to accompany Mr Wilson as far as Surat, which is about 170 miles from this. I am going partly on my own account, partly on little Johnny's; and I am in great hopes that change of air, and a total cessation from work, may so restore my strength, that I shall be able to remain two or three years longer in the country. When I speak of delicate health, you must not suppose that I am any thing of an invalid; for, on the contrary, I am able to go about all day, and to endure as much bodily and mental fatigue as I did in Scotland. The climate, however, begins to tell on me, as it does on most European constitutions; and the medical men think, that as I have no radical disease, a voyage, and short residence at home, might be the means of restoring me and prolonging my life. The great mortality among females, in every mission here, makes Mr Wilson the more anxious about me. If it were the will of God that we should go together to Scotland, I should rejoice, however painful it might be to leave the scene of our labours. Mr Wilson's health is, however, better at present than it has been for a long time past, and he cannot see it his duty to leave Bombay. The truth is, there is no one to fill his place.

"Many thanks for your interesting account of the General Assembly. We read of it in the Scottish Guardian with intense pleasure; but your narrative had a charm beyond any thing we could find in a newspaper. How our beloved father would have rejoiced to see the day, when all unjust restrictions were taken off Chapels of Ease, and their ministers were enjoying their proper rights and privileges! He wished to see this day, and did not see it. But his pure exalted spirit has, I doubt not, rejoiced over it with a holier and purer joy than it was capable of feeling amid the sins and weaknesses of this dark and care-worn world. So shall it probably be with us in regard to India. We look with astonishment at the mighty multitude, and wonder that no heralds of peace are leaving our native shores to proclaim to them the glad tidings of mercy. But they shall come when we sleep under the sod; and our spirits shall rejoice and triumph with theirs. We

rejoice in what has been done *anent* patronage.* It is but a half measure, but prepares the way for the complete abolition of the old system, and for restoring our Church to its former glory and purity. Lay-patronage has been, as you justly say, the deadly and poisonous shade of the upas tree to our Church. But it cannot long spread its shadow over it. Its branches have been lopped off, and its root is corrupting; but the tree which our fathers planted and watered with their blood, will grow and flourish, till it become the praise of every land. There is much to be done ere our Church can appear in her glory. She must lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes. She must lay aside her selfishness, and think of the millions of perishing heathen, among whom her voice has not yet been heard.

"I have much to say to you; but I cannot say what I would, by reason of the overflowings of my love. . . . Ever your devoted sister and friend,—M. W."

To Another Sister. "Bombay, 29*th Nov.* 1834.

"I thank you, my dearly beloved C., for your very kind letter. Your letters, though few and far between, are always welcomed by us with joy and gratitude; and every sentiment of affection which you utter meets with its reciprocal feelings in my heart. Mr Wilson and I often say to each other, that we think you would be happy with us, if you could only brave the dangers of the deep, and had courage to encounter the perils of a new and untried climate. My dear husband says that I do not urge you enough to come. You know, my dear sisters, the indescribable joy which the arrival of one or more of you would impart to my longing heart. But I am afraid of being too importunate, or of seeking to gratify my own wishes, at the expense of your happiness. I do not think I should like a cold climate now; for, though India is relaxing to the body, and calculated to enfeeble the capacities of the mind, it is far more agreeable to the feelings than the climate of Scotland, and has not those inequalities which try the constitution and affect the spirits. Those who come to India must calculate on a short life or premature old age. But if we live to God, and die in the faith of the blessed Gospel, it matters not how long or how short our abode on earth is. . . . In

* Reference is here made to the passing of the Veto Act.

Bombay and other places there is a large class of Europeans and Indo-Britons, who are in a state of deplorable ignorance, and who have had little or nothing done for them. Some of these are, by profession, Protestants; others are Roman Catholics. Till of late, they were treated by gentlemen in the Company's service with the utmost contempt and indifference; and had, indeed, good reason to exclaim, 'Surely no man careth for us!' Many of them are acute and intelligent, and have an income larger than that of missionaries; but they are, in general, very unprincipled, and sunk in the lowest depths of wickedness. They have not the restraints of the heathen, and literally cause that blessed name by which they are called to be blasphemed amongst them. There is also a large number of Portuguese, like our servant João. Most of them understand a little English, and can read either in Portuguese or English. For them, nothing has been done but by missionaries; and a strong attempt is constantly making, by their own ignorant and bigoted priesthood, to rivet the chains of their superstition, and to prevent the entrance of light into their minds. European officers are prevented from associating with the above classes. The law seems a hard one, now that there are so many pious individuals willing to instruct them in the words of eternal life; but, formerly, much immorality resulted from the intercourse. . . . . You see, then, how much is to be done, and that pious well-principled ladies, even without learning a single word of the native languages, might do immense good. They might speak to the heathen by their example, and prove lights to them in the midst of their midnight gloom. Female society here is far from being so pure or so influential as it ought to be. Ladies are in general so early married, that they are almost *children* after they have had families; and most of them lead a life of complete idleness and dissipation. . . . . It is not so difficult to acquire the native language as is generally imagined. We learn words and phrases by hearing them often repeated; and when you have a pandit, he corrects you when you make use of wrong idiom or pronunciation. No one has greater incapacity for acquiring languages than I have; and yet I have learned Maráthí, Hindustání, and am now studying Portuguese. I blunder egregiously, no doubt, but still I am

able to instruct the natives, and to make myself intelligible when I set before them the words of eternal life,—and for this I ought to feel thankful. Do urge my brother to come here; and come as many of you as will. . . . There are many labourers at home—many who are willing to go to the Colonies. But where, O where, are the labourers for India, the harvest of which is great, and waits for the hand of the reaper? The fact is appalling, that none will come over to aid us! The cry has been made with tears and with supplications. It is sent forth by the living, and it proceeds from the graves of the many who have fallen on the battle-field, and fallen, too, because of the want of numbers, and because there were none to help when their strength waxed feeble, and their courage was consumed. But it has not yet been heard! O that the prayer may come up before Him who has promised to give his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession!

"I rejoice that you have found Andrew such a source of interest and delight to you; but, oh, do not make him an idol! I have suffered from this tendency of our fallen nature; and the intense longings that I have to hear his voice, and to clasp him in my arms, makes me feel that he is an idol still. . . . . Your fondly attached sister,—M. W."

To Another Sister. "Bombay, 30*th Nov.* 1834.

"We can never express to you our obligations, nor the deep gratitude which we feel, my dearly beloved sister, for your great kindness to our dear boy. You were unspeakably dear to us before, but our hearts are now drawn to you by the twofold cord of love and gratitude. We remember you with much earnestness in our prayers; and though we cannot repay your labours of love, they will come up as a memorial before Him who is the shield and the stay of the stranger, and who remembers, and will reward, all those who, out of love to Him, feed or instruct the needy. . . . I care little about talents, if they are only cultivated aright, and given to the Lord. If they were laid on the altar of the world, I would deem it as a prostitution, though fame should herald his name through the earth, and though a thousand wreaths encircled his brow. We have given him in covenant to God; and I trust that He who has demanded the offering, will

accept and ratify it, and make him his own. It is humbling to think that all he inherits from us has the blight of sin upon it, and is allied to corruption. He bears the stamp of the first Adam; and, till the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, removes it, and sets the heavenly seal upon his soul, he must continue under the power and the curse of sin. . . . .

" Mr Wilson has published the *English* of his Second Exposure of Hindúism. You will have an opportunity of reading it, and you will be interested to know how the Hindús parry the attacks made upon their religion, and attack ours in turn. Their reasoning, though absurd, is often ingenious, and quite as good as that of many modern infidels. Oh that the film would fall from their eyes, that they might see the folly, and madness, and brutality of their idolatry! I am more and more convinced that the Hindús are capable of becoming a highly cultivated and intellectual people. But this can only be after Christianity has broken the pride and fetters of caste. You will see what we are doing from the Annual Report of the Mission, and also from the O. C. Spectator. . . . . We have begun to study Portuguese, and are getting on well with it. . . . . I have translated most of the histories which I mentioned to you; and I am now preparing a small work on the prophecies connected with the countries described, and also a little work on the history of the Pagan persecutions. The latter I have written out in English; but, as I have it in prospect to accompany Mr Wilson to Surat, I shall not be able to go on with the Maráthí till I return. I now translate with a pandit, who does not know a single word of English or Hindustáni; and get on much better than I did before. You acquire better and more idiomatic language, by proceeding in this way, than by using a pandit who knows a little of several languages. The natives are apt to mix up foreign words with their own, and thus they confuse and perplex you. I shall try to write you an account of our journey to Surat. Mr Wilson's tour will be very interesting. He goes much farther than I do,—into the very heart of the country where infanticide prevails. One object that he has in view is, to ascertain the precise extent to which it is practised at present. Another object is, to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the Gujaráthí

language. I am to take Johnny with me, and to leave Mary Isabella with Mrs Colonel Hunt. I feel much at leaving my poor school; but, as both Mr Wilson and the doctor wish it, I cannot object.

"Dearest Mrs Candy, of whom I wrote to you before, has got to her wished-for rest. She was only twenty-four. She had been but two years in the country; and, during that time, had acquired a very correct knowledge of the Maráthí language, and had translated several tracts into it for the use of the schools. She had quite a missionary spirit, and desired nothing so much as to spend and be spent in the work of the Lord. I often turned to her with hope and confidence, when I thought of the neglected and degraded females of this land, and anticipated my own removal. But the Lord has taken her first. She was chosen and sanctified in the furnace; and when God had completed his glorious work in her soul, he sent his messenger to convey her home. She possessed much of the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus; and she is now rejoicing in his blessed and glorious presence. It is mysterious to us, that such individuals should be raised up and then snatched away from us. But infinite wisdom has purposes to accomplish in this procedure which are beyond our ken. We had a very striking account of Mrs Candy's death from her husband, which I intended to have copied for you, but some one has got the letter. I know it would have given you joy to see Christ magnified in her life and in her death.... You have probably heard of Dr Morrison of China having died. His death is an incalculable loss to that great empire. Lord Napier has also died, in the midst of political commotions and revolutions. The East is certainly in a most striking and portentous state at present. There is a highway making out of Egypt into Assyria; and even India's superstition, which has stood for so many ages, begins to crumble and fall to pieces. May the Lord take to himself his great power and reign; and may many and strong nations come to seek the Lord in Jerusalem, and pray to him at his holy altar! May they ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten. Believe me to be, &c.—M. W."

To Another Sister. "Bombay, 1*st Dec.* 1834.

"It is a very long time since we heard from you, my very dear sister. My heart pants for tidings; and nothing short of your own expressions of love and tender affection can satisfy me. I have been long of writing to you; but you will not call in question my love to you, more than I do yours to me, because the outward expressions of it have been wanting. The record of your affection dwells on my heart, and many tender and delightful associations arise on my mind on every remembrance of you. The spirit of poetry seems to linger with you; and you rise before me as if fancy had arrayed you in the brightness of her dreams. Your image brings before me the panorama of life as it once existed, but can no longer exist, because the bright season of youth has faded; and fled for ever are its attractions and joys. But are we not happier than we were then? Yes, my beloved sister, for our hope, and the pillars of it stand sure. The shadows only have passed away—the substance remains; and He who is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely—who fills heaven, and the heaven of heavens, with his glory—has been attracting our hearts towards himself, and satisfying us with assurances of his love. His providence has brought about strange events, but we must view them with a pilgrim's eye, and in the glass of eternity. Has he not chosen us in the furnace, and brought us into the wilderness, that he might speak comfortably to us? Has he not been teaching us that this is not our home, and drawing our desires and affections towards that goodly heritage which is the joy and blood-bought possession of every believer? Has he not made sin, in some degree, bitter to our souls; and showed us that our salvation is anchored upon Christ, the Rock of Ages? Has he not removed the terror which we once associated with the long sleep of the body, by connecting the night of death with the glorious resurrection morn; and cheered our faint and drooping spirits by a view of that happy and rejoicing company who dwell in his temple, and stand near his throne? All this, and more, my beloved sister, has our heavenly Father done for us, his rebellious and wayward children. All his purposes of love and mercy must be accomplished in us and by us. It is for us to press on toward the mark for the prize of

our high calling. Our day declines. A few more steps of our journey, and a few more turnings of the wheel of providence, will terminate our toils and sorrows, and introduce us into the joy of our Lord. Sin and its attendant sorrows shall then be to us no more. We shall be citizens of that high and holy city, the New Jerusalem, and we shall be for ever satisfied with the light and glory of him who is the king and prince thereof. Among the countless multitude which is there, are many of our beloved friends. They came out of great tribulation, but they are now reaping the fruit of their Redeemer's conquest over death and the grave: their God is their glory; and they shine as bright stars of the morning in the unclouded atmosphere of heaven. O that our love to the blessed Saviour were in more lively exercise! Then should we have a foretaste of heaven's glory. We should mount up with wings as eagles; we should run, and not be weary; we should walk, and not faint. As for myself, I am bowed down to earth. I resemble a prisoner who has dwelt so long amidst the chains and darkness of a prison-house, that his eye, so long accustomed to darkness, can no longer feast itself upon the glories of creation; and his limbs, accustomed to shackles, can no longer move with alacrity and speed. Oh, if I could tell you what the Lord has done for my soul, since we parted from each other—from how many great and sore troubles He has delivered me—how many songs He has given me to sing in the night of my sorrow—and how full of the ingredients of earthly happiness has been the cup which He has filled for me,—you would marvel at my ingratitude, and at the poor and meagre return which I have made for so much goodness. I am covered with shame, when I think how poor and unfaithful a witness I have been for His name and glory among the heathen—how little, how very little, I have done to make known the message of His love, and how wavering and unstedfast has been my profession of adherence to the truth! O, it is a wonder that Christ has not departed from my soul, and left it a prey to the destroyer. It is a wonder that the whirlwind and the tempest have not swept me away. But, *no!* 'for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.' He has a fire in Zion, and a furnace in Jerusalem;

and it is a delightful thought that He is purging away the dross, and teaching us humility and heavenly wisdom. Our weakness reveals his power, and our rebellion and sin bring to view the rich treasures of his grace. The marred and broken vessel, when put into the furnace, would only be destroyed, did the workman not sit by to watch the process, and make it subservient to the purpose which he has in view—to repair and beautify it. And so should it be with us. But Christ, the faithful Master-builder, watches over his own house, and will not permit the least of its vessels to be destroyed, though He may see meet to put them into the fire to be purified. My beloved sister, you are very dear to me. Sometimes I have feared that the deep sea of sorrow, which you have been called to pass through, would overwhelm your soul. But He who stays the fountains of the deep has borne you on his arm, and enabled you to keep your head above the water. Do not faint or grow weary. Hold fast that which you have obtained, and let no one take your crown from you. Look upward, and onward, for your redemption draweth near, and your sorrows will pass away as the light clouds of the morning. Pray for me, that my faith fail not; and remember our Zion—the Zion that is now trodden down of her foes, but which shall soon have the shoutings of a king in the midst of her, and become the joy and the rejoicing of all nations. We know not how long or how short it may be our privilege to labour in the work of the Lord; but this we know, that the night cometh when we can no longer work. I feel painfully anxious about your future plans. Indeed, they so occupy my mind, that they seem to absorb other thoughts. You and my child dwell continually on my heart. I pray that my brother and you may come to India. But the will of the Lord be done! For some time past I have seen that the doctor thinks a voyage to Scotland will be necessary for me; and, if any of you should come out, and feel that the climate does not agree with you, you could return home with me. I think you would all like India better than Canada; and, surely, of the two countries, this is the more desolate, and has the first claims on your compassion and sympathy. But I must not dwell on this subject, and can only wait, with prayer and with resignation, for farther

tidings from you. How wonderful if you should come here! One of my most fervent desires and most anxious longings would be satisfied. . . . .

"Why do you not tell us about all your and our friends? Mr Wilson is quite annoyed with you for giving us so little news. He says we can spin sentiments out of our own brains; but we have no materials for manufacturing the other commodity. . . . . If you would only give us a little journal of each day, or of one day in the month, you could not fail to tell us many things that would be interesting; and the details would give us an insight into your whole manner of life, which no letter can do, because the events seem too insignificant to be recorded. Well, to set you a good example, I shall give this day's journal: but it is late, and I am very tired, so you must expect it to be very dull and confused. I got up at six o'clock, *a very lazy hour*, as gun-fire is nearly an hour earlier, being the general signal for arousing the sons and daughters of slumber. A lovely Indian morning. Not a cloud dimmed the azure on the heavens. The water in the tanks shone like a bright mirror, and reflected every passing object from its surface. The palms, and other trees, reared their lofty heads like an army of mighty warriors in array for the battle; and the graceful plantain, the pumelow, and other fruit and aromatic trees, looked so green but diminutive beneath them, that they might be likened to the young and beautiful scions of a noble house shielded and protected by their sires. I, as usual, threw open the venetians, that we might breathe the fragrant air of the morning; and, after we had lifted up our souls in praise and in adoration to God, I seated myself at the window to read some of those precious psalms, which, by their allusions to Eastern imagery, possess a power and a beauty unknown to those who have not resided in Eastern countries. I was reading those passages, in which it is said, 'From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised. The Lord is high above all the nations, and his glory above the heavens,' when several Bráhmans of the neighbouring compound came out to perform their adorations to the rising sun. I could not but mark the seeming devotion which characterised their unmeaning and oft-repeated acts. Next came their ablutions,

which they performed with similar devotedness. After they had retired, out came a band of women in flowing robes, and with their heads covered, to worship the *tulasí*, a sacred plant,* which grows near almost every Hindú house, and is worshipped by immense multitudes of natives. Wherever I turned, I was presented with some mark or symbol of idolatry; and I longed for the time when the temple of the Lord shall be built among this people, and when it shall be no more said of them, 'They are altogether foolish and vain; their doctrine is a doctrine of vanities. At seven o'clock the darling *babas* came in from their walk,—little Missy crowing as loud as possible, and Johnny breathless with impatience to give us his morning salám and kisses. He brought roses to his 'dearest' papa and mama. After getting them washed and dressed, we all went to breakfast. You may fancy a large hall, with a table spread for breakfast—quite a *Scotch breakfast*, but ourselves without the feeling of elasticity and health, which makes the morning repast so delightful and agreeable at home. Mr Capella, a very interesting Portuguese gentleman, who was banished during the late disturbances in Portugal, on account of his opposition to Dom Miguel, breakfasted with us. He was in the army, and belongs to a good family, but has endured great hardships and trials. We have engaged him to teach us Portuguese, and also to translate several books into that language. We read in Portuguese, and, after prayers, we learned the grammar, and translated with him. He says we already read and understand the language better than the natives of this country, and this encourages us to go on. After eleven o'clock I translated several pages of Maráthí with my pandit. He was struck with the prophecies which I told him were written in our Scriptures concerning Egypt, Babylon, and Persia. While I was translating, he stopped me several times to state objections which occurred to him. They were easily answered, and he allowed that there is nothing equal to these prophecies in the Hindú Shástrás. But, alas! he refused to give glory to the God of Israel, and ascribed them to the superior foresight and ingenuity of the Jews. He is a learned intelligent

* Ocymum Sanctum.

Bráhman, and trembles for the fall of Hindúism. If he really became a Christian, how his powerful mind would rejoice in its emancipation from thraldom, and delight itself among the glories and sublimities of the Gospel scheme. At present, all is Egyptian darkness to him. He refuses to come to the light; and God may be saying to him, 'He is joined to his idols, let him alone.' At one o'clock I went to the schools, and was there till near dinner time (four o'clock). Little Johnny was, as usual, my companion. He sits on his small stool at my feet, turning over a picture-book, and calling out as loud as he can, 'a, á; i, í,' in imitation of the little girls. The children of the first class read their lessons, repeated a chapter of the New Testament, and answered a few questions which I had given them to learn. I spoke to them of the love of the Saviour, and told them a few anecdotes of children, which I had read that morning in an English book. The poor little children seemed much interested and affected. But, when I was speaking of Christ, I observed the teachers turning their backs upon me, and smiling contemptuously to each other. I spoke to them very seriously; but, as usual, they denied the occasion of their laughing, and said, with much deceit in their countenances, 'How could we be so rude as to laugh at madam's God?' When I listen to their lies and hypocrisy, fear and trembling take hold of me, and I say with the Psalmist, 'O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away, and be at rest.' Our soul is indeed among lions. But I would say with David, 'I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth.' Mr Treasure, a pious young officer, dined with us. After dinner I went to Colaba, to visit a Portuguese school, and some poor old pensioners. After the sun had set, I walked through one or two narrow lanes, and was much struck with the exceeding density of the native population. In some places I could scarcely get forward; and the place resembled Babel, for they were all speaking at *once*, and in several different languages. They stared at me as if I had been a wild beast. I indeed attracted more attention than the monkeys which were standing before their doors, to minister to their amusement. I spoke to

some of them, and asked them to come and see me next Saturday, when I returned to Colaba.* They gave me a sad account of the English pensioners resident there; and indeed it was amply justified by what I witnessed, for scarcely one of them could read. Some of the women were sitting at the door with nothing on but a coarse shift; and several of the men were married to native women, or were living with them as their wives, without any marriage ceremony having ever been performed. Do you not weep for our country, and can you wonder that it is hated and despised? Drunkenness, to which Europeans are so much addicted in this country, is held as an abomination among the heathen, whose only redeeming virtue is sobriety. When I came to the Esplanade, I found the dear children waiting for me. It was joy to my heart to hear their sweet voices, and to see their little hands held out to receive me. They were looking at the soldiers performing military exercises, and listening to the sound of the drum. I could not help contrasting the gay scene here with the narrow crowded alleys I had left. Carriages, with liveried servants—gentlemen riding on Arab and Persian steeds —ladies splendidly attired, every where presented themselves. The road was covered with vehicles of various kinds, belonging to rich natives and Europeans. I felt sad, and looked across to the churchyard where our Kenneth reposes. The children came home with me in the shigram; and I had not been long in the house when my beloved John came in from preaching to the natives. . . . Here endeth my journal for this day. To-morrow's would be somewhat different, so would Monday's, &c. &c. But I am heartily tired, and you, my dear sister, must be much more so. Tell me as much about yourself, and I shall be happy. . . . I am, &c.—M. W."

I may here make a few observations on what may have already excited the reader's sympathy. I remember that Mrs Wilson showed the greatest anxiety to be able to finish the above letters to her sisters, which have been now introduced. It proceeded, I have no doubt, from the conviction or impression that her

* Mrs Wilson had regularly visited this place, as well as others where European pensioners reside, for a considerable time. The ministers of St Andrew's Church have now turned to it their particular attention.

opportunities of addressing these objects of her tender affection would be but few. I did not wonder that they had a powerful effect on the feelings of those to whom they are inscribed. To the last letter of the series, I would call particular attention. It may be viewed as a fair, though simple and incidental, illustration of the elevated piety and extraordinary devotedness by which the writer was now characterised. She reviews in it, with feelings of intensest gratitude to God, and with unlimited confidence in his wisdom, faithfulness, and grace, the various afflictive dispensations with which she had been visited during her sojourn in this valley of tears. She literally, under heaven-born influences, "glories in tribulations," and anticipates their happiest issue. Labouring under a deep sense of unworthiness, and sighing for deliverance, she hails the speedy approach of that time when her ransomed soul would exult in the unbounded freedom of its purified nature. She mounts up, as with eagles' wings, into the regions of light, into which she was in a short time to enter. She surveys the throng of the redeemed who rejoice in the Divine presence, and catches the spirit of loftiest devotion by which they are animated. Though her heart was with them, she expresses her willingness to labour and suffer on earth till the Lord should call her to join their happy assembly. With the view of eliciting information from her sister, almost the only motive which could have induced her to recount them, she briefly describes her engagements during a single day. How profitably its hours were spent, let the reader mark. The rising sun finds her supplicating the blessing of heaven, or poring over the inspired page. Her maternal tenderness and care have their freest indulgence and exercise. She spends two hours in study, preparatory to future usefulness, and the same amount of time in writing for the press in the languages of the East, associating her literary labours with anxious endeavours for the conversion of those who were rendering her assistance. For three hours she labours in a spirit of holy importunity among the native children of her schools. She proceeds to a distance of three miles, walks through several narrow streets (not to be entered by her usual vehicle), visits one of the Portuguese schools of the mission, instructs several families of our countrymen, who un-

happily make the name of Christ a reproach to the heathen, and returns to her home. She again seeks for spiritual refreshment and encouragement in the bosom of her family. She remembers those in her native land who were bound to her by the sacred ties of natural and spiritual relationship, which, in her case, distance, instead of attenuating, rendered more powerful; and, under emotions of the holiest kind, she prepares an epistle of a length which with many would have proved the task of a day. And, before retiring to seek that repose which her wearied frame demanded, she feeds with faith on Him who is the life of the soul, and receives that spiritual nourishment by which alone she could be sustained. Should I study to avoid unwarranted eulogy, I can have no hesitation in meeting the claim of justice by saying, what many of our visitors frequently remarked to me when she was with us on earth, that such labours as those now noticed, —and *daily* for years did she perform them,—in such a relaxing climate, and with a constitution already weakened by its insidious assaults, and by family trials of no ordinary kind, are both rare and marvellous. The solution of the mystery, however, is to be found in the unconquerable energy imparted by the love of Christ, inspired by the Divine Spirit, and fed by the habitual contemplation of Him who is fairer than the children of men, and altogether glorious, and by deep-felt compassion for souls perishing in countless multitudes for lack of knowledge. It would be a sad abuse, then, of the example which has now been noticed, if it should be imagined that in the labours of my sainted partner, there was any thing of a supererogatory nature, or that in them, great as they were, she generally transgressed the bounds of an imperative prudence. The very reverse, she ever felt, was the case. She saw an infinity in the demands of the Divine grace; and she would have sunk under the charge of sacrilege, which her conscience would never have failed to urge, had she not sought to "present herself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God through Jesus Christ."

"Bombay, 14*th December* 1834.

"My dearly beloved Sisters and Brother,—Mr and Mrs Gray have arrived, and brought your letters, containing intimation of our brother's decision to go to Canada. May the Lord

go with you across the mighty ocean, and to that land where He has called you to sojourn. Yes, my precious ones, He will accompany you in all your wanderings, and be your pillar of cloud by day, and your pillar of fire by night, so that no danger may come near you; and we shall meet again, though it may not be in the wilderness. We shall meet where there are no beasts of prey to devour, no sun to scorch, and no storms to beat upon us. We shall meet where there is a tree of life, and ever-flowing streams; where there is fulness of joy, and everlasting pleasures. To my beloved brother, in an especial manner, I would say, Be strong, and of good courage, for the Lord is with you; you are engaged in a glorious work, and every sacrifice that you make for Christ's sake will have a full and abundant reward. If you suffer with him now, you will reign with him hereafter; if you bear reproach for his name's sake, you will sit down with him on his throne, even as he has sat down with the Father on his throne. May you be much honoured in your Master's service! There is no work so momentous and honourable as that of winning souls. It is the work that brought the Lord Jesus Christ from his throne in the heavens. It is akin to the occupation of the redeemed; and it is one with the employment of angels, who are 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' Mr Wilson commends you with much earnestness to God. We indeed wished you to come here; but the Lord has ordained it otherwise, and it is our duty and our privilege to say, 'Not our will, but thine, O Lord, be done.' Our fondest earthly hopes are thwarted regarding our children—having them placed under your care; but in this also we must submit to the blessed will of our heavenly Father. We shall now feel that some of our strongest ties are in Canada—an unknown land. We are strangely and widely scattered, but the time of ingathering hastens. We shall be grateful if one of you remain in Scotland, but we do not wish to use any influence. . . . . Adieu, your fondly attached,—MARGARET."

To MRS WEBB, Surat. "BOMBAY, *4th December* 1834.

"I have changed my mind, and now intend to accompany my dear husband to Surat. I have been so poorly for the last few

weeks, that Dr Smyttan recommends a change of air and complete rest from labour. If I do not act in accordance with the Doctor's injunctions, he intends, I understand, to propose a voyage to Scotland; and, as I am unwilling to have recourse to such a measure, till every other mean proves unavailing, I have gladly agreed to go. I rejoice, my very dear friend, in the opportunity of paying you a visit; for to none could I go in India with greater delight and pleasure, or with feelings of such confidence as to yourselves. How I shall rejoice to meet you both again, and to see your darling little pet, of whom we have heard so much. . . . . Mr Wilson does not intend to make a long stay at Surat; and I shall remain a week or two after his departure, and return by sea to Bombay.

"We intend going by land to Surat. Mr W. will ride on horseback, but I go in a palanquin. I shall take Johnny with me, and leave Mary Isabella here.

"We have had a number of public meetings of late in Bombay. Last evening we had one of the Temperance Society. Mr Wilson gave a lecture on the subject; and afterwards we had a number of amusing speeches and anecdotes.* Mr Piggot, your new chaplain, is to set off for Surat in a day or two. He is a very promising young man. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

* The Temperance cause has made great progress in the Bombay Presidency, and chiefly through the ingenious and untiring advocacy of the Rev. Henry Jeffreys.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM BOMBAY TO SURAT—RESIDENCE IN SURAT AND DOMAS—CORRESPONDENCE—DEATH OF R. C. MONEY, ESQ.—RETURN TO BOMBAY—CORRESPONDENCE.

THE circumstances in which Mrs Wilson proposed to accompany me to Surat, are mentioned in the letter with which the preceding chapter closes. During our marches overland, she kept a regular journal. It is a valuable, as well as a very touching document, bearing testimony to her great seriousness, and, what is far from being inconsistent with it, tranquillity of feeling,—to her deep compassion for the multitudes in India, who are living without God, and dying without hope, and for whose immortal souls there are so few to care,—to her zealous endeavours to unfold to them the love of the Saviour, and the infinity of his grace,—to the holy ardour of her Christian affections, the maturity of her Christian experience, and her enjoyment of divine ordinances,—and to her observation of the beauty and grandeur of the works of God, as indicative of the glory of his character, and typical of that better land to which her loftiest aspirations were directed.

To the extracts given from the journal, I have added a few reflections and notes, principally with the view of completing the narrative.

"*Tuesday*, 16*th December* 1835.—We left our own house at two o'clock. When stepping into the shigram, the Ayah, teachers, and girls of the schools, came crowding around us, some uttering lamentations at our departure, others making their low and humble saláms, and a few inquiring how they should be paid in our absence.... I felt sorry at leaving the scene of our labours; and there was a feeling of deep and awful responsibility weighing upon my spirit, which I could only unburden in prayers and tears. How little have I done for these poor idolaters among

whom I have lived, and to proclaim to whom the unsearchable riches of Christ is the professed object of my life! How little genuine philanthropy have I manifested for the victims of delusion and crime, or for the votaries of a delusive superstition! The recollection of God's mercies,—his unnumbered mercies to me since I sojourned amongst this people and in this land,—seemed to deepen my feelings of guilt; and, as the thought occurred to me that my strength is gone, and the sand of my hour-glass almost run out, I wished that I had another life to live that I might give it to Christ! I *have* another life—a life of which this is but the shadow. It is now hid with Christ; and when I enter upon its privileges and its joys, I shall know no sin, and feel no weariness. I shall serve God with unbounded liberty and delight, be privileged to see his glory unveiled, and to cast my crown at his feet, ascribing glory and honour, and dominion and power, to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb. I felt a great degree of bodily weakness and exhaustion; but the prospect of heaven was bright and cheering. Love to God would make this cold dull earth a heaven; but it is wanting in my soul, and its bright and beautiful manifestations are wanting among God's dear children. All who love holiness and heaven must feel that this is a land of exile, and must stretch their wings upward to that better land, and to those purer skies that are beyond it."

Here, I may remark, we have the record of a heart truly interested in the missionary work—a heart sensible, on the one hand, of its awful responsibilities; and, on the other, of its great shortcomings in the sight of God. Unless we have some of its feelings, the state in which we are may well arouse our deepest anxiety. Even though the sense of our justification through the merits of Christ may warrant us to pronounce ourselves safe, the claims of his love, and the demands of his law, and want of conformity to it, may well fill us with shame, and produce all the deep contrition that is here expressed. As our moral perceptions grow more acute as we advance in holiness, the perception of our personal unworthiness and deficiencies will become more distinct, and the Redeemer's grace become more enhanced in our view.

"I left my little child with Mrs Hunt," continues Mrs W.,

"and we set out along with Dr Smyttan in his shigram, for Máhim. There was an *uras*, or festival holding here in honour of a Muhammadan saint, who has a tomb erected to his memory, and a mosque attached to it. Párs'is, Hindús, and Portuguese, seemed to vie with the followers of the false prophet in offering their devotions at his shrine. The crowds in the streets had assembled from many different surrounding places; and there was such a mass of people, that we could with difficulty make our way through the midst of them. The bázárs were filled with sweetmeats of various kinds, toys for the *old and young*, and various articles of European manufacture. Boys and grown up men were hallooing; jugglers were performing their trickery; and a thousand unmeaning fantastic shows were practising for the amusement of the people. It seemed any thing but a festival to perpetuate the memory of a saint, or to call to mind his deeds of charity. It seemed rather an ingenious device to drown sense, feeling, and virtue, in one tumultuous scene of mirth, confusion, and folly."

The Muhammadan, in honour of whom this festival was instituted, is Makhdum Sáheb. The absurdity of the manner in which it is observed is akin to its origin. The worship of a saint, in all circumstances, is unreasonable; and prayer to him is blasphemy against the Divine Being, who alone is everywhere present, and who alone is entitled to the adoration of man. But the idea of saints among Mussalmáns is preposterous. How can Muhammadism make any man holy! There is nothing in it to inspire a love of God, in which acceptable obedience originates, and by which it is strengthened and maintained. In its encouragement of polygamy, profane swearing, and violence—in its preference of ceremonies to righteous practice, and in its sensual paradise —there is much to injure the best interests of morality.

"There is a Portuguese church, with several Roman Catholic priests, in Máhim; but they are, in general, deplorably ignorant. At one time the Americans had a missionary and schools in it; but at present there is not a single Protestant minister to make known the Gospel, though the population of Máhim, and the adjoining villages, is estimated at 15,618. We alighted from the shigram at the ferry, and crossed to Bándará, in the island

of Salsette. Dr Smyttan, who is to accompany us, had his carriage waiting on the opposite side, and we lost no time in getting into it, and proceeding on our journey. There is a fine road extending all the way from Bándará to Ghorábandar. The country is rich and fertile. It is diversified with groves of cocoa-nut and mango trees, with shady paths, and with undulating hills and mountains of various forms and sizes. The ruined churches and monasteries have a picturesque appearance, most of them having been built on elevated situations, and amongst truly beautiful scenery. . . . . At a little distance from the road there are Bráhmanical caves, which bear some resemblance to those of Elephanta." They are at Jogeshwar, near Amboli; and being subterraneous, dark, dreary, dismal, and decaying, and containing monstrous and impure figures, they form the most suitable emblem of Hindúism which can be imagined. "We travelled most of the road by moonlight, and reached Ghorábandar about ten o'clock. . . . We went to the Pársi's bungalow, and rested a few hours, without taking off our clothes."

"*Wednesday*, 17*th December*.—We began to cross the ferry at three o'clock, A.M. It was a splendid morning, and the constellations in the heavens were beautiful. The brightness of the Indian skies never strikes one more than at this early morning hour. The stillness of the water, and of the air, and of every thing around us, was in exact keeping with the scene. Mr Wilson took this opportunity of conversing with the boatmen, and explaining, both to Portuguese and to natives, the sin of worshipping any thing that is in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, save the true and the living God. He spoke with much power and earnestness, and exposed, in a manner so clear and irresistible, the sin and folly of idolatry, that it would have been impossible for human reason to resist its conclusions, were it not held captive by sin and Satan. The glorious works of the Creator testify against idolatry. . . . We had only to look at the bright stars to feel that it was a mockery. Yet these, as well as the sun and moon, it attempts to substitute in the place of God!"

One of the persons with whom I conversed in the boat, informed me that he was a Christian Kolí; but, on examining him, I found that he was almost entirely ignorant of the religion

which he professed. The Hindús, he said, worshipped ugly stones, while he worshipped finely painted pieces of wood. They spoke of Ramá and Khandobá, while he spoke of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. He saw no great difference between himself and them.

"We reached Basaí (Bassein) before the sun had risen, and took up our quarters in an old building kept up at the expense of the government, and at one time the palace of the Peshwa. The sepoy led us up through a large room, or passage, filled with sleeping peons, and accounts of the government revenue, and ushered us into a spacious hall, divided on each side by a range of pillars. The house contains an immense number of larger and smaller apartments, and has a number of narrow staircases communicating with the upper and lower divisions of the building..... My dearest J. went to the bázár to preach to the natives. .... A priest came to visit Mr W. after breakfast; he was mild and conciliatory, but very ignorant.... The number of Bráhmans and Márathás who reside here is very considerable. Many of them came, during the course of the day, to see and converse with us. There is a government school in the lower part of the building, which we examined. A few of the old boys seemed to be very intelligent, and made out problems in arithmetic and geometry without any difficulty; but, in general, they were very ignorant..... Of the Divine Being, his perfections and works, they knew nothing." ....

"*Thursday*, 18*th December*.—We got up at three o'clock, and recommenced our journey before four. We were detained for some time near a *khádí* (creek), as it was high water when we arrived, and consequently not fordable. We alighted for a short time, and had a cup of coffee, which was very refreshing, as we all felt a little chilly from the morning air.... Mr Wilson went to preach in the village, while the Doctor and I walked about to view the place. The scenery was beautiful, and the whole country clad in rich and magnificent foliage. We walked under the spreading shades of the banian, the tamarind, and the mango trees. The cocoa-nut and the tádí (borassus flabelliformis) trees were particularly green and flourishing. The custard-apple, the plantain, the guava, and many others, throve equally well. We

saw a beautiful specimen of mimosa, and some fine shrubs and flowers. The country, on the opposite side, was equally fertile and beautiful. On the one hand, we had a pleasing view of the sea covered with light sails, and sparkling under the beams of a bright sun; and, on the other, the dark and lofty range of hill in the Northern Konkan, stood like a mighty wall or rampart, reared by nature both for defence and for beauty. This beautiful country is rather thinly peopled, and morally, as well as physically, probably presents the same aspect that it did ages ago. When will it be converted to the Lord? Then, indeed, a mighty change shall have taken place. The song of joy and rejoicing will be heard amongst its people. The desert and the solitary place will be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. When I saw my beloved J. returning from his morning labours, I felt that he was a messenger of the Lord preparing the way for the glorious and certain day of his coming. At Supála, on the northern side, there is a sugar manufactory, with some good houses. We saw the sugar-cane growing. We crossed several khádís, before reaching the place of our destination, called Dátará, where we arrived at eleven o'clock. The bungalow was clean, and we soon got breakfast, which was very refreshing after our journey. We had travelled twelve or thirteen miles. . . . Mr Wilson went, as usual, to preach to the villagers."

"*Friday*, 19*th December*.—We got up at four o'clock, and set out without any delay on our journey. At Sirgáum, where there is a bungalow for travellers, we remained all night. There was a fine open sea prospect, with a beautiful sandy beach in front; and at one side stood an old fort, which once belonged to the Portuguese, and afterwards to the Peshwa. Mr W. preached in the village after dinner. I went to take a solitary stroll, and met a Muhammadan and his family, and several Hindús, with whom I had some conversation. They were deplorably ignorant, and knew nothing of their own religion. I spoke to them of their lost estate, and told them of the love of God in Christ Jesus. They stared wildly at me. An old man, a Kolí, thought I alluded to his profession.* He acknowledged that he

* That of a fisherman.

was a sinner, for the Hindús have an idea of great sin being connected with the taking of animal life, though none with the breaking of the pure and just law of their Creator. 'Surely,' I could not help saying to myself, 'darkness covers this earth, and gross darkness its people.' The stars were rising one after another in the cloudless heavens. A silent grandeur was impressed on every part of that rich and beautiful materialism which God has reared for the habitation of man. *He* only seemed severed from his Creator, for the link which connects the love of God with the happiness of man was wanting; and he who was created with dominion over all things, and to be chief of all God's work below, is the meanest and the most degraded. What a spectacle to angels must this foolish, and besotted, and daring idolatry be! And what a cloud of ignominy must it throw over our species! The principle of it exists where the forms of it are awanting. When I am oppressed and afflicted, and ready to despair of the poor heathen, let me look into my own heart, and there I will see all that is manifested by them. Blessed Jesus, let the day of their visitation speedily come to these poor heathen; erect thine altar in their hearts; and let incense and a pure offering ascend to thee from the rising to the setting of the sun."

"*Saturday, 20th December.*—We set off for Chinchiní a little past four o'clock. We crossed several khádís (creeks), and passed through several villages on the road. Some of the prospects which opened upon us were very rich and pleasing. The country has been little cultivated; but the soil is rich, and seems to be capable of yielding plentiful crops. There are large villages on both sides of the water. Chinchiní, which is on this (the northern) side, has about three or four thousand inhabitants, with a large bázár, a mosque, and several Hindú temples. Mr Wilson found the people willing to listen to the Gospel, and very eager to receive books. The traveller's bungalow is near the beach, and has cool air, as well as a wide open prospect. We walked out to view the village. It is very quiet, and prettily situated. I longed much for the time when its idol temples will be consecrated to the worship of the true God, and when its degraded children shall become the citizens and freemen of our Zion."

"21*st December.*—This being the Sabbath, we rested all day at

Chinchiní. Here, as well as among the mountains and valleys of our native land, we might say—

'How still the morning of the hallowed day!'

There are, however, no lofty associations, and no Sabbath-bell to hallow its approach, or to make its sacred hours a foretaste of the rest which remains to the people of God. It is, with the heathen, a day of merchandize and of labour. But we were too far distant from the village to be annoyed by their discordant sounds. The repose of nature was around us, and there was a Sabbath stillness among the elements. The sandy beach sparkled like silver, and the sea was still as the unruffled lake. It was delightful to halt from our journeyings in this little spot of the wilderness, to lift up our souls to God in gratitude and praise for his mercies, and to commemorate the glories of creation and of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Though far from the house of God, and the Zion which we love, we enjoyed, I trust, near and intimate communion with the Father of our spirits; and found that he may, in the desert, or on a solitary isle, as he was pleased to do to his beloved apostle, vouchsafe as high and glorious discoveries of his perfections and works as are enjoyed in the assembly of his saints. Mr Wilson went across early in the morning to the opposite village (Tárápur) to preach. He met with a rich Pársí, who has rather a splendid house, and is a person of some consequence. He said he wished to establish a school in the village at his own expense, and was happy to receive books in Gujaráthí. After breakfast, we united in social worship in English. The sermon was read by Dr Smyttan. It was on *death*. I felt its suitableness to my circumstances. The joys of heaven seemed to break upon my view; and I felt willing to die even in this wilderness, or to live a little longer to show forth the salvation of my God. I had much delight in secret prayer, and earnest longings after that purity of heart without which I cannot see him. Why am I so often insensible to the realities of faith? I dwell amidst wonders; but they are unseen, unfelt. I resemble a blind person brought among regions of Alpine grandeur and beauty. The light shines upon them in its brightest effulgency, but I cannot perceive their glories. Oh for that faith which is the evidence of things not seen, which is as

the eye of the soul, looking into that which is within the veil. Mr Wilson was occupied all day in addressing companies of natives who came from the village. After dinner, I walked alone to the village. Groups of women and children came out to see me. They told me of a Sahéb who had been preaching to them a new religion, and whose *kirti* was great, because he spoke their language well, and knew more of their religion than they did themselves. I was aware that they alluded to Mr W. One of them said that he was a god. I told them from whence he came, and what was his message. A man who stood by said, 'We have our own religion; yours will not do for us.' I told them that it was as applicable to their circumstances as to ours, and that it found our fathers idolaters, and in a state of greater barbarity than theirs. He said, 'When all the Hindús shall become Christian, I shall then forsake my own religion,'—thus determined to follow the multitude whithersoever it leads. Custom is the sole principle of action with many professing Christians, as well as with the poor Hindús; and the manner in which they blindly follow her caprices is equally irrational, and still more culpable. A woman, who was more intelligent, and much more talkative than the others, asked a great many questions about my religion, and seemed a good deal astonished at my replies. I asked her who were her gods. She said, 'Ráma,* and Mahálakshmí.'† I asked if they had created her. She said, 'No; but my preservation is owing to them.' I explained to her the folly of believing this, and told her who Ráma and Mahálakshmí were. She then said, 'Where does your God dwell? If we had a temple for him I would worship him.' I told her that He filled heaven and earth with his presence, and would be worshipped of all those who love and fear him. I told her also that I might never see her again, till before the tribunal of our Judge, and that I wished to explain to her the need we all have of an atoning sacrifice. She seemed struck with the miracles of Christ. 'He is greater than Ráma,' she exclaimed; but no impression seemed to be made on her heart, and she listened as to an idle tale. We spent the evening in conversation, and in social worship."

* The seventh incarnation of Vishnu. † The wife of Vishnu.

"*Monday, 22d December.*—We left Chinchiní at four o'clock in the morning. We reached Jayaburdí at noon, and took up our quarters at a Dharmashálá, erected by Pestanjí Kharshedjí. There is a marble slab on the front of the building, with an English and Gujaráthí inscription. In the English inscription, it is said to have been built in honour of his late wife, and as a testimony to her memory. In Gujaráthí, it is said, that it was erected with the desire of procuring righteousness for her. By this charitable deed, her husband probably thought she would pass the bridge,* and be admitted to high honours. It has doubtless been a place of repose and refuge to weary travellers; and many may have found shelter from the burning sun, and the fury of monsoon storms, under its hospitable roof. There was beneficence also in erecting it for all castes, instead of confining its advantages, by a narrow and exclusive benevolence, to those who belong to a man's own superstition. But, notwithstanding these pleasing associations, there are others of a very melancholy kind connected with it. The thought of procuring righteousness for her whose doom is irrevocably fixed by her impartial Judge, is foolish and impious in the extreme; and no less daring and insulting to the Majesty of heaven, is the vain attempt to propitiate his regard, and bribe him, as it were, to the bestowment of favours. How little do they know of the purity of the Divine law, or of that jealousy with which the honour of God is guarded, who presume thus to act! They think, indeed, that He is such a one as themselves; or that they can overturn the principles of His moral government."

It is, I may remark, the peculiarity of all false religions, and particularly the Hindú, Pársí, Muhammadan, and Papistical, that they recognise the doctrine of works of supererogation. In reference to the interests of morality, such a recognition must be highly injurious. How can due honour be rendered to God, when it is believed that he can be served to a degree that exceeds

* The bridge of Chinavad, on which, according to the Vendidad Sádé and other authorities of the Pársis, departed souls are forced to move for their probation, on their entering the eternal world. The "righteous" alone can pass it. The legends respecting it gave rise to the bridge of the Kurán.

his claims! How are the living encouraged to trifle with their eternal interests, when it is believed that the charities and prayers of their relatives are available for them after death!

"There were several travellers in the bungalow. One was a Muhammadan fakír, who awoke to perform his devotions, and then sunk again into a profound sleep. He seemed to be a shrewd, intelligent man,—had travelled to Mecca, and perambulated a great part of this immense country. He wore as many cornelian and gold ornaments as might support him for years in the wandering life which he leads. There were two Pársí women who live in the bungalow. They came forward, and were kind to our dear little boy, who felt quite at home with them. Mr W. distributed books, and addressed (in Maráthí and Gujaráthí) the people who came to him. It was near one o'clock when we sat down to breakfast. The Dharmashálá is finely shaded by trees; but the quantity of dust in the compound is immense. The number of native travellers, the quantity of baggage, and the bullocks which conveyed it, feeding opposite the door, had quite a novel appearance, and carried our thoughts back to primitive times.

"We set out from the Dharmashálá about three o'clock in the afternoon, and had a pleasant journey to Umargáum, where we arrived at seven o'clock to dinner."

When Dr Smyttan and I went out to the village in the evening, we found three or four Wáralís who had come down from the jungles, with the view of disposing of bambus which they had cut in them, and procuring some little necessaries which they required. Their hair was black and lank. Their bodies were oiled, and altogether they had a very wild appearance. They spoke Maráthí, and seemed to be highly amused at having a European to speak with them. On questioning them, we found that they have no connection either with the Bráhmans or the Hindú religion; that they have priests of their own, and very few religious rites of any kind; and that these rites principally refer to marriages and deaths. They move about in the jungles according to their wants, many of their villages being merely temporary. Their condition is well worthy of being inquired into. In an old book of travels, I find their tribe represented

as much addicted to thieving. In the Puránas, they are spoken of as the *Kálí prajá*, in contradistinction to the common Hindús, who are denominated the *Shubra prajá*. There are other tribes in the jungles whose state is similar to theirs, and should be investigated. The wildness of their country, and the difficulties and dangers of moving in it, are obstacles in the way of research. The knowledge of them, however, might lead to important consequences. I have got such a dreadful idea of the demoralizing influence of Hinduism, that I cannot imagine that their superstition, which must, like themselves, be rude, can be so bad as that pestilential system.*

"*Tuesday, 23d December.*—We left Umargáum at four in the morning. . . . . A great part of our march to-day was along the beach. The country all the way appeared very rich, and capable of great cultivation. There are many small villages near the road; and traces of Portuguese conquest and habitation began to present themselves. Daman, with its fortifications, presented a very picturesque aspect in the distance, lying along the coast. But its appearance, on our nearing it, disappointed me considerably. It is in the Gujaráth province. The Portuguese conquered it in 1531, and it has remained in their possession till this day. Its commerce was at one time considerable, but has greatly diminished of late. There are teak forests in the neighbourhood; but ship-building, which was the principal occupation, is now at a stand. The town is governed by a gentleman sent for the purpose from Goa. The fortifications are large for the size of the town, but not striking, or in good taste. Part of them are on the northern side, in Little Daman. The traveller's bungalow is also there. In the afternoon, Mr Wilson had various conferences with Pársís, Indo-Portuguese, and others."

In the evening, we went out to see the town. We passed through Daman, denominated the *Little*, but which is, in fact, the *Greater*. . . . . Daman, which Juliao, the late Miguelite

* In company with my friend, Mr Mitchell of Puná, I have just concluded a visit to the Wáralís, and other tribes of Aborigines inhabiting the jungles of the Northern Konkan; and we are now able fully to report on their circumstances, and the prospects of their evangelization. (February 1839.)

Governor, denominates, on a triumphal arch, "*Celeberrima urbs in oriente*," appears to have reached its meridian. . . . . There is something very instructive in the decline of the Portuguese power in India, and the rise of that of the British. Camoens, in his great poem, the Lusiad, represents Vasco de Gama as describing the whole of Europe to the lord of Melinda. The hero makes no mention of England! But observe the ways of Divine Providence. The nation, which was too contemptible to be noticed three hundred years ago, is now the most powerful in the world; and it is under its favour that the Portuguese exercise sovereignty over their remaining small territories in India. If our country neglect, like them, its privileges, and fail to do the good which its knowledge of the Divine Word, and its unbounded influence put within its power, its glory will most assuredly, and perhaps at no very distant day, depart. It is written in the sure word of prophecy, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Him (Christ), shall *perish*."

24*th December*.—I rose early, and recrossed, with Dr Smyttan, the Daman Gangá, to Daman the *Great*,—great, I suppose, because it contains the Governor's house, which is a very respectable building. We found two of the churches open; and we left a few Portuguese tracts for the Padres, who had not yet quitted their private apartments. We also made a distribution of tracts among various individuals whom we met on the road. On our return, we found many persons, of all classes, assembled, with the view of hearing me preach and receiving books. I spent several hours among them, and great eagerness was evinced both in listening to and receiving the Divine Word. About twenty-five copies of the Old and New Testament in Portuguese, and many tracts in that language, were distributed.

There is a native lithographic press at Daman, belonging to a Párs̀i, but only one school-book has yet been printed at it. When we were about to leave the town, a Persian catalogue of Oriental manuscripts was put into my hands. Dr Smyttan and I repaired to the vender. I bought from him, for about 300 rupees, a copy of the Vendidad Sádé, and of all the liturgical and reputed sacred books of the Párs̀is, in the original Zand, Pehlivi, and Pázand, but in the Gujaráthí character, and with a Gujaráthí

translation, paraphrase, and comment. The work occupies five volumes folio; and I was given to understand that there are only three or four copies of it in existence. Of its use to a missionary there can be no doubt. I procured, along with it, copies of all the narratives calculated to throw any light upon the history of the Zoroastrians in India, and some other curious pamphlets connected with their religion.

Mrs Wilson set out from Daman a considerable time before us. "We left Daman at 12 o'clock," she continues. "We crossed a khádí by boat to ——, and another to Umarsarí. .... The scenery was in general wild and uninteresting; but at intervals some little spot of beauty presented itself. The villages were prettily shaded by trees; and a herd of cattle, or some green spots of vegetation, generally indicated their vicinity. Before reaching Balsád, we had to pass several *nalas* (rivers) of considerable depth. The banks, at those parts from which the water had retreated, were of a soft clayey substance. The hamáls sunk knee-deep in the mire, and there was great difficulty in getting the palanquin brought along. The road was very rugged. .... The latter part of our journey was truly in the desert. There was no trace of the industry of man, save now and then in a little patch of date trees, or a field with the castor-oil plant growing in it. The finest sunset which we have seen since we left Bombay was amidst this desert. He sunk behind glorious clouds, and left behind him bright traces of his departure. The red and crimson streaks reminded me of an English twilight; and the atmosphere was as cool as in an evening of autumn. Darkness was set in long before we reached Balsád. I felt very tired, and when I came in sight of the mud-built cottages, with the naked children peeping out at the doors, my heart beat with joy. We turned towards the traveller's bungalow, but were informed that the peon who was in charge of it had deserted his post. The hamáls set me down in the midst of the town, which is very noisy, and has the appearance of some trade. Children, women, and dogs, united their discordant sounds till I felt almost stupified. I begged the hamáls to inquire if there was any place of shelter. They carried me to the Sirkar's house, where we found light, and plenty of peons in

waiting. Mr Wilson and Dr Smyttan did not arrive till an hour after. They had traced the footprints of my hamáls, but, as they could not get across one of the khádís, they were obliged to dismount, and leave their horses behind. They got a native to be their guide to Balsád. We had dinner and tea at nine o'clock. The bungalow was very comfortable, and we had a pleasant night's rest after the fatigues of the day."

"25*th December*.—Hindús and Mussalmáns of all castes came in the forenoon to converse with Mr Wilson, and receive books. He considered their different religions in turn, and showed that they were all wrong, and at variance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Many books were distributed. We left Balsád at one o'clock, and arrived at Gandaví about seven. Every thing now intimated to us that we were in the Gujaráth district. The houses in the villages were no longer straggling, and scattered over a wide space, but grouped together. Wide fields, covered with the thorn-trees (Acacia Arabica), so plentiful in this part of the country, stretched before us; and had it not been for the variety made by the Tádí and other trees, they must have presented a very uninteresting appearance. We had to cross several ferries, such as we had passed the day before; and it was quite dark for an hour before we reached our resting-place. The roads were very bad. The bungalow at Gandaví is prettily situated near the tank. The country around is thickly wooded, and there are some fine trees growing." . . . .

"26*th December*.—Mr Wilson and Dr Smyttan went to visit the head-man of the village, who is a person of some consequence. They found him a superior man, candid and intelligent, but quite a native in his mode of living. He spoke several languages, and was very desirous to hear all that could be said respecting his own and other religions. He said to Dr S. that he had met with many Sahébs, but that he had never seen one who knew so much of the Hindú religion, their manners and customs, as Mr Wilson." This Sirdár has an income of about a lakh and a half of rupees per annum. He is the chief of the Bhatela Bráhmans, who are nothing but agriculturists, with the *adhikár* (authority) of reading the Vedas, and performing all priestly acts, which, they say, they obtained from the Ráma

Chandra on his journey to Lanká. I would infer from the situation which they hold, that they proved rather refractory when Hindúism was originally propagated in this province, and that they obtained their peculiar privileges as a bribe to obedience.

"*Friday, 27th December.*—We set out on our journey at one o'clock, and arrived at Káliwádí before it was dark. The country was much the same as during yesterday, but more fertile and populous. Many Pársís live in the village, and in Nausarí, about a kos distant, which was one of the first places in which they settled. The bungalow is good, and finely shaded with trees. We saw a number of monkeys, which were very tame. They were running on the top of the outhouses, and leaping from branch to branch on the trees. Mr Wilson went out, about nine o'clock, to Nausárí, to obtain a meeting with some of the principal Pársís."

I was disappointed in the object which I had in view. I saw, however, the exterior of the great fire-temple, the *Atash Beharam*, which, next to that at Udepur, passed by us in the course of the day, is the most ancient in India. The buildings are rather extensive. The Pársí population consists, I was told, of about 5000; about half of it being *Athorvan* (clerical), and the other half *Bedin* (laical). It occupies the greater part of the town, which is the only one in India I have seen regularly illuminated at night. Many lamps, with oiled-paper shades, were burning in the different streets. Whether they had any connection with any of the festivals, I had no opportunity of learning.

"*Saturday, 28th December.*—We set out about five o'clock in the morning for Surat. The cold was intense compared with Bombay, and we enjoyed the scenery; for, though the country was flat, there were fine trees and plentiful corn fields. I saw one or two of the finest banian trees which I have ever met with, and several immensely large mangos. Many parts of the country were inundated during last monsoon, and property to a great extent was lost. The bungalow at Láchpur had been completely swept away by the late rains, so that we were obliged to proceed to Sachin to breakfast. This place belongs to a Náwab, who has upwards of 20 wives, a family which, of course, he has not sense

to govern or rightly educate, and which he can with difficulty support." . . . . None of the bad consequences of polygamy are wanting. I had an opportunity of preaching, amongst others, to one of his sons.

" We had a very hot ride to Surat in the afternoon, where we arrived about three o'clock. The clouds of dust in the vicinity of the town were very great, and the appearance of the country would have been very uninteresting, had it not been for the tamarind and bábul trees, which surpass any I have seen in the Konkan or Dakhan. The city is large and populous."

We took up our abode at Surat, as had been intended, with our respected friends, Captain and Mrs Webb.

" Surat," Mrs Wilson writes, " is quite an Indian city. It is built on the banks of the Taptí river, about twenty miles distant from its junction with the sea. It was famous of old, as it contained once an immense population. This has gradually diminished, but is reckoned now at 125,000. Many parts of the city are in ruins;* but it is still picturesque,—as much, perhaps, from its dark and sombre aspect, as from the ruins of its former grandeur. It is divided into small winding streets, crowded with houses, irregularly built, and filled with native bázárs, where they sell cotton, silk, bangles, spices, fruit, ghí, and other innumerable articles of Indian commerce. Most of the houses are several storeys high, one projecting over another. The wall of the town is entire, and is very substantial, and ornamented with semicircular bastions. The city is celebrated in the *Rámáyana*, one of the most celebrated of Indian poems. Alas! in its present, as in its former state, it possesses little upon which the eye of the Christian can rest, without horror and detestation. O how joyful the thought, that it will not always remain in the possession of the enemy; but that the time will come, and will not tarry, when its redemption shall arrive, and when the shout of a King shall be heard in the midst of it! The Messrs Fyvie, of the London Missionary Society, have been for many years faithful witnesses of the truth to its inhabitants; and, though they have spoken to ears that were dull of hearing, and to hearts

* Upwards of 9000 houses have been lately (July 1837) destroyed by fire, and an inundation has since made additional ravages.

that have resisted their message, their labours will not be in vain. We saw one or two of the converts, who, by their instrumentality, have been led to believe the truth. They complain, as we all do, of their fickleness, covetousness, and fear of man. The last individual who was received into the church is a very interesting character. He is of the agricultural caste, but employed as an embroiderer; and, from his independent circumstances, and the number of his retainers, he is raised above the temptations which others have to these vices. . . . . If his zeal remain undiminished, he may be the mean of effecting much good among the people of his caste. He had been long convinced of the folly of Hindúism; and Mr Wilson's Exposure of Hindúism was, by the Divine blessing, one of the means of leading him to embrace Christianity. Their meeting was attended with mutual joy and comfort. Perhaps there is no joy on earth so much akin to the joy of angels, as beholding, for the first time, a converted sinner. It is heightened by a consideration of the native character, which, to the hatred, enmity, and pride, which reign in the spirits of darkness, adds a levity and recklessness which unfit for consideration and thought. We cannot view the change in all its bearings. If we could, how would it fill us with joy and delight! The knowledge we do possess of its surprising magnitude should make us tremble, lest we, through our unfaithfulness, in any degree hinder it, and so be charged with the blood of souls."

The following are extracts from letters written by Mrs Wilson during her residence in Surat. Most of them were addressed to myself, as I proceeded on my journey through the northern parts of Gujarát, Kátiáwád, and Kach (Cutch). They harmonize with the preceding journal, and show how the Lord, in the exercise of his unchangeable faithfulness, by his providential dispensations, and liberal communications of grace, was preparing her for the great change which speedily awaited her.

13*th January* 1835.—It is a week to-day since you left me. . . . . We are, perhaps, not capable of appreciating the magnitude of the work in which you are engaged, nor of perceiving its great importance in reference to India; but we know assuredly that your object is divine, and that you are producing impressions far more deep and permanent than all the combined genius of man

can produce. By the manifestation of the truth, you commend yourself to every man's conscience; and, at the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour, you will receive a crown which fadeth not away. I wish my life were like yours, employed in incessant labours for the glory of God. But, alas! it is a vacuity; and I feel as if I had actually done nothing, and can only take refuge in that blood of atonement on which the vilest, as well as the most holy and devoted, may rely with confidence and joy.

"I was delighted to learn, from your journal of the 7th and 8th, that you had enjoyed so many interesting opportunities of making known the Gospel of peace.* I trust you may continue to find a ready ear to your message, and that some of the Pársís, Mussalmáns, and Hindús, will renounce their idolatry, and worship the Supreme Lord of heaven and of earth. . . . . I now feel as well as when you left Surat.

"Sir John Awdry and Mr Jackson came to call on the Webbs, and expressed a wish to see me. Sir John was remarkably kind, and expressed a very deep interest in all your proceedings. Both he and Mr Jackson spoke of your knowledge of the languages, and made many inquiries about your present proceedings." . . .

"17*th January.*—. . . . . I feel happy that I accompanied you so far, as the recollection of our journey hither aids my imagination in its conceptions of you. I seem to get up with you at the early morning hour, to travel with you over the allotted space, and to meet in the bungalow, or dharmashálá, for breakfast. I especially feel as if my supplications were united with yours at the throne of grace; and as if we had met to converse of the glory of God's kingdom, and to talk of His great power.

"Your last journal was very interesting. I cannot think that all those who listened to your exposure of their errors, and to your simple and able statement of the truth, will reject it. But be this as it may, 'the word of God is quick and powerful;' it will not return void, but prosper in the thing whereunto it has been sent. Vedántism is, in every one of its features, opposed to the religion of Jesus; and I trust the poor attempt made by

* At Baroch, where immense multitudes of natives, of all descriptions, attended my ministry.

the Shástrí, to prove that the differences are only in form, would open the eyes of some present to the futility of his reasonings, and to the weak foundation upon which Hindúism rests.*

"The Pársís in Surat have had a great deal of discussion about your objections to their religion and mode of worship. They say you are a smart reasoner, and that you confound them. One of them, an intelligent man, said to me, that he thought you were right, and that he would like to see his countrymen raised to an equality with the English; but he seems to have no feeling of the power of religion in his heart.

* A very able paper, by Colonel Vans Kennedy, on the Vedánta system, considered in its philosophical relations, will be found in the third volume of the transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society. In the Second Exposure of Hindúism, I have adduced passages from the *Upanishads*, to illustrate its true character, and stated the objections to it in a religious point of view. Its cunning advocates, who, with might and main, encourage the practice of idolatry by all classes of the community, except by a small junta of refined and abstract speculators, not unfrequently tell the people that it is the object of missionaries actually to support it! "Hear," say they, "how they talk of the unity of God, of the necessity of contemplation and faith, of the desirableness of *moksha*, or liberation." Some of them, as Ráma Mohan Roy, have thus passed themselves off, among missionaries, as reformers, and deceived many professing Christians! The "unity" of God, in the mouth of a Vedántist, however, it should never be forgotten, means the identity of God and his works; "contemplation and faith," the absolute forgetfulness of individual existence; and "liberation," the total absorption of the human soul into the Divine essence. We have all read of a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, who, with the view of confounding the distinctions between Christianity and a system of gross imposture, followed Paul and his companions, crying, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation." In the missionary report in which this fact is recorded, we do not find, however, that Luke, the journalist, records the satisfaction and delight with which the Great Apostle of the Gentiles received this compliment. "Paul, being *grieved*," he says, "turned and said to the spirit, I command thee, in the name of Jesus, to come out of her." Here is an example for our treatment of Vedánta laudations. The system, robbing God, as it does, of all his perfections, by reducing him to a piece of vegetation, which periodically extends and contracts, and which destroys every moral relation between the Creator and the creature, should receive no mercy.

"I spent the day before yesterday with Dr and Mrs Edwards. Mrs Fyvie and Mr Giberne were there. We read aloud, and had a good deal of interesting conversation,—so the day passed agreeably and profitably. Dr E. has been very kind. . . . . On Monday, we purpose going to Domas. I do nothing here, and I long to get back to the schools, and our own sweet domicile. Mr and Mrs Webb will not hear of my going on the 1st, so I have agreed to remain till the 10th or 12th."

"20*th January.*—We are in the midst of great confusion, being just about to start for Domas—boxes packing, servants chattering, *bábás* crying, and all the other *delightful* accompaniments of travelling. I may not have an opportunity of sending a letter for several days from Domas, which makes me the more anxious to despatch these few lines to you, that you may know we are well. I have indeed great reason to feel thankful that my strength is so much greater than when I left Bombay; and you will, I know, unite with me in praising the Lord for his great goodness, manifested towards me, a worm of the dust. O that I may devote my time and my talents more unreservedly to His service!

"Mr and Mrs Webb have been thrown into great anxiety and distress, by a note from Mr Stewart in Bombay. He heard from Mr Williams that Robert Money was dangerously ill at Solápur. He was suffering from a fever, which he had caught on the march thither. His case was considered by the medical man a dangerous one. I sincerely hope that this account is exaggerated. But we know not what to think." . . . .

To Mrs Capt. W. Jacob, Bombay. Surat, *Jan.* 20, 1835.

"I can no longer defer offering you our united warmest congratulations, and assuring you of the deep interest which we feel in your and your husband's happiness. The union which you have formed must contribute greatly to your earthly felicity; for there is no tie so tender and endearing as that which unites a woman to the beloved object of her affection, when his character and pursuits are in unison with her own. But Christians have an advantage over worldly people in this, as well as in every other relation of life,—they feel that the union is for eternity, that it involves a spiritual, as well as a temporal relation, and that it is

sanctified by its resemblance to that union which exists between Christ and the Church. . . . . While you rejoice together in the possession of earthly happiness, you will rejoice still more in the assurance that your home is in heaven, and that you are passing through this wilderness to a land of everlasting rest. You will feel that the great object, the chief design of your being, is to serve God, and prepare for heaven; and, while others are pursuing phantom pleasures, and spending their days and nights in the vain and delusive pursuit of sinful enjoyments, you will turn aside to converse with your God; to behold a glory which is veiled from the eye of the world,—even a God incarnate, one in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, who is the admiration of angels, and a demonstration to man of the manifold wisdom of God. You will experience a joy in which the world cannot participate, from the assurance that your life is hid with Christ; and that, though death may rend asunder the tenderest ties of nature, and cast his withering blight over sublunary joys, he cannot destroy that higher and purer bond of fellowship which unites believers to their great Head, and to each other. Our religious feelings must be either increased or lessened by our intercourse with those we love; and there is no doubt that our desires, feelings, and pursuits, are greatly modified by the peculiar character of the minds with which we come into most frequent contact. How happy, then, is it for you, my dear friend, that the object of your affection is in every respect worthy of your devoted regard and love; that he has long walked with God, and is fitted, by his various attainments and experience, to lead you on in your Christian course, and to be in every respect a help meet for you. The affection which you inspired in our hearts led my dear husband and myself to pray that the object of your regard might be in every respect suited to you; and you may imagine what our delight was, when Dr Smyttan announced your intended marriage one morning, at the breakfast table. Mr and Mrs Webb participated in our happiness; and there was one universal expression of approval and delighted feeling.

"It is now our earnest prayer, that you may be long spared to be helpers of each other's joy, and that heaven may pour down

upon you its best and choicest blessings. Yours very affectionately,—MARGARET WILSON."

"DOMAS, 22*d January* 1835.—My heart was cheered yesterday by the arrival of your letter from Barodá. How constantly your image is present to my mind, and how valued are the words you write to me, whether in letters, journals, or in your printed works, which I always read over again in your absence with renewed pleasure! The thought of meeting you at Gogo, and of spending one or two days with you before you set out on your Katíáwád campaign, inspired me with the greatest joy and delight; but these hopes of anticipated pleasure were instantly put to flight, when Mr Webb told me that it was quite impossible for him to accompany me, as he had business of importance on the 1st, and could not risk being absent. . . . .

"We came here yesterday morning. Domas is a lovely spot; and so perfectly retired, that we feel quite away from all the world. A wide beach of sand stretches before us, and all round there is an immense plain filled with bábul bushes. The oppoposite side of the river is very pretty, and there is a picturesque tomb erected over the remains of one of the Dutch admirals. It is so intensely cold that we cannot keep ourselves warm. We had a long walk this forenoon, quite in the fashion of old Scotland. . . . . I long to get your journal from Barodá. I hope you will see Mr Williams and the Gáikawád." . . . .

"DOMAS, 25*th January*.—You will be rejoiced to hear that a favourable change has taken place in Mr Money, and that there is now ground to hope he will recover. . . . . We expected the accounts of his death. How graciously our heavenly Father has disappointed our fears. We kneeled in prayer before His throne, and a feeling of joy and gratitude, altogether indescribable, burst from our hearts. You will unite with us in thanksgiving to the 'Father of mercies.' O may this and all God's other dispensations be sanctified to our souls. Death, though delayed, is not the less certain to one and all of us. How should it transport us to think that Christ has conquered the enemy, in his own dark dominion, for all believers, and opened to their view a bright and cheering prospect of eternal happiness and glory. The

schemes and projects that relate to our earthly life must have a termination. Death leaves no space for them, and they cannot descend with us to the tomb. But how cheering the assurance, that nothing holy and immortal in its nature can be destroyed by him. He only brings down the walls of our prison-house, only crumbles into dust those frail and sinful bodies which impede the exercise of the soul; but itself shall go free, to dwell for ever in the mansions of glory.

"I do not feel quite so well as I did. It is the weather that affects me." . . . .

"25*th January.*—I have just received your letter of the 22d. My eyes were filled with tears, and my heart with gratitude, when I read its contents. O what cause have we to bless and magnify the loving-kindness of our God manifested to us in our separation! I have thought incessantly of you during the last few days; and, as we sat wrapped in our cloaks, our lips blue, and our hands and feet quite benumbed with the cold, I could not help exclaiming, What must my dearest John be suffering! This season is so unhealthy, that I quite dread your long tour. I would not, however, say one word against it, if it be for the glory of God, and the good of immortal souls perishing for the word of life. I trust that the Lord will direct you, and go with you whithersoever you may journey; and may we both learn the important lesson of having our eyes more constantly directed to Him who can alone lead us in the right path.

"Not having received farther accounts of Mr Money from Bombay, we concluded that he was out of danger, or at least that the fever had subsided. But, alas! to-day's post brought us very sad and alarming tidings of him. The letter was from Mr Williams, and from the tenor of it we have little or nothing to hope. He said, indeed, that there was nothing to hope, but from the fact that all things are possible with God, for all human means had proved unavailing, and death seemed to be advancing with rapid steps. His mind was perfectly collected, and he was quite resigned, rejoicing in the salvation of God. Many days have elapsed since the letter containing this information was written, and the event must now be determined, though we remain in uncertainty respecting it. The loss of so bright an

example will be to us a trial unspeakably great. But the Lord reigneth, and we must bow to his sovereign decree. To Mr Money, death is divested of his frown, and the grave of its terrors. The change will be a welcome one;—from the vicissitudes of an earthly pilgrimage to an abode of endless happiness,—from created and troubled springs to the inexhaustible fountain, and to the rivers which water the Paradise of God. Perhaps he is now made perfect in glory, a pillar in the kingdom of his Father, a rejoicing spirit around the throne. . . . . Mrs Webb is in great distress. I feel as if he were my brother. He has indeed been so to us. . . . . May you be strengthened of God, and kept as the apple of his eye." . . . .

"Domas, 28*th January*.—Yesterday's post brought us the sad and heart-rending accounts of Mr Money's relapse, and the near prospect of his dissolution. The doctor, in his letter, said that he was fast sinking, but his mind was in perfect peace, and that both he and his dear wife were quite resigned to the separation. Long ere this he is probably reposing on the bosom of his Saviour and God, or walking the streets of the New Jerusalem, with that blessed company who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Our eyes shall see him no more in this world. That voice which so often delighted us will never again be heard; the countenance which beamed with benevolence and kindness will never more be beheld by us here; and the mind which glowed with beautiful thought and imagery, will never again exercise itself on the things of the world. But he is not dead. His soul, emancipated from its clay-burdened tabernacle, is radiant with glory and happiness. It is purified from all corruption, and cast in the mould of immortality. For several months past, the Lord had evidently been preparing him for the great and solemn change. In some of his letters to Mrs Webb, he alludes to his happy state of mind, and to his growing delight in spiritual things. He said that he felt emancipated from bondage, and could rejoice in his God. This change he attributed to his recent views respecting the personal coming of Christ. He was probably mistaken as to the cause. But what was then dark has now been made plain; for he no longer sees as through a glass, but face to face, and knows even as he is

known. We had hoped that his life would be protracted; but his work was done, and God has destined him a name and a place among the living in Jerusalem. How solemn are these warnings. They tell us that *we*, too, must part. What would be our earthly love without the prospect of a blessed—a joyful reunion in heaven! It has been justly said, 'That in affliction there is a blessed fellowship among believers, and a mysterious identity with their great Head, which give a grandeur to our trivial sufferings.' It is so. This affliction renders you more dear and precious in my estimation.

"My heart bleeds for Mrs Money. But God is almighty, a very present help in every time of trouble; and he can impart to her sorrowing spirit such communications of his grace, and such views of heavenly glory, as will raise her above present suffering. She will leave Solápur almost immediately, if the event has been such as we anticipate. Mrs Webb wishes to be in Bombay before she arrives; so we shall leave Surat on the 6th or 7th of next month. . . . .

"Mr W. has gone to Surat, and we are sitting alone in suspense and painful excitement, looking every moment for a letter. Fears about you come into my mind, but I try to dismiss them by committing you to the Shepherd of Israel. . . . .

"Johnny is much improved in strength and spirits since we came here. It was intensely cold the first two days; but yesterday, and the day previous, it was very warm, and the hot winds have been blowing. Either these, or the suspense and anxiety of my mind, have brought back the throbbing in my head and the noise in my ears. I feel much better to-day; and we are to go to Surat to-morrow, which I am glad of, as the house there is better fitted to exclude the hot wind.

". . . . Mr Webb has returned. Mr Money died on the 21st. He retained his faculties till the day before his death, and died in the full assurance of faith. . . . . Mrs M. was in great anguish. . . . . Write to her, and inclose the letter to me. She needs our deepest sympathy and our most earnest prayers." . . . .

"Surat, *2d February.*—The striking example which we have observed of the uncertainty of life in the death of Mr Money, makes me think more constantly of you, and of the many

trials and dangers to which you may be exposed. But God is with you. His presence will cheer you, and his providence watch over you. The work which connects heaven with earth is the only work that is worthy of labour. You are engaged with Omnipotence in it, and His arm will uphold you. I have sympathized much with you in what you must have felt on receiving the melancholy tidings of Mr Money's death. I know how much you loved him; I did not know the high estimation in which I held him, till death had severed the tie which bound him to us and to his other dear Christian friends. But his spirit has gone to a holier region, where all is light, and joy, and immortality. He is now associated in our minds with the services of the upper sanctuary; with the cloud of witnesses who bear testimony to the truth; and with Jesus, the Mediator, who has arisen as the first fruits of them that sleep, and who has shed a holy light upon the darkness of the tomb. It was delightful to think of Mr Money in life,—such a combination of energy, piety, genius, and refined feeling. But we may joy also in his death. He has gone before us to his Father's house, and his faith and patience are an encouragement to us to hold fast unto the end, that we, too, may receive the crown of life. . . . . We are told that Mr Money's death is the engrossing theme, both in Bombay and at the out-stations. Mrs Haddow mentions that it produced a great sensation." . . . .

"*5th February.*—I have just received your consoling and delightful letter, in reference to the death of Mr Money. . . . . It came, indeed, at a most appropriate time, after a scene of distress and agitation,—Mr Webb having just finished an account of Mr M.'s last moments. He had a struggle, such as we saw in another dear friend. . . . . He spent the whole night in prayer, and had experience of the most rapturous joys. It was like the commencement of heaven. Spiritual objects seemed to fill his whole soul, and to give a happy occupation to all his faculties. . . . . The gentlemen who were with him were all astonished at the composure and joy which he manifested in the prospect of death. Their prayer was, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' May this dispensation prove to them the means of life from the dead!

" I knew that you would deeply feel the bereavement. I rejoice that you have been supported under it, and that you can rejoice in the unspeakable perfection and glory to which he has been exalted. I do hope that it will be blessed to us all.

" I have just been reading a sermon of Hall, on the glory of God in concealing so much from our view. It is most profound and original; and has given me many new ideas connected with the glory of heaven, and with the power, wisdom, and love of God. He dwells much on the infinity of the Divine Being, and justly remarks, that, when we are thinking of him, we are thinking of an object, in the depths of whose essence and purposes we are lost. He observes that it is this which will probably give all the emotions of freshness and astonishment to the raptures of the beatific vision. This, also, he shows, will enable God to pour in fresh accessions of light, to unfold new views of his character, to disclose new parts of his perfection, and to open new visions of himself, in which the mind will expatiate to all eternity! How delightful it is to think, that, though eternity shall reveal far more of God than we are permitted to know in this world, it will not and cannot exhaust his infinite fulness; and that our devotion and love will be excited by every fresh discovery! Light is thus sown for the righteous. The darkness which now surrounds us will only make that light the more enrapturing. The seeds of the heavenly kingdom, like those of the natural, are sown in darkness; but how animating to think that the love, and purity, and joy which now burn with seraphic ardour, and with a celestial fervency, around the throne, are the consummation and perfection of the life which was begun on earth. With such feelings, how desirous should we be to carry the lamp of life into those places which are covered with moral darkness! I feel happy to think that you, who are the dearest earthly object of my affection, should be engaged in this great work. You stand, like Moses, between the living and the dead. You are God's messenger to the heathen, as he was to the Israelites, and the sparks which you have been kindling will consume idolatry.

" Your journal is most interesting. You have indeed preached in the palaces of kings, and in the halls of councillors. Your

account of the visit to the Gáikawád is like 'reading a novel.' This is what Robert Hall used to say when he met with any thing that delighted him much,—so I copy from high authority." . . . .

"11*th February.*—We are just on the eve of setting off for Bombay; but I cannot leave Surat without writing a line to say that we are quite well. Surely the goodness of God towards us is intended to warm and animate our hearts. But, alas! the leaven of sin quenches and interrupts the growth of gratitude, and of every other pure and heavenly affection in our souls. I feel astonished at the lowness of my attainments in the spiritual life, and my great distance from Him in whom I live, and move, and have my being, the inexhaustible fountain of all beauty and excellence. I feel, however, within me a principle that aims after perfection—that does not allow me to rest satisfied with present attainments—and that must and will triumph at last. Oh that the longings of my soul after God were more earnest and more constant, and that there was more of the love of heaven in my heart, and diffused over my actions! Meditation on the character of Christ is, I think, one great means of inspiring us with this holy love. It blends the deepest condescension with the loftiest majesty,—the greatest possible humiliation with the highest dignity and power. He emphatically emptied himself of his glory, took upon himself the form of a servant, and humbled himself still farther by becoming obedient unto the death. From thence he ascended to his crown; and, if we hope to live and reign with him in his kingdom, we must imitate him in all his imitable perfections. The glory of God, and benevolence to the lost family of man, engaged his heart, and brought him from the bosom of the Father. He made a perpetual warfare on the territories of darkness; he guarded his little flock; he prayed as in an agony; and rested not from his labours till he could say, 'I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do!' I long for, and much need, a greater portion of the Saviour's spirit! O pray for me, that I may not be as a branchless and leafless trunk in the garden of the Lord! Pray for me, that I may bring forth more fruit. A tree may be deemed sterile and of little use, though it be not

altogether dead and withering. It may please the eye, and put on a succession of beautiful blossoms; but, if few of them ripen into fruit, it is a comparatively useless tree. Such am I."

Mrs Wilson left Surat for Bombay on the day on which the preceding letter was written. The following letters were written in her own home. They are characterised by that peculiarly intense but regulated affection for the members of her family, and her Christian friends, which must have been frequently marked.

"Bombay, 14*th February* 1835.

" We arrived here in safety last evening, after a delightful passage of three days. We had bright moonlight, and a breeze which wafted us so gently along, that we scarcely felt the motion of the boat. The children were quite happy. Johnny was in ecstacy with the sight of the water and fishing-boats. He amused himself by throwing paper and straws into the sea,—taking so much delight in the occupation, that I think he must have been philosophizing on the subject! Mr Webb was very attentive to our comfort, and careful to have our cabin nicely protected from the sun..... We met Mr Pelly at the Bandar. He told us that Mrs Money had arrived in the morning. Mrs Webb came with me, but, after getting tea, went to Mr Williams', as she thought it was better to have the meeting over.

" Mr Williams called on me to-day. He said the meeting was heart-rending, but that Mrs Money had borne it better than he expected. Her grief during the day was so great that it had expended itself, and rendered her unable to give way any longer to her feelings. Providence has thus imposed a wise and salutary check to the desolating effects of grief.

" It was so late when Mrs Webb left me, that I could not go to Mrs Hunt's to fetch home our dear little girl. Johnny thought you must be here. He went into every room in the house to search for you; and, when you were not to be found, he began to cry. At first, his voice was not very loud; and he kept his eye fixed on the door, to see if you should yet make your *entré;* but, when he began to feel that all hope of your coming was at an end, he began to cry most bitterly, and with large tears in his eyes to say, 'Papa *gaiá*, ah! papa *gaiá!*'..... As soon as I

observed light on the horizon, I got up and prepared for going over to Mrs Hunt's. My little darling met me at the door. She has grown very much, and I never saw a child so full of life. She sprang into my arms, and began to laugh; but I do not think she remembered me at first, for, on going up stairs, she began to cry to get to Mrs H. When she awoke from a sleep, the remembrance of her own name seemed to have revived,—she clung to me with delight, and would not go from me to any one. . . . .

"Mr Williams said he thought a memoir of Mr Money ought to be published; and that you, from your intimacy with him, and from the great regard that he felt for you, ought to do it. I proposed that *he* should do it. He said that he was not qualified, and would prefer your undertaking it, but said he would be most happy to furnish you with the materials. I agree with Mr W. in thinking that such a work would be very acceptable and useful. The estimation in which Mr Money was held is clearly proved by the deep and universal sensation of grief which his death has caused. Some of those who lately took part against him are loud in their lamentations over his loss.

"The new governor is much liked. The gay people here are saying, 'Now for the saints,—their reign has come!' I trust it may be so. Mr Stevenson complains of a falling off among the natives on the Wednesday evenings. At first a great many came; but this is what he must expect,—novelty having brought many. . . . .

"Bombay, 18*th February*.—This has been a busy day with me. My bodily frame is exhausted, and I seem to groan under the oppression of a frail and worn-out tenement of clay; but my mind is less sluggish than usual, and my spirit has been refreshed by seeing dear Mrs Money. . . . . But I must tell you my occupation on the first part of the day. Death was not far from us; for I had no sooner got up in the morning, than I was told that Mukanda had lost his second youngest child, a fine little girl. She died of the same kind of fever that her mother had some weeks before. I went to the house as soon as I was dressed, and was much pleased to witness the composure and feeling which they manifested. I spoke to them for some time, and

left them with the Maráthí Bible in their hands, about to unite together in reading the word of God and in prayer. The house filled with people, all of whom seemed to join in their feelings. We sent to the American Chapel, and got a coffin for the remains of the poor child. Mr Stevenson provided a grave in the Scotch burying-ground; and at four o'clock, before we proceeded to the churchyard, he assembled all the people together and gave a very interesting address. He said a few words again before the earth was for ever closed upon her. It is sweet to think of a little Hindú child laid in a Christian burying-ground; but it is infinitely more enrapturing to think of her being united with the redeemed family, in ascribing honour, and glory, and power unto Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. She is buried at the side opposite our beloved child Kenneth. We staid for some time at the hallowed spot; and, as has been the case every time that I have visited his little grave, a bright and unclouded sun was setting opposite the place.

"I had been engaged all the forenoon in examining the girls and answering notes of inquiry about you, my own health, &c. which literally poured in upon me; and I therefore delayed going to see Mrs Money till the evening. I accordingly went from the churchyard, and did not regret this circumstance, as it solemnized my mind, and prepared me in some degree for the meeting..... She told me that she felt relieved by seeing me, for that you and myself were so much beloved by Robert, that there was no one she had felt more desirous to see. The account she gave me of what he felt for some time previous to his illness, was most deeply and tenderly affecting. It showed by what sure but rapid stages, the Lord was sanctifying and preparing him for the inheritance of the saints in light. She said that prayer seemed not only to be the natural element of his soul, but his constant exercise. He was not only whole hours, but whole days, with very few intervals, engaged in it. He complained greatly of coldness in devotion, and of the depths of iniquity in his heart,—at the very time that he seemed to her to be standing on the threshold of heaven. His desires after holiness were most intense and constant; and he prayed that God would send disease, or disappointment, or any trial that he may see fit, if it would

only be blessed to bring about his entire sanctification. Mrs Money thought it was wrong of him to pray in this manner, and attempted to remonstrate with him on the subject. He said, 'O Mary, I am so burdened and oppressed with indwelling sin, that I cannot help it. What is bodily pain? It would be a blessed state to me if it would make me love God more.' He dwelt much on the glories of heaven, and alluded particularly to the strong desire he felt to see and converse with the patriarchs and apostles. He selected Noah in particular, as one whom he wished to see. His desire to behold the Saviour was very great. On this subject he manifested something like a holy impatience.... He spoke very often of us, and said that he had no friend whom he loved more tenderly..... Captain Scott says, 'He (Mr Money) lay in earnest prayer; but I could not catch his words. After some time he said, 'O! I have been so blessed,—I have had such a glorious view of eternity,—I cannot return to a sinful world! Oh no, I cannot! Is it wrong to desire that the Lord would take me away quickly?' When Mrs Money came into the room, he said, 'Mary, my dearest Mary, do not think that I love you or our little ones less, when I tell you that my desire is that the Lord would remove me. O that you could see what I do! Tell my dearest mother that I died happy; it will rejoice her heart.' He spoke to Mrs Money of her great responsibility in regard to the children,—telling her to lead them to honour Christ, to guard them against vanity, and the fear of man, which is a great snare. He dwelt much on this last subject, and tried to impress it upon all around him, saying, 'Of what use would youth, talents, strength, all that the world is proud of, be to me, —there is but one thing that I can trust to,' alluding to the finished work of Christ. When the doctor came to him early in the morning, he said, 'Oh, I am so happy, so full of peace, I would I could make you all feel the joy that I do.' I wish I could repeat the one-half that Mrs M. told me; but you will hear it from her own lips.

"I only went once to church. Mr Stevenson preached an excellent sermon; and I was delighted to see the church so well filled. He came in the afternoon, and preached to the natives."....

"20*th February.*—I have had many, many inquiries about you from all quarters. Mr Farish told me that he had received a very interesting letter from you before you left Barodá. He wished to know the result of your visit to his Highness the Gáikawád, and I have sent him your journal to read, which will, I am sure, be a treat to him. I have seen Mr ——, the converted Jew, and heard him preach. He is a man of great Jewish learning; but he is very proud, and has a most ungovernable temper. He has quarrelled with all the chaplains. He speaks of them in unqualified terms of contempt and reprobation. He thinks he has been unkindly treated by them, and that they wanted to exercise an authority over him to which they had no right. But I have only heard one side of the question, and do not wish to form any opinion till I can do so impartially. It is melancholy to see so much strife and uncharitableness among those who are called by the name of Christ, and who go forth to enlighten and reform the world. Surely the enemy may say, they have not discovered that centre of attraction which they discourse about, that chord to which all their hearts should vibrate in unison. There is, I believe, a unity of spirit; but it is concealed from the world and from ourselves, by the pride, the jealousy, the self-seeking, that are found amongst us. Oh that the spirit of love would assume its ascendancy over us, and that they who hold the same faith would manifest more of the charity which belongs to it!" . . . .

"22*d February.*—How can I express the delight which has this day been awakened in my heart by the receipt of your very gratifying letter and journal. I could only shed tears of gratitude, and lift up my soul in praise and thanksgiving to God for his great kindness and love. Your sketch of Mr Money delineates most justly the peculiar traits of his character. . . . I am still of opinion, however, that a memoir of him, containing his letters, and a particular account of his last moments, would do much good; and I hope you will agree to undertake it. Mrs Money, Mr Williams, Dr Gray, and the Webbs, have all expressed the same feeling in regard to your writing it. I spent a great part of last evening with Mrs Money. . . . She feels the deep responsibility of the circumstances in which God has placed

her, and is anxious to train her dear children for heaven. Mrs Tomkyns told me all about your visit to Jálná, and the good which she thought it was the means of doing amongst them. I found the female schools in much better order than I expected.

"The weather in Bombay is very hot at present. I do not feel nearly so well as I did at Surat; but I have great reason to be thankful for the health I enjoy. The deafness and noise in my ears only become troublesome late in the evening, and I avoid being out at that time." . . .

To E. H. Edwards, Esq., Surat. "Bombay, *Feb.* 23, 1835.

"I reflect with great pleasure on my visit to Surat, and on the delightful Christian intercourse which I was privileged to enjoy with those who love the Lord Jesus. When the men of the world hear us talk of this intercourse, they call it enthusiasm and a dream. They can speak of the delights of poetry, of the ecstacy which is enkindled in their minds when they listen to a tale of romance, or to the melody of a sublime and beautiful piece of music. They can dwell on the joys of patriotism and kindred affection, or on the peace and innocence of childhood, when the world was untried, and before the sorrows of the heart were called into exercise; but when we speak of those objects whose glory and beauty surpass the splendours of the universe, and when we speak of a peace which passeth all understanding, of a joy which exists in the midst of sorrow, and brightens the darkness of the grave, of a hope full of immortality, and of a love stronger than death, they think we are weak, and brand us with the name of enthusiasts. Would that we had more of the delight and fervency in spiritual things which they condemn! Could we view spiritual things in their just dimensions, could we weigh these in the scales of truth, sure I am that our communion with each other would be more divine and heavenly than it generally is. To every Christian dwelling among the heathen, the ministry of the Gospel is, in some measure, intrusted; and when we reflect on the deep responsibility which is involved in this consideration, we may well wonder that we think and talk so little of that which engages the contemplation of angels and the redeemed. Those who fear the Lord ought to hold frequent intercourse. It is a mean of exciting to love and to good works. It inspires us

with a keener relish for communion with God. It is an emblem of the happiness of heaven, where no retiring or selfish feeling finds any place, and where one pervading and ecstatic throb of praise inspires the song of the rejoicing worshippers. . . . I often regret that we see so little of pious people who occasionally visit the Presidency, and that we do not enjoy more communion with those who reside here permanently. But we are obliged to practise self-denial. Our time is sacred to the heathen; and we find that being much in society of any kind is quite incompatible with the time and study which we must devote to our other duties. We both feel it to be a delight and joy to look forward to the uninterrupted and unclouded communion of heaven. . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

To Mrs Capt. Whinyates, Jálná. "Bombay, *Feb.* 28, 1835.

". . . The gold and the silver are the Lord's; and when they are consecrated to his service, and used for the purpose of building up and beautifying that temple which Omnipotence has been rearing ever since time began its course, they possess a real, and not a fictitious value. How delightful to think that the king of the temple sits upon his throne, and is now mustering his hosts to the battle! Victory is certain. The Lord alone will be exalted in that day—the spoils of earthly glory will be laid at his feet—the temple will appear in its celestial beauty and splendour, and the voice of its king will be heard in it. It is the prerogative of God alone to build this temple out of the ruins of the fall; but we are permitted to pray—'Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, as in the generations of old.' We are permitted to welcome the day-star which dispels the darkness, and ushers in the morning of this glorious day. Let us pray fervently that the Spirit of God may be given in rich abundance, and that he may move the wheels of the machinery which is in motion, till it levels the mountains, and breaks in pieces the rocks which now oppose the progress of the blessed gospel. I agree with you in thinking, that the weakness and derangements of the earth-born tenements which our souls inhabit, fetter and impede the exertions of the new-born spirit. But it is an unspeakable consolation for us to know, that our blessed Emmanuel, when he became our Surety, and sojourned

in our world, took upon him the frail and perishable, as well as the undecaying and never-dying, principle of our nature; and that, in this mysteriously constituted nature, he has gone into the heavens to be our advocate with the Father, and to plead for the remission of our guilt. His ear is not insensible to our sorrow, his eye is not unmoved by our tears; but he knows every sin which besets us, every devious path into which we are prone to wander, every lurking element of evil in our hearts, and he sends sickness or sorrow to bring us back to God and to happiness. He knows what is necessary for all the members of his vast family; and as the path of suffering is the path which conducts to glory, he calls them to tread it. How cheering the assurance that they are not alone in this path! He brings them into the wilderness that he may speak comfortably to them. He visits them with diseases that consume their strength, to teach them that he is an Almighty Saviour, and that their life is hid with him, beyond the possibility of change. He casts the shadow of death before them, to remind them of him who conquered death, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. He sheds a darkness upon the grave, that the light of heaven may illumine it. Some one has remarked, that 'death must put the seal of perpetuity to all our other triumphs.' But death is an enemy; it is the last, and perhaps the fiercest, that the Christian has to contend with. Satan guards the territory, and comes upon its victims like an armed man. But Christ has overcome death, in behalf of all who believe. He has given them the right; and he will furnish them with power meet for the conflict. We have no reason for despondency; but I should feel, in every circumstance, how great is our joy, how unalterable our security.

"I lately thought that my day was well-nigh ended, and the night of death at hand; but the Lord has in mercy spared me a little longer, seeing that I was not prepared for the change. He takes the ripe fruit, and leaves the green, till the sun and the rain bring it to perfection. My complaint was altogether in my head; and it was accompanied with singular sensations of sight, and a noise in my ears, which nearly produced deafness; my memory and other powers of my mind became affected, and for a time I seemed to be laid aside from my usual work. I am

now able to do a little in the schools; but I am obliged to be very cautious, as I have not yet recovered. The doctor says, that it is a general relaxation of the system, and that I must abstain from attempting any thing that causes mental exertion. This is a great trial, as I had undertaken the translation of several works for the schools; but our ways are in the Lord's hands. The traces of sin are every where legible in this changeable and changing world. It is a land of darkness and exile; and we should long to be home. Some rays of the Divine glory we see here; but, alas! they are faint and clouded, and not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. O for faith to realize the glories of heaven, and to catch such a glimpse of its purity and bliss, as would enable us to walk more like pilgrims and strangers who look for a better country, a more enduring inheritance! Yours, &c.—M. W."

To J. Jordan Wilson, Esq. "Bombay, 1*st March* 1835.

"Disappointment and sorrow attach themselves to every thing earthly, even to our purest and most disinterested friendships. It is, perhaps, well that it is so; for, if the shadow of disappointment did not go before and behind us, in our higher as well as in our inferior gratifications, we should forget the ulterior destiny which awaits us, and cease to aspire after immortality. Our heavenly Father has in this, as in other things, shut us up to the faith of the Gospel. He has enveloped the fairest parts of the scene around us in clouds and darkness, that the light of heaven may more surely and more brightly illumine them. When your letters come, they give us unspeakable joy and comfort. The knowledge that we are remembered and loved by some of the faithful band of Christ's followers, who stand on their watch-towers and fight their Lord's battles in other and distant parts of his wide-spread territory, cannot fail to impart consolation, and to inspire us with new courage. We think much of you and our other dear Christian friends. Like the Jews in their captivity, we sit by the streams of Babel, and weep when we think of Zion. We hang our harps upon the willows, and when we take them down to tune them to the songs of Zion, our hearts ever and anon turn to the land of our nativity, where we were first taught to utter them. We feel, however, that we would not exchange situations

with the Christians in our native land, though there, as well as here, the Lord is mustering his forces to the battle, and calling them to engage in a mighty work. Here the contest is fiercer; the territory to be won is more extended, and the ranks of the enemy are greater and more appalling; but the battle is as sure and more glorious. When the walls and partitions of selfishness are broken down, the streams of Christian benevolence will flow freely abroad, and circulate through their natural channels. Oh what a field will India, and China, and all the countries of the East, then open to the philanthropy of the Christian! They who remain idly at home, waiting to reap the spoils of the battle, will experience nothing but disappointment. They who, with their lives in their hands, go forth to heathen countries to make known the ineffable glories of the scheme of redemption, and to spend and be spent, like their Divine Master and his apostles, in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God, will reap a reward of happiness here and glory hereafter, which will lighten the toil and make it appear as nothing. I feel persuaded, that in proportion as the love of Christ dwells in our hearts, and becomes the animating principle of our obedience, we shall experience enlargement of love to man—shall regard neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, except as they are immortal beings, and capable of realizing the blessings of the Gospel of peace. To dwell in a heathen country, and not to feel this oneness of nature with those around us, and not to be able to embody our interests with theirs, is painful in the extreme. You may feel, my dear friend, as if this could not exist in the case of a missionary; but, alas! it is a fact daily and hourly realized by many, and by none, perhaps, to a greater degree than myself. I mourn over it, and try to overcome it by a more minute acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives; by a more careful acquaintance with the idiom of their language; and, above all, by an abiding sense of their destitution and misery, and of the unspeakable value of that grace and salvation which it is our duty and our privilege to proffer to them. But a painful inability clings to me; the time is short, and strength, labour, and toil, having been expended, I feel as if I had all to learn. When we speak of themes the most lofty in the universe

—subjects which angels and the adoring hosts of heaven stoop down to behold, and search into with awe and profound gratitude—we wonder that they awaken no kindred joy in the hearts of the heathen around us. But we are apt to forget that we may be partakers of their guilt. We are prone to disregard the fact, that we speak to them in a language little understood, because the themes to which we refer are altogether new to them, and that they judge of them, not so much by their own intrinsic value, as by our earnestness in recommending them to attention, and the corresponding change which they achieve over our corrupt desires and practices. An exhibition of conduct befitting the glorious truth which we proclaim to them, is as necessary as an exhibition of the truth. In this there is a woful shortcoming, as all Christians can testify who sojourn in heathen lands. Their conduct is subjected to a rigid scrutiny among the heathen, and the efforts of the more influential natives, like those of the Pharisees of old, are zealously and assiduously directed to the discovery of some fault or inconsistency which they may lay to our charge. We are witnesses to a large proportion of the human race. But how should our hearts weep with anguish, and our eyes be filled with tears, when we remember how wofully and how unworthily we have performed our part!

"Mr Wilson is upwards of 600 miles distant from Bombay when I write to you. Perhaps you may hear from him before this reaches you, as it was his intention to write to you and some of his friends on his tour to the northward. If, as it often happens, he should not find leisure amidst his incessant and wonderful labours, you must excuse him and receive me as his substitute. I accompanied him as far as Surat, a large and very ancient city in Gujarát, about 160 miles distant from hence. The state of my health rendered a change of climate absolutely necessary; and I am happy to say that my strength recruited during the journey, and while I remained in Gujarát. My complaint obliged me to absent myself from the schools, and to abstain altogether from study, which I felt at the time to be a severe trial. It was, however, sent me by my heavenly Father, who saw that there was a necessity for this particular species of trial; and I trust I have reaped already some of its blessed fruits.

It is not in the light and sunny places of the wilderness that the traveller most sweetly reposes. It is under the shadow of a great rock, or in the depths of the sequestered valley; and so it is with the Christian. The sun of prosperity withers our joy, and changes the green leaves into the sickly colours of autumn. Adversity is like the winter, which prepares the soil for the reception of the seed, and for the rich and glowing luxuriance of spring-time. In sickness we are near to God, and feel that his banner over us is love. What is bodily pain when we experience this nearness? It is but a joyful messenger looking into the door of our prison, to assure us that our release is at hand, and that our fetters are about to be broken. . . . .

"I was much interested in my trip to Surat. . . . . My ignorance of the Gujaráthí language diminished considerably the pleasure that I should otherwise have experienced in my intercourse with the natives; but, with Maráthí and Hindústaní, I got on better than I expected. From the resemblance of Gujaráthí to Hindústaní, and from the number of Sanskrit words contained in it, I had no difficulty in understanding the general tenor of a discourse or conversation; but I could not frame a sentence correctly, from my entire ignorance of the grammar. In the latter point, it differs considerably from either of the other two languages. The appearance of the Gujarát country is very tame and uninteresting to a lover of the mountain and flood. The ground was arid even when we passed over it; but, when the hot winds blow, the whole of the country resembles a heated furnace, and clouds of dust fill the air in every direction. The skin becomes shrivelled, and the countenances of the natives who are exposed to the air, put on the appearance of premature old age. . . . .

"*9th March.*—Mr Wilson is now on his way hither. We have experienced much of the goodness of God since we separated; and he has been privileged, in an especial manner, to make known to immense multitudes, as well as to the kings and princes of India, the glorious tidings of the Gospel. You will see in his Journal, which I hope will be printed, a most interesting account of his visit to the Nawáb of Surat, to the Gáíkawád at Barodá, and to the Ráo of Kach (Cutch), as well as to many other Rájás. Yours ever, &c.—M. W."

To Lieut. Thomas Candy. "Bombay, 12*th March* 1835.

"I have been prevented by the severe illness of my dear little boy from replying to your kind letter, which I received on Saturday last. Accept my thanks for it, and for all the things which you kindly sent me as a *memento* of your dearest wife. I need nothing of hers to perpetuate the remembrance of her in my heart. The sincerity and beautiful simplicity to which you allude were indeed striking features in her character, and that love to Jesus, which led her to make a willing consecration of her powers to his service, was not a transient gleam, which appears and then vanishes again, but burned with an unwavering and holy lustre.

"I feel persuaded, that in proportion as the love of Christ dwells in our hearts, and becomes the animating principle of our obedience, we shall experience enlargement of affection to our fellow-creatures. . . . . An exhibition of the truth of Christianity in our own conduct is as necessary as an exhibition of it in words to the consciences of the heathen. Such an exhibition your dear wife was enabled to manifest amidst much bodily weakness and suffering. In this, she was an imitator of the perfections, and a sharer of the love, which reside, in infinite fulness, in our blessed Emmanuel. Her faith withdrew the veil that hides eternity from view, and in its clear and searching light she learned the value of an immortal spirit. Her zeal for the conversion of the natives, more than any thing else, endeared her to me. I continue to feel her loss. But we must not think that she takes no interest now in the affairs of the Church, and in the ingathering of the redeemed family. O, no! she is awake and active; and, though her efforts and her employments are unperceived by us, she is no less really and intently engaged in the Lord's work. There is a jubilee in heaven over every repenting sinner. The celestial courts re-echo the sound of gladness; and the splendours of the mediatorial kingdom and throne receive new and glorious accessions by every trophy that is added to them. When we mourn the loss of those who have been removed from us by death, let us think of what they are now in possession of. All that we admired and loved in them is now purified, exalted, and inconceivably enlarged. All that we

mourned over is destroyed. Their zeal and devotion rise as perpetual incense before the throne; their love is fed by the pure atmosphere of holiness; their joy is without interruption, and without a cloud.

"The death of Mr Money was not unexpected by me. I thought for some time previous to the event, that, as his desires and feelings had become so akin to those of the blessed spirits above, while this world, by its uncharitableness, and its want of unity, seemed quite uncongenial to him, God was finishing the work of grace in him, to prepare him for entrance into glory. The Christian Ghoráwála told me what he said to them in Maráthí; and the old Ayah, what he said in Hindústaní. It was most striking. O that I could feel and speak as he did, when heaven was in his eye, and the glory of God shining round about him.

"Mr Wilson has been most intently occupied during this tour. This is probably the reason of his silence to you and Captain Molesworth. I took part with dear Captain M. in urging him to make a tour in the Maráthí, and not in the Gujaráth districts; but I now feel convinced that he has been directed of God, and that his labours have been in a wonderful degree blessed. He has preached intelligibly in three languages to immense multitudes of natives. He has carried at least some knowledge of the Gospel into the halls of the native princes in that direction, who never before listened to its joyful sound. He has ascertained many facts, and done something towards putting down infanticide, and he has added much to his knowledge of native customs, and of the Hindú religion. . . . . My health has not recruited much. Ever, in Christian love, yours, &c.—M. W."

To Miss I. Wilson. "Bombay, 19*th March* 1835.

"I fear you will be longing to hear from us, and will think it a long time since any of you received letters. Mr W. intended to have written to his father and mother before he set out on his tour to the northward; but the superintendence of the press, preparations for the journey, and a variety of duties, prevented him from fulfilling his intentions. . . . . The Shepherd of Israel, who watches over his chosen servants in the wilderness, as well as in the fruitful field, has been his guide and keeper, and has

not permitted any evil to come near him. He gave him also such favour in the sight of the native princes, that one of them insisted on furnishing him with an escort of horsemen for the journey. During this tour, he preached to immense multitudes; and had an interview with almost all the native princes in the regions where he has been travelling. Among the rest, the Gáíkawád at Barodá, and the Ráo of Cutch. When he went to the former, he was mounted on an elephant, and attended by the guard of honour which accompanies the political agent, who introduced Mr W. to his Highness. The Gáíkawád met them at the door of the darbar, or hall of audience; and they walked with him through the ranks of his numerous courtiers, to the throne, or royal cushion. After conversing with his Highness on general topics, John inquired whether he should be permitted, as a minister of the Gospel, to give a statement of the principles and evidences of Christianity,—the religion professed by the inhabitants of Britain, and many other countries, and which demands the acceptance of the whole human race. The answer being, that he would be happy to listen, he proceeded to give a short statement of the principal truths which are contained in our Scriptures. His Highness was much struck with what was advanced; and, feeling at a loss to reply, or even to form a judgment for himself, he called upon Veniráma, his prime minister, to come forward and assist him in forming an opinion of what was so astonishing and new to him. Veniráma obeyed, and gave it as his opinion, that Jesus Christ was an incarnation, similar to the incarnations of Ráma and Krishna, who received from God, as a boon, the power of saving all those who believe in him. Mr W. told them that Ráma and Krishna were no incarnation of God at all, but only great warriors, like the forefathers of the Gáíkawád, who were deified by the poets of India. A long and very interesting discussion took place in the royal hall, on this and other subjects; but I have not room to proceed. Veniráma maintained that God is the author of sin, that He is the only entity, and that all exists in him. Mr W. overturned his vain and delusive arguments, illustrated the nature of sin, and showed that God could not, in any sense, be its author. He pressed home the truth upon their consciences, and urged

the necessity of an Incarnation, Surety, and Mediator, such as he had described; and then offered them New Testaments. His Highness refused to receive one in the presence of his court; but he afterwards wrote to Mr W., intimating his wish to receive and peruse the book. May He who rules the hearts of princes, render it effectual to turn his heart from the service of idols, and make him a trophy of redeeming grace.

"Mr W.'s interview with several other princes, especially with the Ráo of Kach,—to whom he was introduced by the Resident, Colonel Pottinger,—was equally interesting. He visited some Jain temples, which are very curious, near Palítáná, and from thence he sent a very beautiful address to the Jainas on the sin of idol-worship, and beseeching them to turn to the living and true God.* One of the objects which induced him to make this long tour, was to inquire into the extent of infanticide practised in Bhúj and the neighbouring districts. You are probably aware, that a great number of female children are annually sacrificed in India, by their cruel and remorseless parents; and that this inhuman practice was not abolished by law when the Satí, or burning of widows, was put a stop to. The information which he has obtained on the spot will be of the greatest use in his future efforts. . . . . The effects of idolatry are seen not only in stupifying and degrading the mind, as to all knowledge and understanding of the glorious perfection and beauty of the Divine character, but in shutting up the fountains of even earthly affection, and rendering the heart insensible to the ties of relationship and of blood. O how loudly does every thing around call upon

* According to the Jaina creed, matter and spirit are eternal; and there is no creative and superintending Providence. The objects of worship which it recognises, are the twenty-four Jainas, or Náthas, emancipated, by their devotion, from corporeal confinement. The temples on the Shetranjí hill are most splendid. There are similar ones on the celebrated Girnár, which I also visited. Near this latter place there are some remarkable inscriptions, with a fac-simile of which I was furnished by my friend, Captain Lang, who greatly aided me on my journey. It has been deciphered by Mr James Prinsep of Calcutta, and has proved to be, perhaps, the most interesting record connected with Indian antiquities.

us to pray earnestly, yea, even to travail in birth, that Christ may be formed in the hearts of the heathen, the hope of glory! We can only pray and labour for this glorious consummation of missionary exertion. The agency which must achieve it is the Lord's.

"We think much of you all, my dear I., and especially of our aged parents. They seem to have advanced farther than you on the journey of life. But, ah! we cannot tell,—for to some it is short. Some are cut down in the midst of their days, when life wears the bloom of spring-time and summer. But, if we live to God, and so fulfil the end of our being, it matters little whether we fall prematurely into the hands of death, or sink slowly and gradually under the burden of years. In whatever situation of life we may be placed, our only true happiness consists in knowing and loving God. 'The fear of the Lord, *that* is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.' Other distinctions are of little value, for death will level them all.

"I expect Mr W. home in ten days. If it be the will of God to spare us, our joy will be great on again meeting. . . . Johnny was very ill a few days ago,—and for one day I despaired of his recovery; but our heavenly Father was pleased to hear our cry and to restore him. He is sitting on my knee when I write this, very feeble and emaciated. . . . . Yours, &c.—M. W."

The day after the preceding letter was written, I arrived in Bombay, having taken my passage from Pattan-Somnath in a native vessel, which had been kindly furnished to me by his Highness the Ráo of Kach. My dearest partner welcomed me with her usual affection, and united with me in most fervently praising our heavenly Father for the great goodness which He had made to pass before me in my long journey, both as it regarded my own preservation, and the signal opportunities of usefulness which I had enjoyed, and in supplicating Him to turn to himself the hearts of the multitudes whom I had addressed, and into whose hands I had put the words of eternal life. Little did I think, when engaged with her in these hallowed exercises, weak though she appeared to be, that within a short month she was to be removed from the conflicts and

services of the church militant on earth, to the joys and bliss of the church triumphant in heaven. I could not, however, but mark her preparation for the great change which was speedily approaching. Her spiritual fervour, her gratitude for the Lord's mercies, her aspirations after perfect purity of soul, her humility and meek resignation to the Divine will, particularly affected me. One act of her devotion may be mentioned. She placed in my arms the beloved child to whose illness allusion has been made in the foregoing letter, and, under emotions of the deepest and most hallowed nature, she said, "I give him a second time to you from the Lord, and O, let us both join together, with our whole souls, in praising Him who has redeemed his life from destruction, and crowned us with loving-kindness and tender mercy! Let us remember, also, that we hold him *in* the Lord, —he is not ours, but *His*. How near the Lord was to me, when I thought He was about to take him to his own presence, I cannot tell." The communication of the Divine love to her heart, of which she thus spoke, appeared to me to be never afterwards impaired. Grace, mercy, and peace, were multiplied to her, through God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ; and they will be imparted, in like manner, to all who earnestly desire them, long for them, and entreat for them, in believing prayer. It is the Saviour himself who says, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. . . . . Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

CHAPTER XII.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH—IMPRESSION MADE BY HER REMOVAL—CHARACTER—USEFULNESS AS A MISSIONARY.

I HAVE already alluded to the state of weakness in which I found Mrs Wilson on my return from my journey to the northward. We began to fear that a visit to Europe would be absolutely necessary for the establishment of her health. She expressed the strongest wish, however, to continue with me in India, and to die among the people whose spiritual welfare she was "sworn, without recall, to promote." She had long looked forward, she said, to her death, and had her house nearly put in order for that solemn event. Her confidence rested on the Divine Redeemer; and it was her persuasion that he would never leave, never forsake her. She addressed the children of her schools as if she felt that she would soon be removed from them; and she hastened to conclude the works in which, for the preceding year and a-half, she had been engaged, with a view to assist in extending the work of education in the Presidency. I tried to prevent her, as much as possible, from over-exerting herself; at the same time determining, if she did not soon improve, to make arrangements for her leaving the country by the first favourable opportunity.

On Sabbath, the 29th March, she attended the Bombay Sabbath School, and taught her class; spent an hour in catechizing the girls of her native school, and went twice to church. I was averse to her proposal to attend the church in the evening, because I observed she was much fatigued. "Do let me once more go," she said, "to the house of God, and I shall not again insist on attending it when I appear weak." She never again entered within its walls.

On the subsequent Monday, she accompanied me to the house

of our friend Captain Coghlan, and was present at the baptism of his child. The circumstances in which she found herself next day are stated in the following note,—the last which she wrote with her own hand :—

31*st March* 1835.

"My dear Mrs Coghlan,—I am thankful to be able to tell you that my dear Johnny is better to-day. He seems to feel stronger, and has a better appetite than he has had for the last three months. My head was not at all the worse for being out last evening. I should have regretted not being present when your little treasure was dedicated to God in baptism. I always enjoy such seasons, and I feel them an additional inducement to remember both the little ones and their parents at the mercy-seat of our heavenly Father. They are gifts from his inexhaustible fountain of love and of kindness to us; and we can only use the gift aright when we present a willing sacrifice on his altar. I trust the name of your treasured one is registered in heaven, and belongs to that family for whom Christ has procured a kingdom and a crown. . . . .

"Dr Smyttan has just been here, and says that I cannot live much longer in this country. He urges my going home: I know not what to do. It seems worse than death to part from my husband: but, if I must indeed go, the Lord will give me strength for the hour of trial. Dr S. has not yet mentioned it to Mr W. He is afraid of distressing him; and he wished me *first* to give my consent to it. This I can never do. Believe me, with much love, ever yours, most affectionately,—Margaret Wilson."

There is here the proof of humble resignation to the will of God, and of an utter want of selfish feeling in reference to the disposal of herself. Towards the evening of the day on which she penned the note, Dr Smyttan, on observing feverish symptoms, began to have great anxiety on her behalf. For three nights, however, she was able to take an airing with him in his carriage. She betook herself to her couch on Monday, the 6th April. Her conversation, which had always been with grace, seasoned with holiness, now became most heavenly; and I could not resist the conclusion, that the Lord was speedily preparing her for his kingdom and glory. On the Tuesday following, she

insisted on my finishing the lecture which I was preparing on the character of Mr Money, so frequently mentioned in these pages; and, on the Wednesday, she declared to me, after reading it, that she would soon meet that beloved friend in heaven. With difficulty could I deliver it to the audience in the evening, for too evidently a change was speedily approaching in her who was dearest to my soul. On returning from the lecture-room of the mission, I found her worse; and the physician made to me an unequivocal expression of his fears. She herself thought she was dying; and, after declaring that she had no doubt of her interest in the Saviour, expressing her longing for His joyful presence, and committing her soul to his faithful keeping, she proceeded to communicate her desires to me as to the disposal and arrangement of her affairs. Contrary to our apprehension, she survived the night, took leave of several Christian friends during the next day, and in the evening was removed to the house of our friend, Dr Bell, on the Esplanade, where she remained, sometimes appearing to rally, till the day of her death.

During the whole of her illness, she continued to express the greatest interest in the cause of the Redeemer, especially as connected with the salvation of the souls of men. She gave minute directions about the publication of her Maráthí translations and compositions, some papers which she wished to appear in the Oriental Christian Spectator, and the disposal of her female schools. To all the children who had been under her care, she had requested her dying testimony to be conveyed, as to the power and glory of the Gospel which she had taught them. To some of them, in whom she was hopeful a work of grace had begun, and whom, since her death, I have had the happiness of admitting into the visible church, she left special messages. All the converts of the mission she particularly mentioned, expressing the wish that her most faithful and affectionate counsel should be conveyed to them. She stated, that, on looking back on her intercourse with the natives, and her efforts for their instruction and improvement, she could not much blame herself for *indolence*, but that she had much reason to lament her impatience and unbelief. "India," she exclaimed, "is dark, dark; but speedily will be light. God will most assuredly fulfil His pro-

mises, and give the heathen to His Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." "Go on your way rejoicing," she said to me two days before her death, "and take care that no evil be mixed up with the Lord's work. God has enabled you to do much, and to manifest yourself to me as the kindest husband." "Often, often have I prayed for you, that you may be supported in your solitude, and that this affliction may be blessed to the Church." To some of the missionaries in the Presidency, and particularly to Mr Mitchell, at Puná, she left her kindest love; and also to Mr Nesbit, who was absent at the Cape. Of the only three surviving female friends* with whom she had laboured among the heathen, she spoke with much affection. Against all selfishness in any of the agents engaged in the holy work of propagating the gospel in India, she entered her solemn protest. On the morning of Thursday, the 9th April, she said to Mr Stevenson, "My dear Mr Stevenson, I was looking forward with much interest to your ministrations in the church; but it is the will of God to convey me to that land where ordinances are unknown, which is *far better*." "I see much," she observed, in a spirit of humility well becoming even the most devoted of the Lord's servants, "which has been amiss in my past labours,—pride, display, impatience, and unbelief; but I look entirely away from myself. My confidence rests entirely on the finished and accepted work of my Redeemer." "I cannot say," she remarked afterwards to me, "that I have not served the Lord, for His grace to me has been great; but this I do say, that I have not served Him as I *ought*. May He yet bless my labours." To the Christian friends in India, whose names have occurred in this Memoir, and to Mrs Jameson, Mrs Grant, and others, who had been in the habit of attending our lectures and prayer-meetings, she left many messages, with the request that one of her books should be presented to each of them, as a token of her regard. Her relations and acquaintances in her native land were not forgotten by her. Her desires for their welfare and Christian usefulness were very intense. Of her brother, who had given himself to the service of Christ in the North American Colonies, she said,

* Mrs Stevenson, Mrs Farrar, and Miss Farrar.

"Tell my dear, dear brother, that I am very grateful to the Saviour for the grace given to him, which enables him to exhibit so much devotedness. Tell him to be of good cheer."

There were only a few passages of the writings of *uninspired* men to which I could succeed in commanding her attention during her illness, and to these I would allude as illustrative of her views and feelings. Seeing in my hand John Bunyan's Heart's Ease in Heart Trouble, she said, "That is a precious little volume." The two last sublime paragraphs of the work she read with the greatest interest. They ministered to her joy, as pointing to the bliss which awaited her in the presence of the Lord. Some passages in Shaw's admirable Welcome to the Plague, afforded her much spiritual enjoyment. The following prayer from Serle's Christian Remembrancer, she repeatedly perused, finding it, as she expressed it, "a beautiful piece," and exactly suited to her circumstances. "O Lord, leave me not, poor and helpless sinner that I am, in my most healthful state; leave me not especially, I beseech thee, in the low, the languid, the distressing circumstances of infirmity and disease! Jesus, Master, thou art said to have borne our sicknesses, because thou barest the sins which occasioned them; take away from my conscience the guilt which brought disease, and then the worst part of its misery shall likewise be done away. And when, through my feebleness or disorder, I cannot act faith upon thy love, O catch my drooping spirit, carry me as one of thine own lambs in thy bosom, enfold me in thy gracious arms, and let my soul wholly commit itself, and give up its all, in quiet resignation, to thee! If thou raise me from my sickness, grant that it may be for the setting forth of thy glory among men: if thou take me by sickness from this world, O thou Hope and Life of my soul, receive me to thyself for my everlasting happiness, and present me as another monument of sovereign grace before the great assembly of saints and angels in thy kingdom of heaven!" The following well-known hymn of Charles Wesley was one in which she more than once expressed her prayers and her praises:—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll,
  While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
  Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stay'd;
  All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.

"That is it, that is my confidence," was her observation after reading it. In the silence of midnight, when she thought no human eye was upon her, and no human ear within the compass of her voice, and with the expectation of immediately entering into the eternal world, she repeated aloud the following lines, with an earnestness which I can never forget:—

"The hour of my departure's come,
  I hear the voice that calls me home;
  At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
  And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run;
  The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
  And now my witness is on high,
  And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
  I bow before thee in the dust;
  And through my Saviour's blood alone,
  I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
  Save for the friends I held so dear;
  To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
  And to the friendless prove a friend."

Another hymn of great beauty, which I think was one of her

own composition, she repeated a short time after this. On observing her in a state of extreme weakness, I wrote down on a piece of paper the lines,

> "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ear :"

and presented them to her. She read them aloud, and tried to continue the hymn. Memory seemed to have failed her, but her Christian feeling and poetical imagination had not. She completed the stanza by giving it a new and beautiful turn.

The Bible, infinitely precious to her through life, was the source of delight and joy in her last days. "Give me the Bible, that blessed book," was her constant request. Even when under the delirium of disease, she called upon us repeatedly to bring her the Word of God. The perusal of a few of its sentences almost never failed to be instrumental in enabling her to collect her wandering thoughts, and to consecrate the powers of her mind. After addressing the Saviour in earnest prayer one evening, when she thought herself dying, she repeated aloud a portion of the Song of Solomon, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." "Read to me," she would say, "the 43d chapter of Isaiah; I like to hear the promise, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.'" The two last chapters of Revelation afforded her the greatest delight. After I had read them at her own request, she exclaimed, "How glorious is this description of heaven!" Shortly after, she took hold of my Bible, and commenced reading. When she laid it down, she said, "I have read the greater part of Revelation; and O, how glorious!" The Epistle to the Ephesians she pored over with devout interest, ascribing praise to God for the grace which she had experienced, and which she viewed as similar to that received by those to whom the Epistle was addressed. On my repeating to her the 23d Psalm, she said, "Now I can, from the heart, adopt *every word* of that Psalm." Part of the

metrical version of it was the last portion of divine truth which I heard from her lips:—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill,
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

About thirty-six hours before her death, at the suggestion of Mr Laurie, whose sympathy she well appreciated, I directed her eye to the above verses. She recognised them with much interest; and, with a reference to them as suitable to the case of the afflicted and dying Christian, she said, "Thus sang the Covenanters." The 46th Psalm, which Luther and Melancthon used to sing in their troubles, she also found very consoling in her afflictions. With the view of aiding her in her meditations, I directed her, at a time when she was extremely weak, to 1 Cor. xv. 42–44: "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." She read the verses, and said, "How beautiful! I have often read that. What a contrast!" She expressed the wish that some passage connected with the resurrection should be inserted on her tombstone. She looked forward to the time when "death shall be swallowed up in victory," with joyful anticipation. Her mind adverted in a similar manner, as will afterwards more particularly appear, to her passing into the presence of the Redeemer at death. When I pointed to the words, "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord," she said, "That is very clear; I firmly believe it. I like to view aright the *full* testimony of the Scriptures."

During her illness, she engaged much in prayer, generally resorting to the throne of grace whenever she was left alone. On returning from Dr Bell's family altar, I would say,—"We have been praying for you." Her answer would be, "That is sweet; I have just been engaged in the same exercise." A great degree of deafness came on in the last stage of her disease. This circumstance, though it induced her friends to make most of their communications to her in writing, led her to exert her voice beyond the pitch which she would otherwise have used in her private communings with God. I had consequently an opportunity of hearing several of her prayers and meditations. Never can the charm of them cease to sound in my ears. Never did I observe, in devotion, such an extent and combination of humility, fervour, and confidence. Her language corresponded with her feelings, and was most sublime. It appeared to me more like that of direct inspiration than that of which the mind makes choice. Though I cannot, of course, believe that there was any thing miraculous in it, yet most assuredly it formed to me a striking illustration of Romans viii. 26, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; . . . . the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." The burden of her requests was the perfection of her sanctification, support in the hour of death, an improvement of her affliction by all who might witness it, and the communication of the Divine blessing to all in whom she was interested.

Her prayers for her children were frequent and fervent beyond conception. To use her own expression, she "agonized with God for their sanctification," and being set apart for the Lord's ministry among the Gentiles in India. "Do let me see the dear babes," she said: "they do not pull me back to this world. O, no! the sight of them only quickens my prayers on their behalf. I have devoted them to God, and I know that he will care for them. How happy am I to have them to leave with you." When told of the birth-day of Andrew, she prayed that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, might bless him. In the most solemn circumstances, and in the presence of several Christian friends, she dictated *verbatim* the following letter :—

"BOMBAY, *8th April*, 1835.

"MY BELOVED ANDREW,—This is the last letter that your dearest mama will ever write to you. In a few hours I hope to be with Jesus, and with all the glorious company of the redeemed. I am transported at the prospect of what awaits me. I have often committed you to Jesus; and I do so in more solemn circumstances than ever, with nothing but eternity before me. I have prayed God to inspire you with zeal to become a missionary to the heathen in this land. No work at present appears to me so important and glorious as the work of a missionary. But my prayers will be of no avail, if the Divine Spirit does not put it into your heart. Pray, then, my dear child, that the Lord may put it into your heart to follow the footsteps of your beloved father. What I say to you, I say to my beloved Johnny. Tell your affectionate aunts and uncles how much mama loved them. She wished to write to them, but cannot hold the pen. Never forget the inestimable obligations you are under to them, nor cease to cherish toward them the tenderest affection. If your aunts accompany your beloved uncle to Canada, I wish Mary Isabella to be placed under their charge; and oh, let them feel their deep responsibility in having her, a little immortal, to train for heaven. I commit you to God. Your own devoted mother,—MARGARET WILSON."

Having written the words, *Your own devoted mother, Margaret Wilson*, with her own hand, she laid down the pen, never more to take it up; and said, "Now am I ready to die." I felt overpowered with gratitude, and every spectator was most deeply affected, at this consecration of her offspring to the cause of the Redeemer among the heathen. Two days before her death, she again referred to the letter, as embodying her last wishes on their behalf. I view it as a legacy to my dear children, immensely more valuable than silver and gold, houses and lands. May the Lord incline the hearts of the two boys that remain to regard it as such. Their sister did not long survive her sainted mother.

She committed the two children who were in this country to the temporary care of her friend, Mrs Colonel Hunt, whose Christian kindness had been well tried by her, and in whom she

placed the greatest confidence. She frequently inquired about them after they were removed from her, and always breathed the most fervent prayers for their spiritual welfare. She pressed them to her breast on two occasions when they were brought to visit her, and renewed her devotion of them to the Lord. Her last interview with them was most affecting. Her voice failed in attempting to speak to them, and her willing hand, which she essayed to stretch out to them, only vibrated at her side. She looked upon them with inexpressible love; and her eye, which followed them as they left the room, she directed afterwards to heaven, whence she had ever solicited the grace of which they stand in need. May her many intercessions on their behalf be heard, through the merits of the Divine Redeemer!

Though on one or two occasions she adverted to the possibility of her recovery, the persuasion which she expressed at the commencement of her illness, that it would be unto death, continued generally with her to the last. It did not render her, however, in the slightest degree melancholy. Amidst all her sufferings, she was never heard to utter the slightest murmur. She was so patient, resigned, and peaceful, that Dr Smyttan observed, that if any thing could powerfully contribute to her recovery, it was the state of her mind; for her devout quietness and resignation, on former occasions when she was in deep affliction, had appeared to him to have prolonged her days. Not only was she delivered from all fear of death, but she had the most intense longings to depart and to be with Christ. Her prayer often was, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." To me, with all that tenderness and generosity for which she was so much distinguished, she said, "I wish to die soon, because I see that this watching over me is injuring your bodily health, and may prevent you from engaging in the Lord's work." When it was mentioned to her at one time, that the symptoms of the disease were thought to be not so formidable as they had been believed to be, she said, "I am sorry to hear it; I thought that I had been done with this evil world. My heart is now in heaven; I fear that, if I recover, I may again experience it as prone to cleave to the dust. Were it not that I ought to be willing to live, as well as willing to die, I would not take any of the medicines which the doctors kindly administer."

When she found death coming near to her, she said, "The Lord is hearing my prayers: O how gracious he is to my soul!" Her anticipations of eternal glory were expressed in language the most beautiful and affecting. "To-morrow's sun," she exclaimed, "will rise—though not upon me. But I shall behold *Him* who is as the sun shining forth in his strength,—Him who is the Sun of Righteousness; and I shall be ravished by his infinite glory. He will never go down upon my soul." "The earth, and the works thereof, shall be burned up; but I shall not perish. How strange, how marvellous! 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" Never, during the whole of her illness, did she express, as many eminent Christians may have done, the slightest doubt of her acceptance with Christ. "Is it possible," she said, the day before her departure, "that I, a child of God, can die in this manner?" Fearing that a cloud was about to pass over her mind, I pointed her to the lines,—

"Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all."

"I feel all this," she said; "but my anxiety is about showing it to the world." It was her wish to die *praising* the Lord. "I am afraid," she said, on another occasion. "Are you afraid," I asked, "of *death?*" "*No,*" was her reply; "I am afraid of speaking nonsense, when the noise comes into my ears." She felt quite resigned on this point, when I repeated to her the lines,—

"To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above."—

"I am happy," she said; "all the glory is taken away from me—a poor erring creature." On another occasion, I heard her

exclaim, "I cannot look steadily,—I cannot look steadily." Thinking that she was complaining of her want of faith, I observed to her, "Christ, though he may try you, my love, will never suffer your faith to fail." "You mistake me," was her reply; "it is the glory sparkling behind the cloud which overpowers me. But soon shall it all burst forth upon my soul, and I shall be enabled to bear it, and to drink up its beams." Even the erroneous sensations of delirium under which, for a few hours toward the close of the three days preceding her death, she laboured, and which not unfrequently prove distressing even to distinguished Christians in the last moments of life, neither interfered with the fullest exercise of her spiritual affections, nor disturbed the accuracy of her judgment of divine things. When, on one occasion, she imagined that she had been betrayed into the commission of sin, she expressed the greatest loathing of it, protesting, at the same time, like the apostle, that she delighted in the law of God after the inner man, and that she was cheered by the constancy, the unchangeableness, of her Saviour's love. "No human affection," she exclaimed, about thirty-six hours before her death, "can illustrate the affection which God bears to his children: he is angry with those who say that I do not love him." When she thought herself surrounded by friends who were distant from her, she addressed them with a tenderness and kindness which strikingly showed the strength of her attachment. But even in the languages of India and Europe she would converse on the Divine faithfulness and grace. On one occasion she said in Hindustáni, "Dear little Johnny, do not cry because God is afflicting your dear mama; he does all this in love to her. You know that when you are naughty, your papa punishes you, and that he afterwards rejoices over your improvement. God deals in this manner with me. He wills my welfare, and will soon free me from all my troubles." In Maráthí, she spoke as to the children of her schools; and her last words uttered by her in that language were, "*Anandí, Yeshu Christávar phár priti theva,*"—"O Anandi, I beseech you greatly to love Jesus Christ." She spoke from the fulness of her heart, when there could be no disguise; and her whole deportment, even under delirium, evinced the holiness of her mind,

and the incalculable strength of her Christian habits and attachments. The last remark she made, with respect to her dissolution, was, "The prospect of death is sweet." Thus, through Divine grace, did she prove victorious over the last enemy, the king of terrors. Thus did her faith carry her forward to the glorious contemplation, and full fruition of God, which she now enjoys. If her Christian principle stood the test—nay, triumphed—amidst all the weakness and agony of a dissolving frame, how unspeakably glorious must she now be—freed from every element of corruption, delivered from every assault of the evil one, and blessed with the immediate vision of the infinite splendours of Deity itself. Let every believer be encouraged by her experience—for he rests on the same Saviour and the same God. What she said to two dear Christian friends is applicable to all:—"I am now in the dark valley; but I am not forsaken. When you pass through it, you will also find the Saviour present to uphold and enlighten you."

On the morning before her death, she was quite collected, but extremely weak. She recognised the kind friends who were around her bed, and mentioned their names, but was unable to converse with them. She traced along with them several passages in the Psalms, into the devotion of which she seemed fully to enter. As the day proceeded, I perceived that the happy spirit would soon put off its earthly tabernacle, that it might be clothed upon with its house which is from heaven. It did not need a human ministration to its comfort, its peace, or its joys; for the communications of the Divine grace to it were very abundant. It appeared to animate the decaying and dissolving body with undiminished power. As the shades of evening were drawing on, when I presented to my dearest wife the last communication I remember to have made to her—"The Lord Jesus is with thee,"—her response was, "And with thee, my beloved one." I was recognised by her on several occasions during the night; but, though she attempted to address me, she could not speak so as I could understand her. The last words which I heard from her lips were, "The Kingdom of the Saviour;" but in what connection they were used I do not know. At eight o'clock on the morning of Sabbath the 19th April, sacred

to the commemoration of the Redeemer's triumph over the grave, she died without a struggle or a sigh; and her soul winged its flight to that glorious abode where He lives and reigns.

During her illness she had directed me to take from a drawer some lines which she had composed on the death of her sisters who were so suddenly removed from the world. As soon after her departure as I was able, I obeyed her injunction; and the first words which met my eyes were,

> "Death! O dreaded Death, thou king of terrors,
> And thou foe of peace! where are thy dark'ning frown,
> Thine iron sceptre, and the dread array
> Of horrid thoughts with which thou'rt compass'd round?
> Sure none of them are here,—and this is Death!"

These formed the most suitable utterance for a time to my own feelings, and to those of other friends. The eye of our faith, not dimmed, but purified by our tears, followed her to the regions of bliss, where her own, which had often, but vainly, tried to penetrate the veil, is perfect and unclouded vision,—where her love to the Saviour, formerly ardent, but liable to variation, is a steady and ceaseless flame nourished by the atmosphere of heaven, —and where her holy service, no longer, as on earth, meeting obstacles and the wrath of spiritual foes, is excited, directed, and invigorated by every new disclosure of the Divine perfections, and every participation in those blessed enjoyments which are for evermore.

The death of my inestimable partner, as might have been expected, produced a very deep impression on the native and European community with which she was connected.

On the day on which she was removed from us, about forty of her scholars came to see her remains; and they were followed by all the converts and schoolmasters attached to the mission. Access was granted them to the chamber of death. On their entrance, all was silence. They no sooner looked, however, upon the scarcely changed countenance of their great benefactress, than they simultaneously burst into a flood of tears, which was quite overpowering. All attempts to moderate their grief were unavailing, and it was with reluctance that they departed. Here

was sorrow unfeigned, an homage to Christian worth such as the death of their *own dearest relations* would assuredly have failed to call forth. It proved a sorrow, too, which was not evanescent. To this day, the subjects of it feel that they have sustained an irreparable loss. On the day of our bereavement, Mr Stevenson improved the dispensation to the Scotch Church, many of the members of which were most deeply affected. "All who knew the deceased," he said, "would have permitted the application by her of my text, *God's grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all;* and, if now permitted to address them, she would add, Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." Mr Laurie, the senior minister, also tendered to his flock the consolations of the Divine Word on the same occasion.

Three days after this (on the 21st April) the following notice appeared in a Gujaráthí newspaper, the Bombay *Chabuck* (Corrector). It is from the pen of the editor, an individual, it is worthy of remark, who had engaged in public controversy with me a few years before:—"On Sunday, the 19th instant, Margaret, the wife of the Rev. John Wilson, quitted this world for the abodes of the blessed. This deceased lady was highly distinguished for her acquaintance with European literature, and proficiency in the Maráthí, Hindustání, and other native languages. She was a mother to hundreds of poor destitute children. She was unexampled for charity, adorned by humility, and unrivalled for politeness. To natives, as well as to Europeans, her friendly attachment was unbounded. This faithful wife, leaving several young children, and a devoted and tender-hearted husband, to bewail her loss, has bent her course towards the dwelling-place of Jesus Christ. Her departure has filled with overwhelming sorrow the hearts of all classes of the community, who will not, while they exist, lose the impression of her friendship and virtue." This translation is literal.

The Committee of the Bombay Auxiliary Scottish Missionary Society asked their president, the Hon. James Farish, to write to me officially on the occasion of my bereavement. "In performing this duty," he observes, "I have to express our deep and unfeigned sorrow under the dispensation of our heavenly

Father, who has removed from the Christian Church, and from the Scottish Mission, one whom He had peculiarly qualified as a most useful, talented, and indefatigable labourer; and from her family and friends, the most amiable and affectionate parent and partner. I cannot but feel that in this expression of our sorrow, —a sorrow not indeed without hope for them who sleep in Jesus, —I but inadequately convey the Committee's sense of the value of Mrs Wilson's varied and arduous labours in different branches of the mission, which, in her removal, has sustained so great a loss. . . . . It will be a grateful expression of my own individual feelings, to print and give to the schools the books you mention as prepared for them, in the trust that the blessing which has been fervently implored may be graciously vouchsafed on their perusal, in answer to the prayers of her whose work will now be praise." . . . .

From the private letters of sympathy addressed to me, I make the following quotation :—"We have just received," says an esteemed fellow-labourer in another mission,* "the deeply afflictive intelligence of the loss of your beloved wife; but it comes to us accompanied by the assurance, the consoling assurance, that 'she died in the joyful anticipation of eternal glory.' She has entered into rest, and is now drinking from the well-springs of everlasting blessedness before the throne of God. She has fought the good fight, has finished her course, and obtained the crown. We are left to toil and struggle on a little longer—we feel deserted—we feel the loneliness and sorrow which the departure of a sister so dear, a friend so inestimable, cannot but produce; and, from the experience of our own deep-felt but unavailing grief, we can judge of that anguish which must pervade your bosom, and can truly sympathize with you under this trying dispensation. There was none more dear to us in this land of our pilgrimage. There was none whose Christian graces, whose affectionate disposition, whose moral and intellectual qualities, we more valued or more wished to imitate. There was none with whom my own dear wife could take more sweet communion than with her whose loss we so deeply deplore. We appreciated

* The Rev. C. P. Farrar, of the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Násik.

her in some degree, but did not thoroughly understand her worth. We admired and loved the sanctities which adorned her character, although we did not comprehend their abounding fulness." Many similar passages might be quoted from the letters of other friends both in India and Scotland.

The attentive reader of the preceding pages will have no difficulty in forming an estimate of the principal characteristics of the subject of this Memoir. I could say much in illustration of them, but referring to the sermon which I was enabled to preach when I first resumed my ministrations after my sore bereavement, for my own views of her exertions and usefulness as a missionary in India,* I shall simply mention one or two facts which have occurred since her death. I have been privileged to baptize six more of her scholars, to witness the Christian triumph of another when about to enter the world of spirits, and to observe impressions favourable to Christianity existing in many other individuals who enjoyed the benefit of her devoted labours. The success which was vouchsafed to her and her associates, has, in many minds, destroyed the *virus* of the prejudice against female education; excited some of the most respectable natives to advocate the cause through the public press; and encouraged not a few of them to commence the instruction of their daughters and wives. A knowledge of the Gospel I have often conveyed, as she herself frequently found, by many of her pupils, into the families with which they are connected, and of which neither the fathers nor the brothers, from their occupation in earning a livelihood, have themselves been taught to read; and thus, to a certain extent, there has been a demonstration made, adverse to the theory, which appearances in some parts may have threatened to justify, that female education in India cannot precede, cannot, on the largest scale, be *contemporaneous* with, the education of males. The schools formed by Mrs Wilson still exist, and, having in them the principles of the Gospel fully taught and inculcated, promise to effect more in the direct conversion of souls, and the humanizing of Indian society, than many institutions which occupy a more prominent place in the public eye. Her

* See Appendix.

Maráthí translations and compositions have been published and extensively used, and are accomplishing the good which was anticipated. And her example has not been lost sight of by some most dear to her, and by others of her highly favoured countrywomen, residing in this great land of heathen darkness, but of richest spiritual promise. I affectionately commend the exhibition which has been made of it to the solemn view of my readers. "I desire, that every one of them do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end,—that they be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promise." I beseech them, especially, to look to that Saviour, in whose grace all the excellence which they have been called to admire originated, and to breathe from the heart the prayer,—making corresponding endeavours from the fulness of their love,—that "His name may be hallowed, His kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Amen.

APPENDIX.

FUNERAL SERMON.

"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men (affliction). So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died: and I did in the morning as I was commanded. Then the people said unto me, Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us, that thou doest so? And I answered them." . . . . EZEK. xxiv. 15—20.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting and affecting in the trials which the great prophet and priest Ezekiel was called to endure in connection with his public ministrations. They were great and numerous, and, in many of their circumstances, such as have never been undergone by any of the sons of men. In a land distant from that of his nativity, to which his affections were bound by the strongest religious ties, he was called to testify to the cause of truth and righteousness. Though "he was not sent to a people of a strange speech, and of an hard language, whose words he could not understand," he was commanded to lift up his voice to the exiled Israelites, who had become so depraved, that they were characterised to him by that God who cannot err, as a "rebellious nation," as "impudent children," and as "hard-hearted." The roll containing the message which he was commanded to announce, was "written within and without: and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning and woe." This roll, he was not merely called to peruse, but even to "eat," in order that his connection with

his important work might be represented to his mind in the most significant manner. As far as the promise of success in his prophesying was concerned, he received little or no encouragement. He was only warned as to the dreadful and determined opposition which he should excite and encounter, by the intimation which God gave to him, "As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead: fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house." When he entered on his work, he went to "them of the captivity at Tel-abib, that dwelt by the river of Chebar, and sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them seven days." After the announcement of his first message, "bands were put upon him;" and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, that he might be dumb. The period of three hundred and ninety days, long indeed to a sufferer, he was required to lie on his left side, without turning to the other, bearing the iniquity of the house of Israel, so that he might attract its attention, call forth its inquiries, and significantly instruct it. Forty days he was required to lie in a similar manner, bearing the iniquity of the house of Judah. During the time of this his unparalleled humiliation, he was required to eat the bread of defilement, at which his soul might well revolt, and to which we cannot advert without that disgust which it was intended to inspire. Meekly and humbly, however, did he comply with these, and all the other requisitions, which were made to him. Boldly and unflinchingly did he deliver the grievous charges with which he was intrusted; but the ear of deafness, or of scorn, was alone lent by his perverse auditors. Again, he is required to "eat his bread with quaking, and drink his water with trembling, and with carefulness," that he might be a "sign to all who beheld him." He afterwards "sighed with the breaking of his loins, and with bitterness," because of the tidings which were coming, at which every heart should melt, all hands should be feeble, every spirit should faint, and every knee should be weak as water. Still, another trial approached him, which was indeed heavy and affecting. His narrative of it, having the simplicity of truth, being the ungarnished tale of woe, is strikingly touching:—"Also the word of the Lord," he writes, "came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died: and I did in the morning as I was commanded. And the people

said unto me, Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us, that thou doest so? Then I answered them." . . . .

In discoursing on these words, we shall notice the trial which the prophet was called to endure, the manner in which he comported himself under it, the grounds of the support which he experienced, and the consequences of his trouble, both as he himself and others were concerned; and then make an application of the whole narrative to the afflictive circumstances in which I stand before you. For that strength which I now require for the duty which I undertake, I cast myself on the Divine grace, and beseech you, my dear friends, to lift up your hearts with me in imploring the Divine blessing.

I. The trial which the prophet is called to endure is indeed great. Those only who have been subjected to one of a similar nature, can rightly sympathize with what must have been his feelings. He receives the intimation from God, that the "desire of his eyes," whom he had chosen, no doubt on account of her moral excellencies and natural suitableness, to be the wife of his bosom, is speedily to die. The ties of his conjugal life, the most tender by which soul is bound to soul, are to be rent asunder. She, who had walked hand in hand with him through much of the vast howling wilderness of the world, is to be snatched from his embrace, and companionless he is to pursue his weary journey. The endeared friend by whom he was regarded with the truest and most tender affection, and on whose attachment he could always repose with implicit confidence, and with whom he enjoyed the purest earthly happiness, is no longer to minister to his comfort, to meet him with the beams of a countenance irradiated with kindness and with love, and to cheer him with her generous smile. She, with whom he had often taken sweet counsel together, and who had often proved a helper of his faith, and hope, and joy, is no more to enter into his plans, to seek to remove his difficulties, to soothe his troubled mind, and to lighten the burden of his cares. No longer, pitying the agonies of his heart on account of the perishing souls of his degenerate, and unbelieving, and unrepenting countrymen, is she to converse with him about the consolation of Israel, and to hail the day when Shiloh should appear for the gathering of the nations. No more is she to stretch out the arms of welcome to receive him when rejected and persecuted by those towards whom his heart burned with the warmest benevolence, but whose souls had no sensibility, and who received neither the impressions of his loving-kindness, nor of that God by whom he was commissioned. No more is she to bend the knee with him in reverential adoration of the Divine majesty, in humble confession of

common depravity and guilt, in devout acknowledgment of mercies received, and in fervent supplication for the blessings which are needed. No more is she to administer to his wants when laid on the bed of affliction and distress; and to point his sinking hopes to that glorious place where sin, and sorrow, and pain are unknown, and where there are fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. The eye of him who saw her, who delighted in her, and who safely trusted in her, is about to see her no more. She is about to lie down and rise not. Till the heavens are no more, she shall not awake, nor be raised out of her sleep.

But this is not all. The loving husband is to witness the removal of her, the dearest of his earthly possessions, in circumstances peculiarly afflicting. He is not to witness the gathering of the shades of evening, and gradually to anticipate, and prepare for, the coming darkness: for her "sun is to go down while it is yet day." He is not to witness disease gently doing its work, gradually taking down the pins and the props of the tabernacle of the body, and preparing the way for the peaceful exit of the soul bent on its journey to its heavenly abode. He is not to have the melancholy satisfaction of attending her dying couch, smoothing her dying pillow, and ministering to the supply of her wants and the alleviation of her pains. He is not to see her soul, by faith in the coming Redeemer promised to the fathers, fortifying itself for the struggle with the last enemy, the King of terrors, soaring into those regions into which it is about to enter, surveying the countless throng of angels and redeemed men who exult in the Divine presence, catching the spirit of devotion which forms the animating principle by which they are actuated, and singing, even in the valley and shadow of death, by anticipation, the song of new and endless praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb who was slain. Little time is to be reserved for her to talk with him of the wisdom of the way by which God has led her, to communicate to him her affectionate counsels, and to deliver her farewell requests. She is scarcely permitted to tell him to dismiss his fears, or to speak one word of comfort to his distressed soul. She is to be taken away by a single "stroke." In the morning he hears the announcement of her doom: in the evening she dies.

II. But what was the conduct of the prophet under this grievous and trying dispensation? Did it not overwhelm his soul, deprive him of his strength, and throw him prostrate in the dust; and render him incapable, at least for a season, of discharging the duties which were incumbent upon him in connection with his great work in the Church of God. No; wonderful to say, it had upon him no such disastrous effects. "He neither mourned

nor wept, neither did his tears run down. He forbore to cry, he made no mourning" (of a public kind at least) "for the dead, he bound the tire of his head upon him, put his shoes on his feet, covered not his lips, and ate not the bread of affliction." He even proceeded to speak unto the people. When we consider that he was a man,—that, as is evident from all his remonstrances with, and labours among, and sufferings for, his countrymen, he possessed a most tender, and zealous, and compassionate heart, and that his wife is spoken of as one to whom he bore the greatest attachment, we may be well astonished at what we observe in his behaviour. We have not merely what may be called a regulating and control of nature's woes, but we have, what appears to be in direct opposition to them, an entire concealment of them from the view of men, and a consequent deprivation of that relief which he would doubtless have experienced in the temperate expression of them. We see not similar conduct recorded in the Bible. We see it not in Jacob, who wept over his beloved Rachel. We see it not in Job, who, though so much distinguished for his patience, in the midst of his afflictions rent his mantle, and put dust on his head, and who exclaimed among his companions, "Have pity, have pity on me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." We see it not in Aaron, who deplored his sons when cut off by the hand of God. We see it not in David, who, in the anguish of his soul, exclaimed, "Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son! my son!" We see it not in our Lord and Master, who, when he beheld the grave of Lazarus, and when he was even about to give the potent mandate, "Lazarus, come forth!" wept over the friend whom he loved. We see it not in the early Christians, the "devout men," who, when Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned to death, buried him, and "made great lamentation over him."

III. To what, then, in the view of all these circumstances, are we to attribute the striking and unexampled conduct of the prophet Ezekiel? Are we to solve its mystery by ascribing to him the principles and practice of a proud and stubborn Grecian Stoic, or of a deceitful, and hypocritical, and avaricious Hindú devotee? No; facts to which we have already alluded, and the direct information of our text, and legitimate inferences from the situation in which he was placed, prevent us from forming any such theory. We find that the prophet, in his extraordinary deportment, was guided by Divine authority. By that God in whom he believed, to whom he was so much devoted, whose honours he was so anxious to vindicate before a perverse and gainsaying generation, in whose service he was so constantly

engaged, and for whom he had already suffered so much tribulation, he was directly and expressly commanded not to give expression to his grief. The Divine mandate he did not question; for he knew the unspeakable heinousness of disobedience, against which he had himself so frequently and powerfully testified to his countrymen, and the dreadful danger to which those who practise it are subjected. God told him, in the plainest terms, that it was by *his* stroke that his wife was removed; and in this consideration he found grounds amply sufficient for the assurance of his faith, and the support of his soul. When he adverted to God's sovereignty, he must have recognised his indisputable right to do according to his will among the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. When he adverted to God's perfect wisdom, he must have formed the conviction, that the dispensation, however inexplicable and mysterious it might appear to be, was so ordered as exactly to correspond with, and promote those ends which He has in view for the advancement and manifestation of his own glory. When he adverted to God's unspotted holiness and justice, he must have perceived that, whatever might be the elements of its bitterness as far as he himself was concerned, it was altogether righteous. When he adverted to God's goodness and loving-kindness, he must have come to the conclusion, that it formed not a capricious and unmeaning chastisement, but an affliction, which, though for the present not joyous but grievous, should afterwards work in him the peaceable fruits of righteousness. When he adverted to God's unchangeable faithfulness, he must have observed that, instead of being inconsistent with the former mercies which he had received, it was in fact only a continuance of them, and he must have committed himself to Him whose grace he had experienced in his past tribulations. When he adverted to God's unbounded power, he must have felt that he was able, not only to support, but deliver. The affliction itself, however great it was, was not without some alleviations. Though small time was given to him to prepare for the calamity which awaited him, he still had a warning. Though no dying hours were left to the "desire of his eyes," to testify to redeeming grace, he had the substance of that comfort which remains on the death of any saint,—he could not doubt that, being justified by faith in the coming Messiah, she would immediately pass into glory on her liberation from the body of sin and of death; and that, ere long, he would join her in the regions of bliss, never more to be separated. His affliction, he was informed, had a most intimate connection with God's purposes connected with the Church. He was in his distress to be a sign to the people, that they might learn the woes which awaited them, and know that Jehovah is God.

IV. The consequences of Ezekiel's troubles, and his deportment under them, correspond exactly with the divine intimations. The rebellious people with whom he had to deal, and whom it was a matter of extreme difficulty to excite either to attention or consideration, were roused by what they witnessed, and proceeded to interrogate him respecting all which had passed before their notice. When their curiosity and astonishment were at their height, he delivered his prophecy to them with peculiar effect; and informed them, that, though they might disregard it for the present, the day was coming when it, and the circumstances in which it was delivered, should come home to their notice with the greatest solemnity, and lead to the most important results. It does not fall within my plan to consider his prophecy; but it is incumbent on me to remark, that no one ought to say, that that prophecy was enforced at too great an expense, and too great a sacrifice. The interests of the Church, however much they may be despised by the profane, and disregarded by partially enlightened and partially sanctified Christians, are, as far as this world is concerned at least, paramount to every other. Before a single soul could be saved, the Eternal Word had to enter into suretyship for his people, and agree on their behalf, as he afterwards implemented, to empty himself of his glory, to travel in the greatness of his strength to this world, to assume our nature and the form of a servant; and to labour, and suffer, and die, enduring the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God, as the price of redemption. His advent was proclaimed by prophets and righteous men in circumstances of the greatest trial; and before the "fulness of time" arrived, not only individuals, but the whole Church of God, and even ungodly nations, had gone through a discipline painful to flesh and blood. The Christian dispensation was introduced into the world amidst innumerable martyrdoms; and the cause of Christ is maintained and extended to the present hour amidst difficulties and afflictions of the most appalling kind. Such is the importance of its interests, that the highest archangel in heaven is ready, on the Divine command, to leave the immediate presence of God, and the regions of bliss, to subserve its interests by ministering to the meanest saints. Well may we be willing to labour and suffer, to resign our dearest possessions, and even to die, in order that we may aid its advancement. The wonder is, that God condescends to use, in any form, or in any degree, our instrumentality.

On the case of Ezekiel, many more observations might easily be made. But I must hasten to the application which I have had in view in the remarks which I have submitted.

The loss which I, and my family, and dear friends have sustained is one which, considering the deep affliction of my heart,

I dare not yet venture to estimate, and which I shall not attempt to characterise. As far as the cause of Christ is concerned, however, and with a view to a right improvement of the dispensation with which we have been visited, and to the praise of the God of all grace, I must say a few words. When she, who afterwards became my beloved wife, had her thoughts first directed to this great land of heathen darkness, and cruel, and degrading, and soul-destroying superstition, she was living in comfort among friends and relatives, to whom she bore an affection strong as death; and she was moving in the most pious and intellectual circles of her native country, in which her finest sympathies, both of nature and of grace, were brought into exercise, and in which she was loved with almost idolatrous fondness, and treated, on account of her gifts and graces, with a respect and veneration seldom exhibited to one of her sex and years. It was the desire of her heart, when a union was formed between us, to cheer and encourage me, and to take part with me, according to her ability and the grace which God might give to her, in the great work of evangelising the heathen to which I had looked forward; and, with a view to accomplish these objects, she presented herself as a living sacrifice on the altar of God, vowing, in his sacred presence, that she would devote to his cause her person, her talents, her acquirements, her time, her strength, and her substance. With a heart burning with zeal for the glory of God, and melting with compassion for the souls of men, she crossed with me the stormy ocean, and came to this country, which she did not view, like many, as a place of temporary and reluctant exile, but which she adopted as her home, in which she wished to live, and labour, and die. With the greatest ardour she entered on the study of the native languages, and persevered in it amidst every distraction, till her acquirements in the two most important of those spoken in this quarter* enabled her, with ease and effect, to communicate instruction respecting the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. The difficulties of superstition, custom, and corrupted feeling, which are in the way of female education, she found to be numerous and formidable; but she resolved, in reliance on the promises and assistance of God, to encounter them. She instituted and organised no fewer than *six* female schools, containing, at an average, between one hundred and fifty, and two hundred scholars. She trained the teachers, making the least respectable of that class,

* Maráthí and Hindustání. She studied Gujaráthí with me for a considerable time; but she afterwards abandoned it for the Portuguese, connected with which she had greater prospects of usefulness, and which, from its resemblance to other European languages with which she was acquainted, she found little difficulty in acquiring.

the only persons who could be engaged for the work, the most efficient in the mission. Principally at her own expense, and with a great expenditure of strength, she visited the scholars and their parents at their homes, and sought to engage their affections, and thus secure their attendance. She not only superintended the schools, but, even in her weakest state, she daily spent several hours in them, particularly after she was successful in bringing most of them to the mission-premises, hearing the children repeat their tasks, examining them, pressing home divine truth to their understandings and hearts, and praying with them. Several adult females she herself taught to read, and communicated to them a knowledge of the first principles of the oracles of God. The only two females whom I have baptised, and the wives and children, and female relatives, of the converts and servants, and two females who are at present candidates for admission into the church, are under the greatest obligations to her for a thousand kindnesses and services; and the day of the Lord may show, that to her instrumentality they owe their conversion and Christian progress. To the Poor's Asylums she frequently repaired, with the view of instructing their destitute inmates. For a long period she held a regular weekly meeting with the wives and children of European pensioners and their descendants, both in the neighbourhood of the mission-house and on Kolábá. Her services, when required for the Bombay Sabbath School, were not withheld. During the long journeys which I undertook with the view of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation throughout the country, she managed, with much fidelity and prudence, the general concerns of the mission; and she always freed me from many secular cares connected with its business. She was a principal attraction to many of my native visitors, and particularly to those distinguished among their countrymen for their education and intelligence; and with much ingenuity and tact did she seek their improvement, and promote their welfare. She wrote several striking papers in native periodicals, calculated to advance the cause of the Redeemer; and to her pen the Oriental Christian Spectator is indebted for its brightest pages.* At a time when the religious discussions in which I have been engaged required the use of some volumes which I could not detain for a sufficient length of time, she spent many hours in copying large extracts from them; and even the whole of the Vendidád Sádé, which few would read for hire, she translated from French into English for the use of some Párs'is, and for the facilitating future reference, when a comparison with

* Her Reviews of Mrs Judson's Life, Douglas on Errors in Religion, Dods on the Incarnation, Mrs Simpson's Diary, Stebbing's Church History, and Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise have been much admired; and some of them have been reprinted in other periodicals.

the original and Gujaráthí translation might be attempted. She has left Maráthí translations and compositions, prepared during the last year and a half, and almost all in a state ready for the press, in a quantity almost as great, if we except translations from the Sacred Scriptures, as any published by any missionary who has yet come to the West of India. Amidst all these personal exertions, she ever communicated to me the most valuable counsel, and the most exciting encouragement in my work and the many trials connected with its duties; and ever proved to me, as it were, a second soul. Most faithfully and tenderly did she discharge her duties as a wife and a mother; and most affectionately and disinterestedly did she prove herself a Christian friend to those with whom she was acquainted. The Spirit of the Saviour, to a rare degree, animated her in all her exertions; and the graces of the Christian character were conspicuous in her whole deportment. Her prayers for the nourishment of the Divine life within her own soul, and for success in the propagation of the Gospel, prevented the rising sun; and they formed the engagement of many of her midnight hours. The records of her devotion, never intended to meet the eye of man, reveal an intimacy of communion with God, a humility of spirit, and an intensity and agony of desire for the advancement of the Divine glory, which may well shame many thousands of the Lord's most devoted servants. In her removal from the scene of her labours, and her arduous work, a loss has thus been sustained, of which we must all be sensible.

It is not by losing sight of this loss, or making haste to forget it, that it is to be made up, or even improved; for nothing can be more fearful than for me, or for you, to despise the chastisements of God, especially when his hand has been conspicuously stretched out in their infliction, and when it has fallen upon us with great heaviness. If I know my own heart, however, and if I interpret aright the sympathy which many of you have expressed to me, I should conclude, that we are more in danger of *fainting* under the Divine rebuke than *forgetting* it. In the anguish of my own heart, then, and in the distress in yours, let us look to the prophet Ezekiel. Though we are not, like him, whose case, as has been already observed, was peculiar, forbidden the expression of our grief, and though we are permitted to seek relief in tears, we may learn from him the propriety and necessity of submitting, with resignation, to the Divine appointment, and of so ordering our mourning, that the Lord's work, instead of being retarded, may be advanced, and thus the Lord's praise promoted. What has happened to me, and to you, has been in every respect accordant with the Divine will; and it becomes us to say, from the very bottom of our hearts, "Not

our will, but thine, O Lord, be done." The dispensation which has called us together this evening, is not the less righteous and good that it is trying. It was ordered and brought about by our heavenly Father in the exercise of that wisdom which cannot err, and of that love to his people and his Church which ever promotes and advances their welfare. All the comfort of the Divine Word, both in its examples and its promises, we may appropriate to ourselves. The providence itself, in many of its circumstances, demands even our gratitude and praise. You will be more than persuaded of this, when you now hear a brief statement of the exercises of the soul of my dear wife during the last days of her existence in this world of sin and suffering. The report of them, as embracing an account of her arranging for the conclusion of her work on earth, her triumph over death and the grave, and her preparedness for entering into the joy of her Lord, is well fitted to lead us to "thank God and take courage."*

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In the grace which, as appears from all I have now said, was bestowed upon my dear partner in her last hours, we have abundant reason for thanksgiving. But while I would not part, for a thousand worlds, with the comfort which her victory, and her triumph over death, warrants me to cherish, I would still feel, that the dispensation by which she has been removed from us speaks with a solemn emphasis. *What are these things to us?* is a question which it becomes us to put in a spirit of meekness and docility, and to the reply to which we should bring the general tenor of the Scripture, and the results of Christian experience, to bear with closeness and impartiality. It is by "consideration" in the day of affliction that we can become wise, and that we can profit by our chastisements.

The purposes of God are so various and extensive, that, in connection with every providence, there must be much which will remain mysterious to us as long as we continue in the body. It is generally the case, however, that in those Divine appointments from which flesh and blood are most ready to recoil, there are some general indications of the Divine mind so palpable that they cannot be mistaken; and that, sooner or later, the Lord's people find, that however trying they may be in their own nature, there is much in them which is characterised by wisdom and grace.

In all the afflictions and sufferings which can befall us, we have God's testimony against sin, which is their cause, and consequently an intimation to appreciate, with greater love and gratitude, that grace by which we are delivered from its curse, and by

* The account of Mrs Wilson's death being similar to that given in the last chapter of the Memoir, is here omitted.

which we are enabled to restrain and subdue its power. They are loud intimations of our own demerits, and of the necessity which obtains that we look away from ourselves, both for that righteousness on the ground of which we are accepted in the Divine presence, and that holiness by which we can be prepared for the Divine enjoyment. They rouse our attention to the consideration of the fact, which we are so ready, amidst the bustle and temptations of life, to overlook, that we are still in the wilderness of the world, removed from our heavenly home, and that wisdom calls upon us to set our affections on things which are above, and not on things which are below. They prompt us to prayer, and beckon us to repair for comfort to the throne of grace, where alone it can be found, and keep us there till it be communicated to our souls. They teach us to know our end and the measure of our days, that we may know how frail we are. They urge us to cease from loitering on the way which leads to Zion, and beseech us to lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race which is set before us in the Gospel. They exercise our Christian principles, and work within us a patience producing experience, and an experience producing hope. They teach a submission and resignation to the Divine will which we are all slow to learn; and they make us grateful for mercies long enjoyed by us, and nearly as long overlooked. They are the furnace in which we are melted down, and from which we emerge tried and purified. They discover the idols of our hearts, and instigate us to bring them out, and to slay them before the Lord. They reveal our shortcomings, and lead us to form vows of repentance and improvement. They train us for sympathising with our fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians, and qualify us for administering comfort and direction to them with suitableness and effect. When they are caused by our bereavement of Christian friends, to whom we feel our souls united by the tenderest and strongest ties, they render us more conversant with that state of unspeakable glory and bliss into which those who die in the Lord enter at death, and induce us to look forward with greater ardour of desire unto that time when we shall meet with them, never again to be separated; and when we, like them, redeemed from all evil, shall unite in ascribing praise and honour, and glory and blessing, to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb who was slain. They are on these, and many other accounts, precious means of grace, which ought to be improved with much humility and diligence. In the view of these circumstances, I myself, and you, as far as you suffer with me, may well be instructed by our trial, even when it is regarded in no other light than that of a personal kind.

It is, however, with regard to the work in which my beloved

wife was employed, and her removal from it when so usefully engaged in it, that I would particularly, and in this public manner, ask—*What do these things mean?* All that they do mean we cannot now, and may never, discover; but something which they may, and probably do, intimate, we may easily perceive.

In regard to the poor natives among whom she laboured, I have observed, that they have been affected with a tenderness and sympathy which I have never before seen. From the least to the greatest, they weep and mourn with a bitterness and fulness, which show that a very deep impression has been made upon them. They are, consequently, in a condition more favourable than usual to the hearty reception of those truths which were taught to them by her, to whom, it is evident, they have been greatly attached, and whose loss they greatly deplore. They call vividly to mind her laborious and anxious efforts on their behalf; and they view her death as the seal of her faith in the instructions which she communicated. They listen with great attention and interest to all which is told them of the love which she bore to them even in her last moments—of the faith which she exercised in the Divine Redeemer—and of her triumph over the last enemy. If we fervently pray, as we ought, for the Divine Spirit to accompany their impressions, her death may be the commencement of their spiritual life—a result of inestimable consequence.

In regard to the people of the Lord in this country, and in other lands, the solemn lessons are conveyed, that, while the harvest is so great, and the labourers are so few and short-lived, they ought to beseech the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth labourers into his vineyard; and that they ought, in the presence of God, and in the view of his judgment, most anxiously to inquire, whether they ought not personally to take a part, or, if already engaged in it, to do more in the work of evangelizing this great country, connected with which there is an incalculable responsibility resting on our nation. In reference to the last point, I speak the sentiment of all who knew her, that the disinterested, devoted, arduous, and persevering labours of her with whom I was united, were most exemplary, and such as are well worthy of imitation. Now that she is removed from this sublunary scene, they can be looked upon with greater tenderness, and less prejudice, and they can be reported with a greater particularity, and in a much wider circle than when she was alive. Materials are not wanting for a record—I trust it will be to the praise of that grace to which she owed her all, and to which, with a humility unfeigned, she ascribed her all—of her "works and charity, and service, and faith, and patience;" and she, though dead, may yet speak, and plead with an eloquence, which may affect the hearts of thousands the cause of these millions around us, who are

perishing for lack of knowledge. May God grant that her memory may be hallowed to the promotion of his honour, the great object for which only it is worthy of being preserved; and that we, in the holiness of our lives, and the diligence of our endeavours, may follow her, and other devoted servants of the Lord, in as far as they followed Christ! Whatever may be the delusions in which we are now involved with regard to what the world judges desirable and interesting, the day is fast hastening, and it may be very near to most of us, when we shall estimate the value of our lives, not by our personal enjoyments and honours, but by the opportunities which they have afforded us, and which we have embraced, of promoting the Divine glory, and advancing the best interests of our fellow-men. In the view of its solemnities, let one and all of us be up and doing, and beseech the Lord to be with us with his supporting and directing grace, and his enriching blessing. Let us profess to all around us, that we are the disciples of Jesus; and let us be ready, by the study of their languages, or by instructing them in ours, to tell to all with whom we can come into contact what He has done for our souls, and how they may find acceptance in His holy and gracious presence, and live not only as the monuments of the Divine mercy, but the instruments of the Divine praise. "Whatsoever our hand findeth to do," and much indeed there is in this great country pressing upon it, "let us do it with all our might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we hasten."—May God abundantly bless his word, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen.

THE END.

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